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JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

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HERMIT RANGE, FROM GLACIER HOUSE.

JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME

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CANADA

BOW RIVER, FROM BANFF.

THE geographical colossus, known as Canada, is comprehensible only by the careful study of a map or globe. The average citizen of the United States regards it as a somewhat lengthy strip of territory bordering the northern frontier of the great republic. Even of this, the only part which seems to him important is that adjoining some of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, or, roughly speaking, the region between Toronto and Quebec. Indeed, until one carefully considers the extent of continent which has, since 1867, constituted the Dominion of Canada, or, better still, until one has actually traversed its enormous area, stretching across the widest part of North America, from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to British Columbia and Vancouver Island, he cannot understand

TORBAY HEAD, NEWFOUNDLAND.

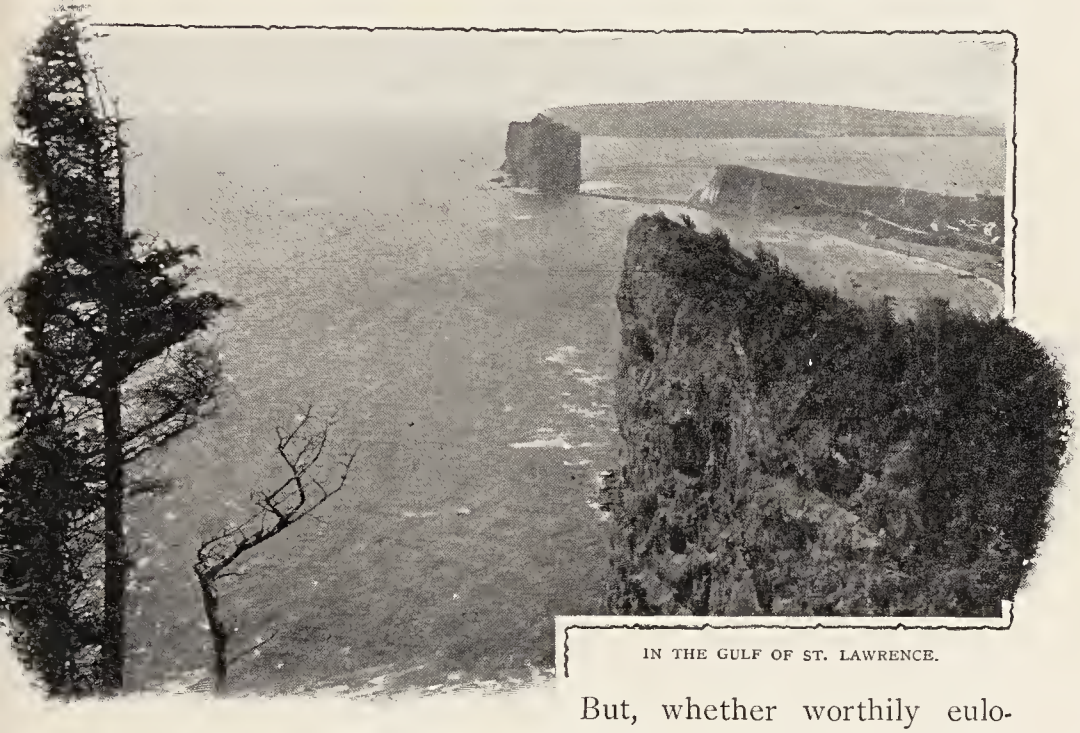
how vast a section of the New World is still dominated by Great Britain. With the exception of Russia, the whole of Europe, from Scotland's northernmost island to the end of Italy and from the coast of Portugal to Poland, if placed within the limits of Canada, would so far fail of filling it that there would still be room for another Europe of the same dimensions. Canada is, moreover, a little larger than the United States and Alaska combined; and a line drawn from Torbay Head on the

MOUNT ST. ELIAS, CANADA'S WESTERN SENTINEL.

eastern coast of Newfoundland to the stupendous ice-crowned mass of Mount St. Elias, eighteen thousand feet in height, which faces the Pacific as the western sentinel of the British Empire, would measure, in that latitude, nearly one-fourth of the distance round the globe. Hence, to attempt to write of all the interesting features of a land so varied and gigantic, within the space allotted to it in a portion of this volume, would be but little more than to catalogue its most remarkable points of scenery and principal historic epochs. Yet even partial glimpses of a realm so vast that it is bounded by three oceans, are not without a certain charm and benefit, as merely a slight acquaintance with the names and nature of the shining orbs that sweep through boundless space enables us to look with greater admiration and appreciation on the midnight skies.

Canada's crowning glory is the St. Lawrence River. Up this unknown and awe-inspiring stream, — originating, as he

thought, in the Indies, — sailed, in the fall of 1535, the Canadian Columbus, Jacques Cartier, who named it after the saint upon whose fête day he first entered it. Through the primeval forests which then framed it, subsequent explorers crept to conquest. By means of its deep, navigable channel, the great Dominion has developed most of her resources; and on its banks her largest cities have been built. Its praises have not been as loudly sung as those of many less important rivers.



IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

But, whether worthily eulogized or not, it offers the sublimest avenue of approach to North America; and as a waterway, extending, in connection with the lakes which nourish it, almost half across the continent, it is unique among the liquid highways of the world. For, though the great fresh-water seas supporting the St. Lawrence system contain more than half the unsalted water found upon our planet, all this, together with the large amount contributed by subsidiary streams, is brought to the Atlantic by this mighty aqueduct. It is, moreover, glorious to the last.

Its exit is not lost in marshy lowlands. No delta finally divides its mass to make its ending multiple. With undiminished volume, and with broadening banks clear cut and sheer to a great depth, it moves majestically on, drawing a score of tributaries in its train, until in kingly dignity it greets the sea.

A GROUP OF ICEBERGS.

For these and other reasons, notably the strength and swiftness of its tides, it is one of the most navigable of rivers. Not only was the harbor of Quebec, though situated eight hundred and forty-six miles from the ocean, one of the very few American ports possessing water deep enough to receive the "Great Eastern"; but now large transatlantic liners steam one hundred and seventy-five miles farther inland than that city, directly to the piers of Montreal. Accordingly, if nature had been uniformly kind to the St. Lawrence, this stream would probably have become the favorite gateway to the western continent; and the short route between the Old World and the New at this high latitude would doubtless have secured for Canada the best and fastest service on the North Atlantic. But in the evolution of our globe, a certain impartiality seems to have been shown. Even its finest portions have their drawbacks; and nowhere is this law of compensation seen more clearly than in the obstacles, which for a part of the year render so difficult and dangerous the otherwise easy access to Our Lady of the Snows. Near the Canadian coast two currents wage perpetual warfare. The

Gulf Stream, blue in color, thrilled with warmth and life, and bearing on its bosom plants and driftwood from the tropics, sweeps northward from its equatorial cradle. The Arctic Current, green in hue, frigid in temperature, and often freighted with a fleet of icebergs, glides southward from the polar seas. Just off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, these antagonistic forces meet in a terrific struggle, resulting in a partial victory for the colder, heavier stream, which finally succeeds in pushing its opponent eastward one hundred miles from the American coast. The cliffs of Newfoundland, sheer, savage, and in places several hundred feet in height, look down in stern neutrality upon the conflict of these ocean rivals. Too frequently both combatants and their field of battle are shrouded in the fogs created by their contact, much as the movements of two hostile armies are hidden by the smoke of cannon. Hence, during certain portions of the year, the floating caravans of commerce shun the "Banks" of mist which brood so sullenly upon the surface of the sea in this locality, dreading the haze-enveloped currents and inhospitable rocks, which at the openings of the mighty estuary exact their annual hecatomb of human lives.

A MONSTER FROM THE NORTH.

Nevertheless, no embouchure is naturally more securely guarded than that of the St. Lawrence. The triangle of Newfoundland almost completely blocks the otherwise unprotected portal, leaving, however, on the north and south a choice of

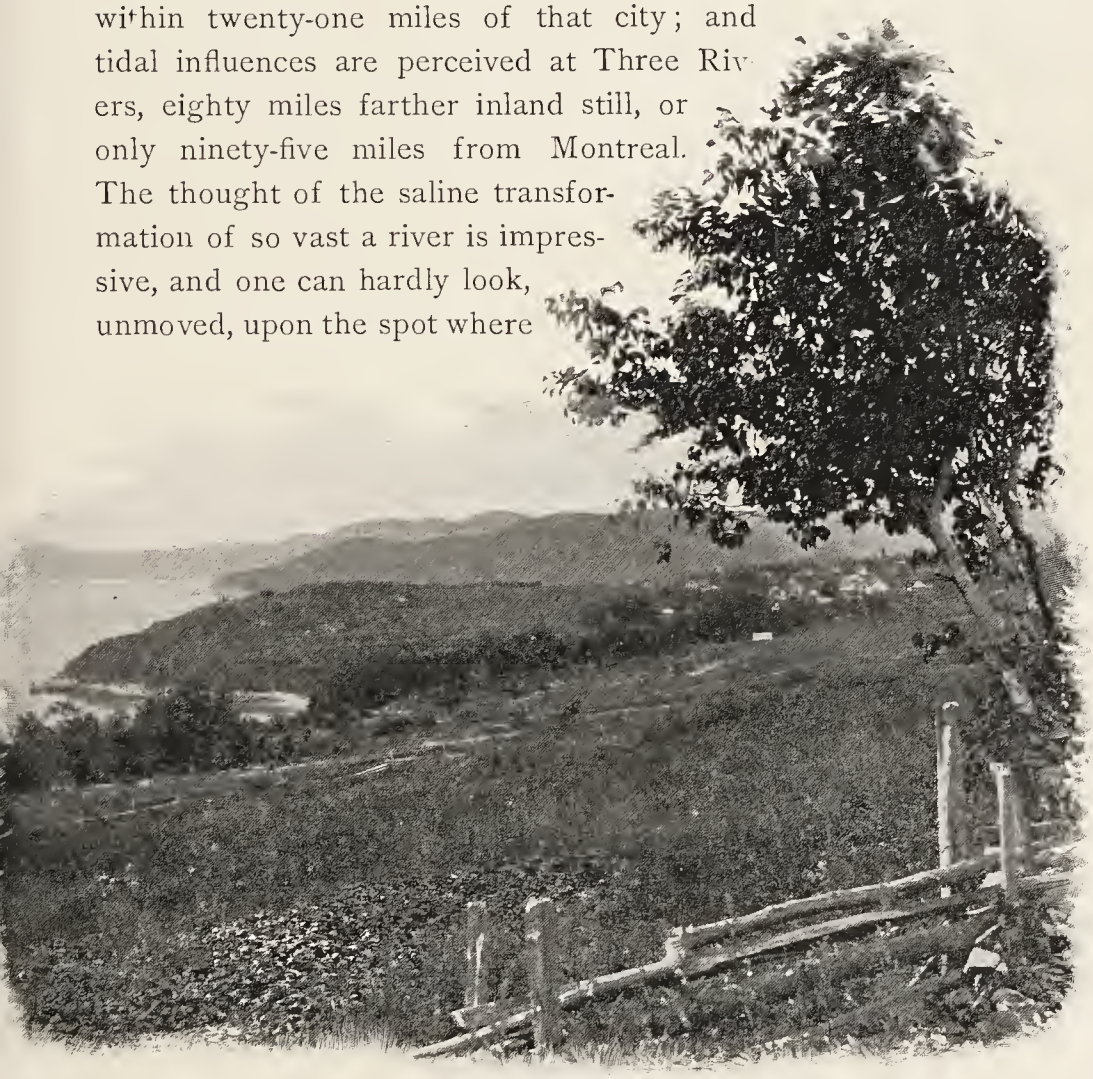
ICE PACK IN STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE.

passageways, so that a steamer may go round Cape Race and enter by the southern route, or, in the season when no icebergs intervene, may glide in through the Strait of Belle Isle, a well-marked channel, ten or twelve miles wide, fifty-two fathoms deep, and wholly clear of reefs and shallows. Nor is this all. Once past the island of Newfoundland, which is itself one-third larger than Ireland, the voyager finds himself in an enormous vestibule, known as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, an expanse of water only two thousand square miles less in area than the whole of New England and the State of New York combined.

CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

Upon the western side of this immense yet sheltered bay, and directly in front of the river itself, lies Anticosti Island, capable, if strongly fortified, of making further navigation for a hostile fleet im-

possible. This island is at present, however, owned by Mr. Menier, the well-known chocolate manufacturer in France, who is desirous of preserving there a number of wild animals, which, without some protection from the savage lust for slaughter that still lurks in civilized man, must speedily become extinct. Beyond this home for furred and feathered fugitives begins what is, strictly speaking, the St. Lawrence River, which, nevertheless, must be stemmed for more than four hundred miles before Quebec is reached. Yet the insinuating salt of the Atlantic penetrates the descending stream to within twenty-one miles of that city; and tidal influences are perceived at Three Rivers, eighty miles farther inland still, or only ninety-five miles from Montreal. The thought of the saline transformation of so vast a river is impressive, and one can hardly look, unmoved, upon the spot where



CAPE À L'AIGLE.

the essential character of this as yet unsalted offering of the northern world begins to undergo the change preparatory to its ultimate union with the briny deep. A mile above, these waters still give life to man. A mile below, their brackish taste would mock his thirst. Yet the great alteration takes place with no sign of conflict. To casual observers the swift-

ST. PAUL'S BAY,
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

moving flood is still the same. But henceforth nothing can restore to it its pristine purity. Once tainted by the touch of ocean, it is as powerless to regain its freshness as to roll backward to its parent lakes.

No traveler can forget the view which greets him, as his steamer cleaves the bright green flood of the St. Lawrence, and brings him face to face with the majestic, dark-hued promontory of Quebec, which from the multitude of glittering quartz crystals in its composition was early called Cape Diamond. Three hundred and fifty feet in height, it is impressive in itself,

imposing from man's decoration, and haunted with heroic history. Upon its summit and descending slopes stand many architectural reminders of both Church and State; its base is girdled with a prosperous city; and within easy range of its great guns a cosmopolitan fleet of ships and steamers lies at anchor, bringing, or bearing hence, innumerable products of

QUEBEC FROM POINT LÉVIS.

earth's bounty and man's skill, of which gold is the mere expression. These vessels, in the buoyant current rippling at their prows, seem eager to be off, in company with the stream which constantly invites them oceanward, and bears so royally a half a continent's tribute to the sea.

The situation of Quebec is one that instantly appeals to the most primitive, as well as the most cultured, of the human race. Before a white man ever looked admiringly on its kingly cliff, the Indians had chosen it for a tribal home, and had established at its base a village known as Stadacona — a name still popular among Canadians. Moreover, the word "Kebec," which has

given its title to the city that now ornaments the bluff, meant in the Algonquin dialect a strait, and was in fact bestowed by the aborigines on this portion of the river, because it here contracts its channel, and forms between two headlands an easily defended portal to the interior of the country. Naturally, therefore, this grand gateway of the North became the earliest halting-place of Cartier, the cradle of Canadian civilization, and the corner-stone of that "New France," of which the court of Versailles fondly dreamed, when its brave representative, Champlain, founded here, in 1608, the first European settlement on Canadian soil.

There is something pathetic in the failure of that dream. France had a glorious opportunity in North America, but lost it. The fault, however, lay not in her bold explorers and undaunted missionaries, but in the apathy of the home government. The intrepid men who braved all dangers in their patient effort to subdue the greater part of this new continent to the sovereignty of the Bourbon lilies, — and the no less courageous Jesuits who kept pace with the pioneers through the trackless wilderness, and in their zeal to rear at every vantage point the cross of Christ, often laid down their lives without

A GLIMPSE OF THE CITADEL.

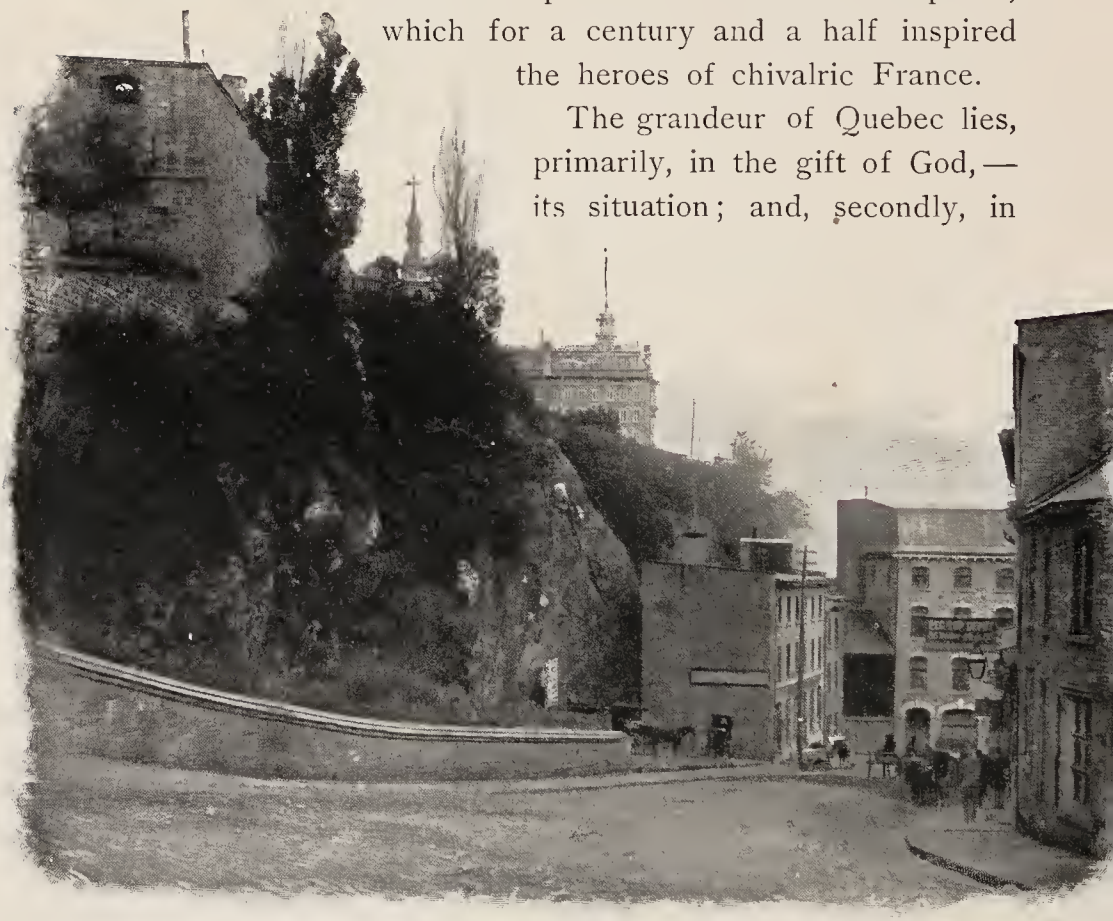
THE ST. CHARLES VALLEY, NEAR QUEBEC.

a murmur, although subjected to the most atrocious tortures known to the worst of savages, — have given an imperishable glory to the gallant race of which they were the exponents. If the French kings and their advisers had possessed a thousandth part of the mental vigor, moral elevation, and physical endurance of such men as Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Montcalm, Frontenac, La Salle, and Fathers Marquette, Brebeuf, Jogues, Garnier, and Le Jeune, the history of North America might have been very different. But France was too absorbed in the affairs of Europe to realize the stupendous possibilities awaiting her in the New World. Even as wise a man as Voltaire thought, after Canada had been ceded to the Eng-

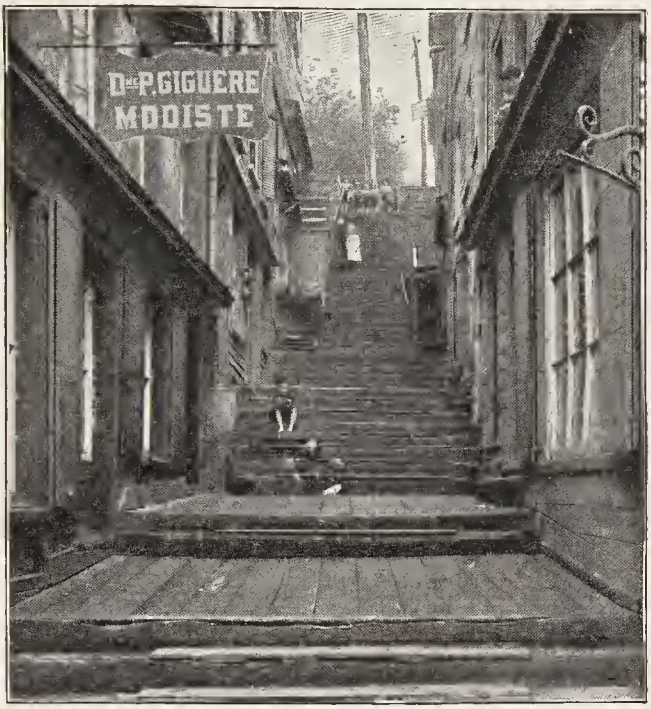
THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, QUEBEC.

lish, that France was well rid of her "fifteen thousand acres of snow"! Hence, though it was a Frenchman, the indomitable La Salle, who had proved the Mississippi to be navigable to the Gulf of Mexico; and although France, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, controlled the whole of the St. Lawrence Valley, the Richelieu River, the sources of the Hudson, and Lake Champlain (named after its French discoverer), as well as the mighty chain of the Great Lakes and the enormous territory called Louisiana, her North American possessions now consist, and have consisted ever since 1765, of two small islands off the coast of Newfoundland, perennially veiled in mist, symbolic of the unsubstantial fabric of the vision of French empire in the western hemisphere, which for a century and a half inspired the heroes of chivalric France.

The grandeur of Quebec lies, primarily, in the gift of God,—its situation; and, secondly, in



MOUNTAIN HILL, QUEBEC.



BREAK-NECK STAIRS.

the work of man, — its stately terrace and imposing citadel. Its Upper and Lower Towns are as distinct in character as in location. The famous flight of "Break-neck Stairs" affords the most direct, but least desirable, medium of communication between them for pedestrians; the most frequented thoroughfare to and from the upper city being the circuitous one of Mountain Hill. Still easier, however, is the recently constructed elevator, which conveys one to the esplanade with scarcely less rapidity and comfort than one experiences in the "lift" of the neighboring Hotel Frontenac. Lower Quebec, though interesting from its numerous souvenirs of the early colony, cannot truthfully be called beautiful. Apart from its commercial buildings, it consists largely of a labyrinth of crooked lanes, many of which are paved with planks. The houses bordering these narrow passageways are also dingy and dilapidated, although their squalor is occasionally relieved by pots of bright-hued flowers on the window-sills, picturesque gables, steep roofs, and an air of quaintness and antiquity, such as one seldom sees in the New World. One of these streetlets (if I may coin such a word) bears the appropriate name of Sous-le-Cap, and hugs the precipice so closely that

SOUS-LE-CAP STREET.

on one side its houses back directly up against the rock, yet must be braced against their opposite neighbors by stout beams. This, too, possesses a plank pavement, over which I often saw with some astonishment the characteristic vehicle of Quebec, the calèche, making its way between a multitude of scattered barrels, casks, and piles of débris. Moreover, above this narrow thoroughfare, half street, half cañon, are displayed hundreds of white and colored articles of clothing, which look in the distance like signals of distress to the fortress overhead, but very plainly indicate, on close approach, that, notwithstanding some appearances to the contrary, the inhabitants of Sous-le-Cap are not without regard for cleanliness. The Lower Town is, however, practical as well as picturesque, and several shipping and manufacturing industries employ a population noted for its skill and cheerfulness.

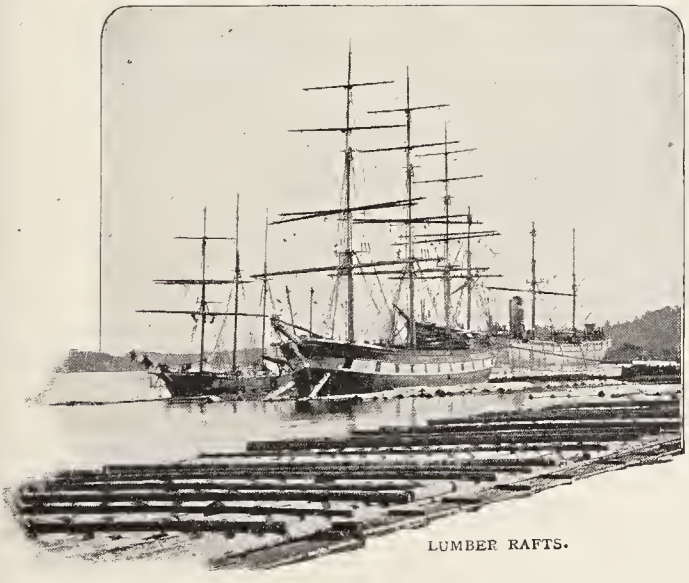
Still, Quebec has not prospered relatively as much as many other cities of the Dominion. Its population in 1891 was only a trifle over 63,000; while Montreal had then 216,000, and in the last decade has added to this number probably 50,000 more. Times and conditions change, and towns change with them.

A CALÈCHE.

Thus, to Quebec the Wooden Age was far more beneficial than the present one of Iron. Before the use of iron-plated vessels, it was famous for its ship-building. As early as 1731 a number of men-of-war and transports were constructed here for the French government; and just a century later it gained

STEAMER "MONTREAL" AT QUEBEC.

the memorable distinction of building and launching the first vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic propelled by steam. This primitive transatlantic liner bore the title of the "Royal William," and had a length of one hundred and seventy-six feet, and engines of two hundred horse-power. Leaving Quebec on the 5th of August, 1833, and Nova Scotia on the 18th, this pioneer of steam traffic between Europe and America reached London after a voyage of nineteen days. It is interesting also to learn that among the stockholders of the company which built the vessel was Mr. Samuel Cunard, who, encouraged by this success, soon went to Glasgow,



LUMBER RAFTS.

where, in 1840, he founded the Cunard Line of steamers, now known throughout the world by the name of its Quebec promoter. As Montreal has grown to be an important manufacturing and railway centre, Quebec has seen much of the commerce which she once enjoyed move past her toward the West. In former years, almost the entire export trade in timber went by way of Quebec. Now most of it is handled elsewhere. Timber is no longer brought to Quebec on rafts; but, as a rule, the lumber is sent directly from the mills by rail to the nearest shipping port. Even the lumber intended for Great Britain is not always loaded at Quebec, but frequently at Montreal and sometimes at Three Rivers. Nevertheless, most of the trade of the lower St. Lawrence and the eastern districts must always centre at Quebec; and as these provinces develop their resources and increase in population, the fortress city will undoubtedly recover much that she has lost.

It is, however, the Upper Town that most excites the interest and admiration of the visitor to Quebec. There are its finest buildings, three of which — the noble architectural pile of Laval University,

LOADING SQUARE TIMBER

the imposing Château Frontenac, and, above all, the historic, cannon-belted citadel, which covers an extent of forty acres, and makes the cliff the Ehrenbreitstein of the western hemisphere — would crown with honor any city in the world. There also is the famous esplanade, known as the Dufferin Terrace, which will forever linger in the memory of any

CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC.

one who has beheld the glorious panorama visible from its pavilions.

Terraces, faced and flanked with masonry and bordered by a massive parapet, have always had for me a singular attraction. To walk upon their broad and level surfaces, and look off on some beautiful expanse of river, lake, or ocean scenery, gives me perhaps a calmer, but certainly a more enduring pleasure than that acquired by standing on a lofty mountain peak, however vast may be the view which it commands. Hence, I recall few more delightful hours than those which I have passed upon the terraces of Kronborg Castle (Hamlet's home) beside the

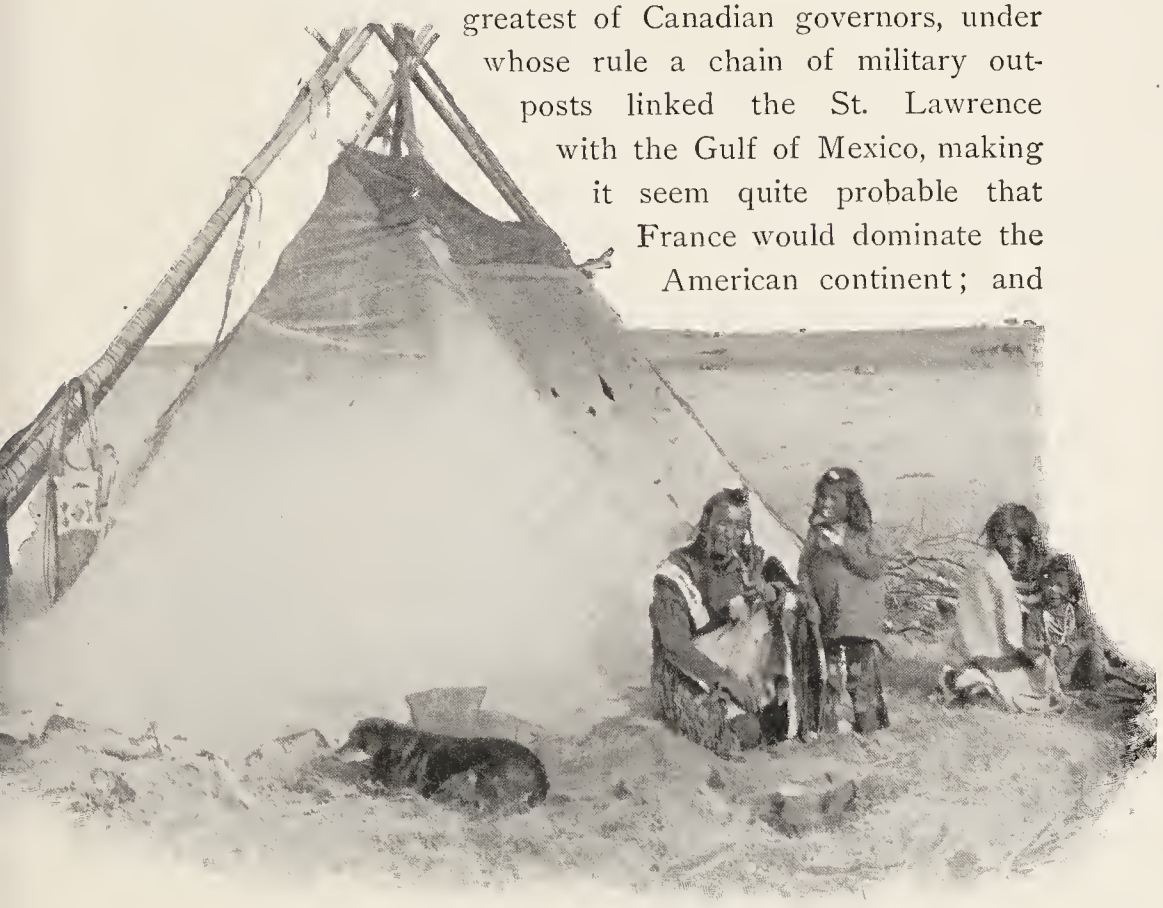
Danish Oeresund; of Heidelberg, commanding from its forest height the lovely valley of the Neckar; of Pau, confronting forty miles of Pyrenees; of Lausanne, looking down upon the mirror of Lake Leman; and of Voltaire's old home at Ferney, opposite Mont Blanc. With these, too, must be ranked the moments spent upon the Dufferin Terrace at Quebec. At any time the prospect there disclosed is wonderful; but when at night we stand midway between the city and the citadel, suffi-

DUFFERIN TERRACE AND LOWER TOWN.

ciently above the town to lose all sight and sound of its details, yet near enough to see its shrouded form lying beneath in almost total darkness; or better still, when, leaning on the parapet, we look down on the moonlit river, crossed by a floating bridge of gold, and see beyond its glittering terminus the rounded outlines of Mount Levis, upon the slopes of which a score of lighted villages seem constellations rising from the sea: such is the solemn beauty of the scene that we can think there only serious and lofty thoughts. Historic memories sweep over us; and,

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

since all history is little more than magnified biography, we call to mind the mighty dead connected with the place: Frontenac, greatest of Canadian governors, under whose rule a chain of military outposts linked the St. Lawrence with the Gulf of Mexico, making it seem quite probable that France would dominate the American continent; and



CANADIAN INDIANS.

François de Laval, first bishop of the colony, who founded here in 1663 a seminary, the successor to which, the celebrated Laval University, is not only the most conspicuous building in Quebec, but occupies an equally high position in the estimation of Canadian citizens. We think, too, of the priests who, burning with religious zeal, gladly endured the loneliness of exile, companionship with loathsome savages, torture and even agonizing death, if they could but accomplish the conversion, as others would the conquest, of the continent; and who, in 1637, a year after the founding of Harvard College, built here a modest wooden edifice, intended as a school alike for Indian pupils and the children of the French.

Closely associated with these devoted spirits in the stupendous work of christianizing Canada were also many pious women. It was a niece of Richelieu who founded in Quebec the first Canadian hospital; and scores of French nuns gave up all that this world held for them of peace and comfort, to cross the sea and minister to the sick of an unknown and savage land. Young, rich, and beautiful women came out joyfully to what, at that time, was a life far worse than any missionaries of to-day endure, who go to countries where the people to whom they preach are comparatively civilized, and have at least a form of

OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.

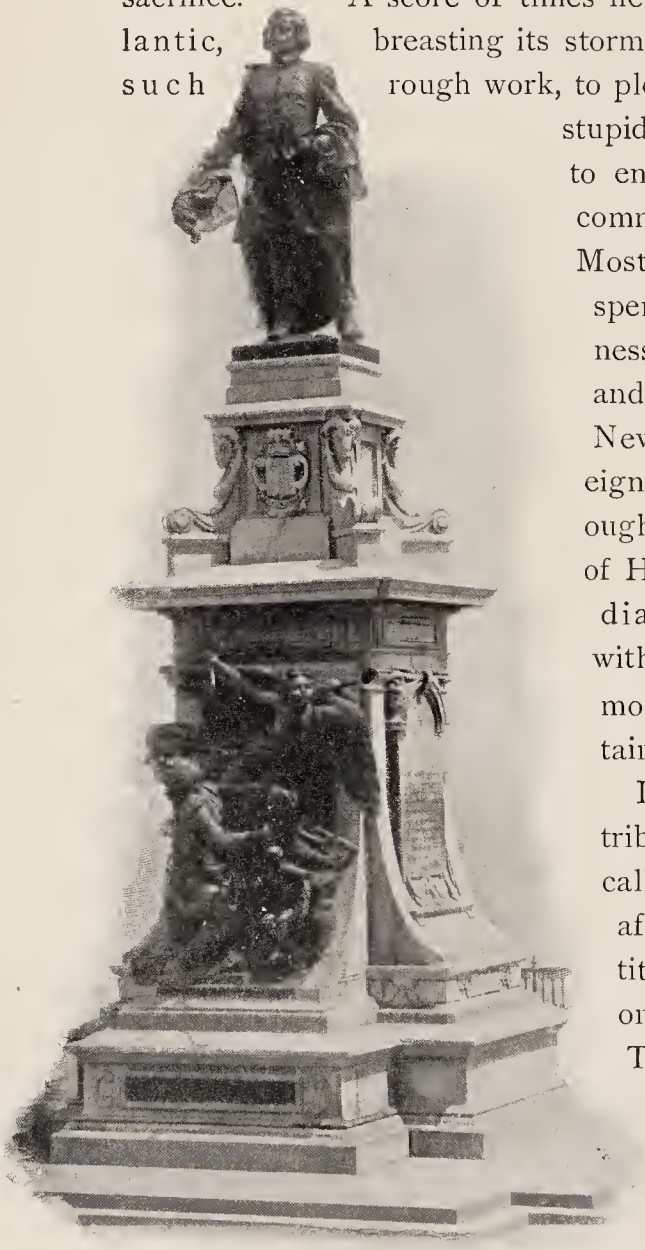
government, and where the chiefs of Christendom demand the restitution of their property, if it is destroyed, and retribution for their sufferings or death. Nor is it possible, while lingering here, to forget Wolfe, Montcalm, and Montgomery, the representative leaders of England, France, and the United States in the great struggles which these nations made to gain possession of this storied rock, which the brave trio stained with their life's blood, and consecrated by their death. Filled with such

VIEW FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE.

thoughts, we seem to see the forms of those whose glorious deeds have added lustre to the history of Quebec emerge from the deep shadows of the bastions, and pass us, one by one, like phantoms. One of them only seems to halt, and to await us motionless, as we advance along the terrace, and stand before the Château Frontenac. It is the figure of the founder of Quebec, CHAMPLAIN. He well deserves the honor of a monument in bronze. For, although Cartier discovered the unrivaled site, and passed here a long winter of extreme privation,

he practically did no more than call the attention of his followers to the spot; and seventy-three more years elapsed before Champlain, in 1608, established in the shadow of Cape Diamond his little colony, and on its summit flung to the breezes of a virgin continent the white flag of the Bourbons.

Champlain was remarkable even in that age of heroes. Born in a small town by the restless billows of the Bay of Biscay, his life was one of constant labor, exploration, and self-sacrifice. A score of times he had to cross the North Atlantic, breasting its storms in vessels far too frail for such rough work, to plead the cause of Canada to stupid or indifferent hearers, and to endeavor to repair the faults committed by the royal favorites. Most of his time, however, was spent in the unbroken wilderness, investigating, conquering, and annexing sections of the New World to French sovereignty, till he became as thoroughly familiar with the ways of Huron chiefs and the strange dialect of the Iroquois, as with the compliments and ceremonies of the court at Fontainebleau.



THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.

It would have been a fitting tribute to Champlain to have called the place of his creation after him; but the old Indian title has adhered to it, and only two streets in the Lower Town now bear his name, one of which, very insignifi

LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

cant in appearance, ends in the Break-neck Stairs. Moreover, though he was buried somewhere in the town, his resting-place has been forgotten; and, since the records of Quebec were burned in the great fire of 1640, no story of his funeral has come down to us. It matters not. His monument is the imperishable rock, on which he sleeps within an unknown grave. His epitaph is the eulogy of history. The noble lake, which he discovered eleven years before the landing of the Puritans, and which is now included in the limits of the neighboring republic, will guard his name in its blue depths for generations yet unborn. But his securest claim to immortality is the great city which he founded, and which will never cease to be associated with him so long as the St. Lawrence journeys toward the sea.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

No visitor to Quebec will fail to drive out to the Plains of Abraham, behind the Upper Town, and almost on a level with the citadel. Little did a previous owner of this tract of land, Abraham Martin, imagine that his patriarchal name would be preserved in history through association with one of the most eventful battles of the New World. Yet it was on his fields that the destiny of the North American continent was decided, when on the morning of the 13th of September, 1759, the martial representatives of France and England met in their last great struggle for supremacy. Nothing upon the smooth plateau reminds us now of the momentous conflict save a modest shaft surrounded by an iron railing. This marks the spot where the victorious English leader died. It was a fate of which he seems to have had a strong presentiment, partly perhaps from the precarious condition of his health, partly because to win this longed-for victory he had staked all, and knew the risk was great. Lovers of literature will not forget that with Wolfe's closing hours are associated the solemn stanzas of "Gray's Elegy," which he repeated to the officers about him on the night before the combat, as his boat floated down the river to the point whence he and his brave soldiers were, with bated breath, to climb on hands and knees a cliff

WHERE WOLFE DIED VICTORIOUS.

supposed to be insurmountable, and on the tableland thus gained to fling themselves upon the garrison. Among the verses which at that hour he must have quoted with peculiar feeling was the following:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," said the general in a low tone, when he had concluded, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." A few hours later, while leading the charge, he fell, bleeding from three wounds. He begged the men who caught him in their arms to lay him on the ground, and sank into a swoon, from which, however, he was soon aroused by hearing one of them cry: "They run! See how they run!"—"Who run?" inquired the dying man, endeavoring to rise. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere."—"God be praised," murmured the hero, as he sank again to earth; "now I will die in peace." The column on the Plains of Abraham was not deemed adequate to signalize so glorious a death. Hence, in the city, near the terrace, stands an obelisk of stone, sixty-five feet in height; reared not alone, however, to

THE ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

the victor, but to the vanquished, the gallant Marquis of Montcalm, who likewise lost his life in the same battle, fighting as bravely to retain, as his opponent did to win, the splendid prize. Upon this monument, in the laconic Latin, to which no English version can do justice, is the inscription :

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT.

Although Montcalm and Wolfe met death with equal bravery, the sentiments with which they viewed their fate were of necessity different. One passed away in triumph ; the other in defeat. One knew that he had gained, the other felt that he had lost, the key to Canada. Hence, when Montcalm was told that his wound was mortal, he said sadly : "I am glad of it. I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." In fact, as the result of this great victory, all the immense possessions held by France in Canada were within four years ceded to Great Britain. Both of the men who perished here died in the prime of life. Wolfe was but thirty-two, Montcalm but forty-seven, years of age. The latter sleeps beneath the convent of the Ursulines, near which he breathed his last, and in a grave already partially

MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

hollowed by a bursting shell. The body of his rival was taken home to England, and now reposes in the solemn sanctuary of Westminster Abbey. It is not strange that his admiring country buried him in its Walhalla. "With a handful of men," said Pitt, "he has added an empire to English rule."

Although Great Britain has completely wrested from the hands of France all but a tiny fraction of her western empire, there still remain in Canada indisputable evidences of the French régime. The language of the conquerors has not replaced the language

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC.

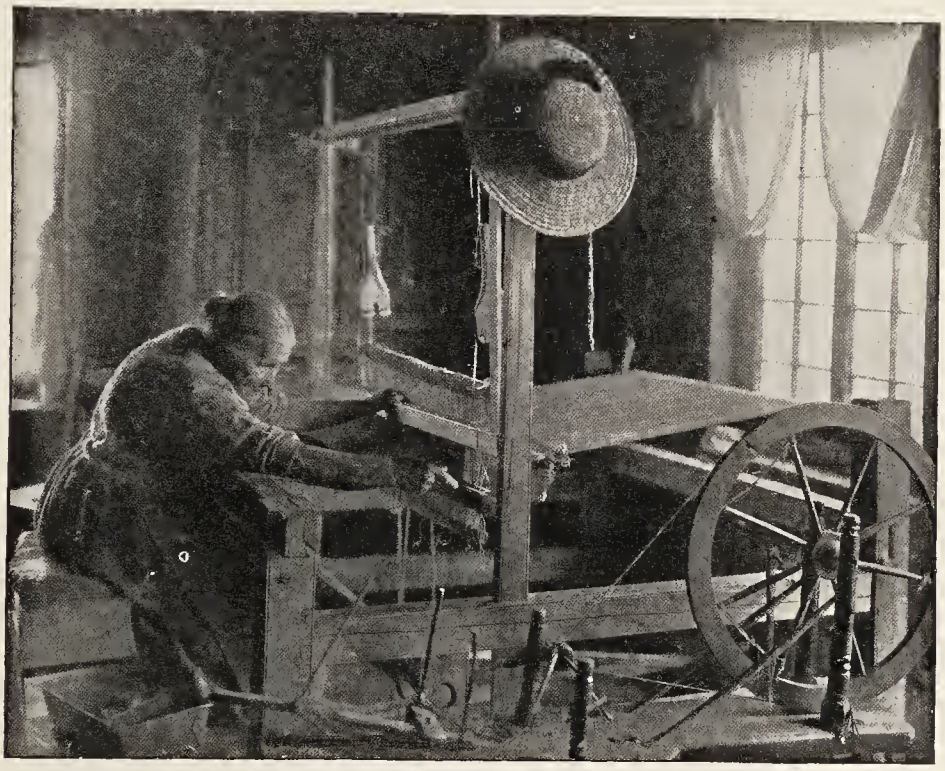
of the conquered. Nor have the habits of the Saxon superseded the customs of the Celt. In Montreal the two races are about equal in number; but in the enormous Province of Quebec, which has an area of more than a quarter of a million square miles, and sends to the Dominion Parliament twenty-four senators and sixty-five representatives, eighty per cent. of the people still speak French as their mother tongue, and eighty-five per cent. are Roman Catholics. In several communities of eastern Canada, away from the St. Lawrence River, English is neither spoken nor understood, except perhaps by the village priest

or notary. Hence, this part of the Dominion, like many other portions of the British Empire, is bi-lingual; and in its legislative assemblies both French and English are heard; the former oftener than the latter. All public documents also are printed here in both languages, and in the law courts pleas are made in either tongue, the lawyers as a rule using both with

A FRENCH CANADIAN SPINNING.

equal readiness. It is significant, too, that though the criminal law of Canada is English, and uniform all over the Dominion, the civil code of the Province of Quebec is still the old civil law of France.

Another interesting memorial of France in the New World is found in the nomenclature of Canada. Everywhere east of the Mississippi we meet, appropriately bestowed on rivers, lakes, and cities, the names of French saints, princes, statesmen, mis-



WEAVING AT HOME, NEAR THE ST. LAWRENCE.

sionaries, soldiers, and adventurers, like a long chain of sacred, royal, and heroic souvenirs, the first link fastened to the cliffs of Newfoundland, the last one anchored at the exit of the central river of the continent, where the remotest corner of the Bourbon empire met the Gulf of Mexico, and bore the name of the French king in the euphonious title given to it by La Salle

— Louisiana. Some of these proofs of French discovery, conquest, and religion occur to us at once, such as St. Johns, Trinity Bay, Richelieu River, Lake Champlain, Montreal (Mont Royal), Sault Ste. Marie, La Salle, Duluth, St. Louis, Joliet,

THE ISLE OF ORLEANS.

Detroit, Marquette, and Lachine. The rocky height, just opposite Quebec, is called Point Lévis, from a general of France scarcely less illustrious than Montcalm; the lovely island near it, which Cartier found so overhung with grapes that he immediately named it the Island of Bacchus, still bears the title of the Isle of Orleans, bestowed upon it later, when Champlain had replaced the vines with fleurs-de-lis; and Lake George, the

POINT LÉVIS, FROM QUEBEC.

delightful "Como of the wilderness," was called originally by the French the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, and kept that title for a hundred years, until its present name was given it in honor of the English sovereign.

Commemorative, too, of one of the noblest of French families, the name of Montmorenci still adheres to several prominent objects near Quebec, among which none is so remarkable as the

THE NATURAL STEPS.

famous Montmorenci Falls, formed eight miles from the city, where the Montmorenci River, hastening to swell the flood of the St. Lawrence, leaps boldly over a precipice two hundred and fifty feet in height, and heralds its approach to the grand stream of which it is the vassal with a roar like that of breakers on a rocky coast. If Bunker Hill Monument were placed erect within this cataract, its capstone would be buried under thirty

feet of water. A flight of steps leads downward over the dark cliff beside the fall, and one should make at least a part of the descent to gain a just conception of the height and grandeur of the torrent, the narrowness of which intensifies its volume and impressiveness. Magnificent as is the breathless rush of the great river in mid-air, its principal charm is the huge mound of luminous mist which rises from the floor of the abyss, light as a cloud in summer, but changed in winter into a snow-white, icy cone, sufficiently substantial to form a steep toboggan slide, enjoyed by hundreds of the pleasure-seekers of Quebec. Well worth a visit, too, is the preliminary course of the Montmorenci, just before it makes its mighty plunge through what are called The Natural Steps. These are a series of broad limestone ledges, lying one upon another like the leaves of a closed volume, through which a jagged cleavage has been made. One might at first suppose that the sides of this irregular chasm had been rent asunder by a cataclysm. But it is all

MONTMORENCI FALLS IN SUMMER

the result of erosion; and the swift stream, apparently so soft and pliable, has gradually cut its way down through a deep accumulation of thin layers, built up in geologic epochs long anterior to the river's birth. Ah, if this foaming flood could speak, what stories it might tell us of the ages which, contemporaneously with its current, have passed on into the gulf of time! But the events which have occurred here left no record on the pages of this volume. Bound, locked, and sealed, long before man appeared upon the planet, its dark stone covers guard its secrets well. The river which has furrowed it has bounded joyously in summer, or struggled through the icy barriers of winter, century after century, alike when the entire continent was an unpeopled wilderness, and later, when unnumbered tribes of hungry savages rose, lived their brutish lives, and disappeared as autumn leaves hundreds of years before a white man's face gleamed, flower-like, in these sombre forests. And so it doubtless will roll on, when mankind shall have run its course, and vanished from a worn-out world. It was this thought that haunted me when

MONTMORENCI FALLS IN WINTER.

standing here; and realizing anew humanity's ephemeral history, compared with that of nature's forces, I called to mind the cry of the old Persian:

"Beautiful wheel of blue above my head,
Will you be turning still when I am dead?
Were you still turning long before I came?
O bitter thought to take with me to bed!"

The Montmorenci cataract is only one of many in the neighborhood of Quebec. This portion of the Province is of necessity a land of waterfalls. The densely wooded region north of the St. Lawrence, studded with lakes and threaded with innumerable streams, supplies a score of tributaries to the sovereign river, each of which is compelled by the formation of the country either to cut its way through lofty, rock-ribbed hills, or else to take the easier course of clearing the most difficult barriers in one or more prodigious bounds. Among the grandest of these falls are those of the Ste. Anne. Here

THE GORGE OF STE. ANNE FALLS.

again we behold a battle raging evermore between the pliant water and the stubborn rocks, and here are also the results of ages of such conflict. The secret of the river's ultimate victory is, first, that it never ceases its attack; and, second, that it is continually reinforced. Millions of drops are hurled against these cliffs each moment, and rebound into the abyss without apparently producing on the enemy the least effect. But these are instantly replaced by others, and these again by more and more, in an unending series, whereas the cliff, when its disintegrated fragments are swept down the stream, can never be renewed. Gaunt, mutilated, seamed with scars, and furrowed with the wrinkles of remote antiquity, these black rocks face the maddened flood in silence, as if aware of their inevitable fate, however long deferred. Meantime the river, prescient of victory, is exultant. "If not in ours, at all events in our successors' day," its breakers seem to shout defiantly, as they leap down from ledge to ledge, and white with fury fling themselves

STE. ANNE FALLS.

upon the tusk-like crags that tear them into shreds, but cannot check their course.

"Ste. Anne" is a favorite name in Canada. It is bestowed not only on this river and its cataract, but also on a mountain somewhat farther north, and on a great variety of towns and churches. Of one of these, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Moore has written in his familiar boat song: —

> "Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
> Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
> Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
> We 'll sing at Ste. Anne's our parting hymn."

STREET IN STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

But much more famous than that little town is the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, picturesquely situated on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, twenty miles below Quebec. Without the sanctity pertaining to the place, this would be naturally one of the sleepy hamlets of French Canada, with quiet, tree-embowered streets, small, steep-roofed, wooden houses, and simple-hearted "habitants." But in addition to the usual fea-

CHURCH OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

tures of such towns, we find here an imposing stone church, known throughout all Catholic Christendom at least as one of the most remarkable sites for modern miracles. In 1668, the priests of Carcassonne in France sent to the first Canadian bishop, Monseigneur Laval, the finger bone of Ste. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin. The sacred relic is still piously preserved within this church, and is believed to have effected all the marvelous cures alleged to have taken place here in the last two centuries. The small, original sanctuary of Ste. Anne, so tremulous with age as to be dangerous, was taken down some years ago and rebuilt largely with the same materials; but as a place of public worship, it has been almost superseded by the modern edifice, which bears the title of "basilica," and was declared by Pope Pius IX. to be a shrine of the first magnitude.

The interior is handsome, and possesses several really valuable works of art. But its most remarkable feature is the multitude of crutches, canes, trusses, and even

A GROUP OF "HABITANTS."

eye-glasses, which are suspended or piled up in pyramids in the chapels, as the "ex-votos" of innumerable invalids, who thus bear witness to their recovery through the assistance of the good Ste. Anne. The importance attached to this church and its holy relic may be seen in the fact that about sixty thousand pilgrims come here every summer from all parts of Canada to implore favors of the saint. Among these are de-

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

scendants of the Iroquois and Hurons, whose ancestors fought, killed, and scalped so many of the forbears of the white men who now kneel beside them in the stately shrine. Near by, surmounted by a statue of Ste. Anne, is a modest grotto, from which gushes forth a mountain spring whose water is believed to be also very efficacious, and which is, therefore, carried away in bottles by the faithful. A little distant is the broad St. Lawrence; and many a sailor, as he passes this point on his way to sea, looks toward Ste. Anne, and breathes a fervent

prayer; for the mother of the Virgin is thought to be the special patroness of mariners.

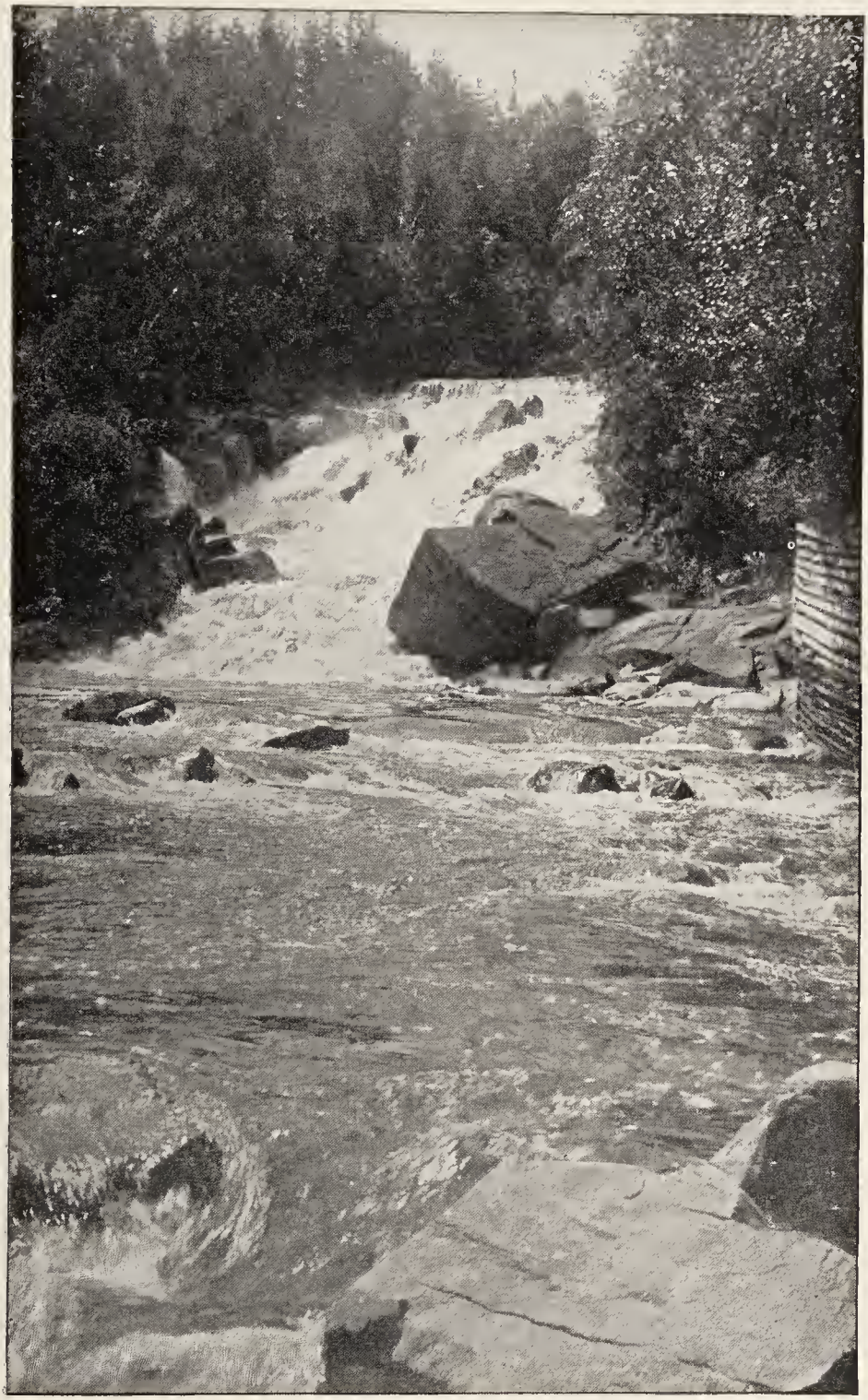
Humanity is much the same in all religions and all lands. As Christians kneel at Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and regain their health, so Hindus pray beside the Ganges, Buddhists in the temples of Japan, and Moslems at the tombs of sheiks in Egypt. At all of these I have seen countless votive offerings in various forms — proofs that man everywhere in pain and weakness cries out for help to some invisible Power. Whatever be the power thus addressed, if the petitioner's faith be strong enough, in certain temperaments and maladies, strange results will follow. No physical or psychical phenomena are more curious and less understood.

A little more than a hundred miles below Ste. Anne de Beaupré, another tributary reaches the St. Lawrence. It is the far-famed Saguenay, one of the saddest and most sombre rivers in the world. An excursion to this is easily made in

THE MOUTH OF THE SAGUENAY.

summer by means of a tourist steamer from Quebec, and to neglect to visit it is to miss one of the most imposing natural features of the American continent. Its scenery resembles that of the Norwegian fjords; and, as I sailed between its frowning mountain walls, it seemed, like the ocean avenues of Norseland, to be an inland-creeping arm of the Atlantic. It is, however, a genuine river, flowing southeastward for one hundred and twelve miles from its cradle in the wilderness, whence it is further traceable through its affluents to four times that distance. Close to the point where it unitcs with the St. Lawrence, lies the pretty town of Tadousac, a favorite resort in summer for Canadians, and not a little visited also by Americans. Here, in September, 1535, Jacques Cartier is supposed to have landed, as he came sailing, with the zest of a discoverer, up the mighty river by means of which he hoped to reach

TADOUSAC.



A TRIBUTARY TO THE SAGUENAY.

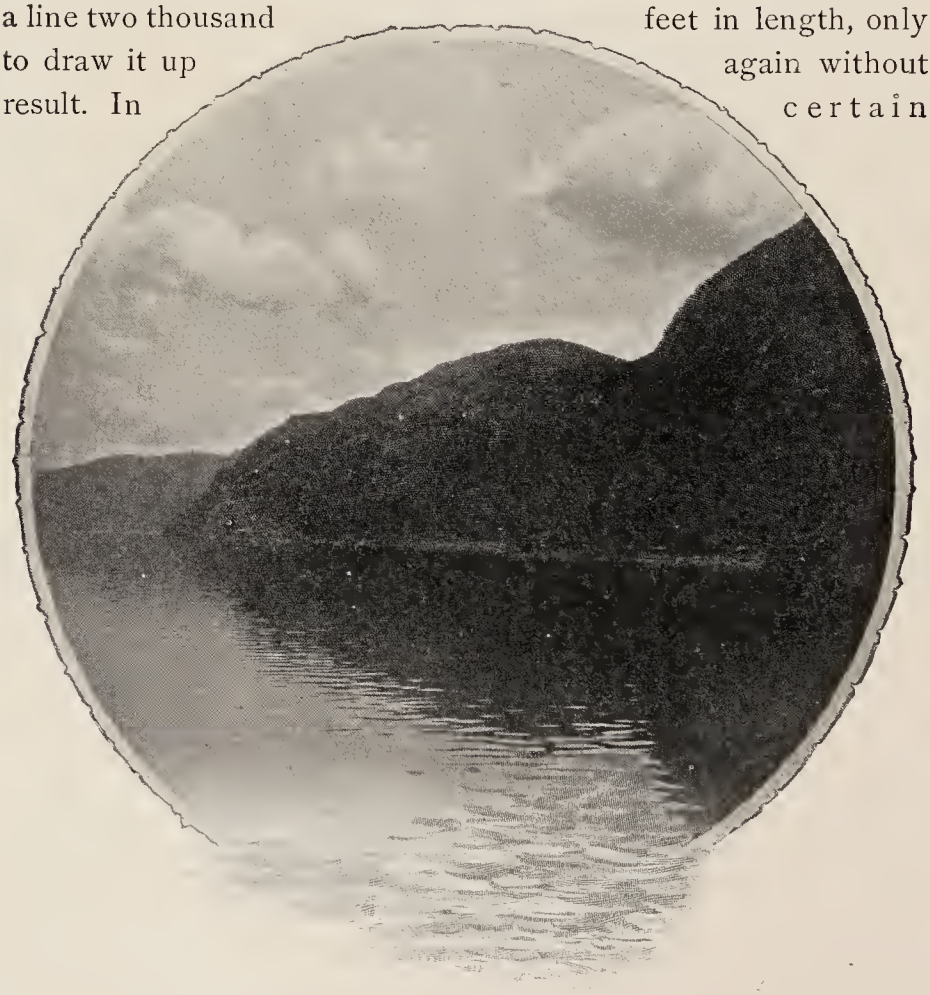
Cathay. No doubt he halted at this junction, hesitating whether he should turn aside to see what strange land lay beyond this sable stream. But the far greater breadth and majesty of the St. Lawrence, which is here twenty miles in width, decided him to plow its waters farther, and he went westward toward Quebec. A century later, this village was the home and missionary station of Père Marquette, who finally became the great explorer of the Mississippi Valley, and whose French name is still commemorated in a thriving town in Michigan.

THE OLD CHURCH AT TADOUSAC.

Peaceful as Tadousac can look at times, it is renowned for winds and storms. Nor could it well be otherwise; for the strong draught which sweeps down through the narrow ravine of the Saguenay encounters here the winds of the St. Lawrence, while to the meeting of these fluvial and aerial currents is often added the disturbance of a tide which rises to a height of twenty feet. The advent of the Saguenay is visible from quite a distance, so different is its dark-hued volume from the azure flood of the St. Lawrence. They do not readily mingle, and far beyond the exit of the northern river we see the two streams struggling to

preserve their individuality. Eventually, however, the greater mass absorbs the less, and the distinction of their colors fades, till all is once more clear and blue.

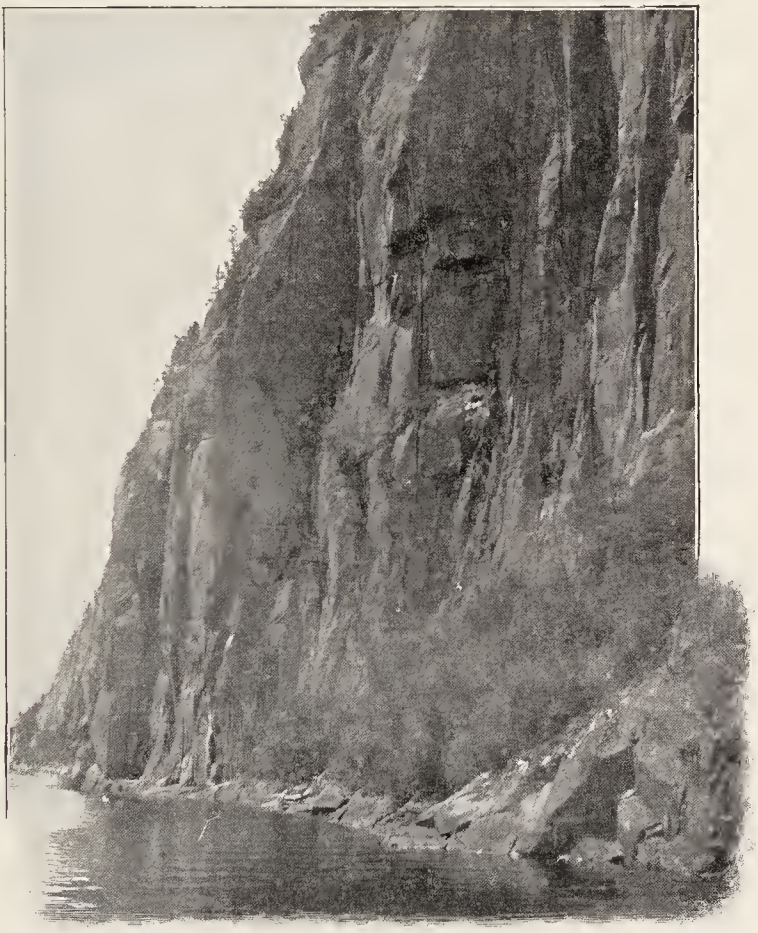
For the last sixty miles of its course the Saguenay flows between two series of stupendous precipices, most of which have but little vegetation save tenacious lichens and some hardy pines, and rise from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet above the inky water at their base. In many places they resemble a long line of icebergs turned to stone. Moreover, like those floating offsprings of the Arctic glaciers, they sometimes reach a submarine depth far greater than their height above the surface. Occasionally curious men, toiling like pygmies in their chilling gloom, have tried to solve the mystery of that nether world; and here and there have lowered into the black waters a line two thousand feet in length, only to draw it up again without result. In certain



ON THE SAGUENAY.

spots the depth is said to be nearly four thousand feet. At all events, this river is a channel without rock or shoal; and man has built no ship so large that it cannot with perfect safety stem the Saguenay for sixty miles. Its average width is about a mile; and, therefore, when the steamer is midway between the banks, the grandeur of the monster cliffs is not so overpowering; but let it glide within their grewsome twilight, and every voyager is hushed with awe. Apparently Nature does not wish for man upon the Lower Saguenay. Few feasible landing-places are discernible. With rare exceptions, from Tadousac to Há Ha Bay, the same relentless bastions follow one another, cold and forbidding as the abyss beneath.

The source of the Saguenay lies in the Laurentian Mountains — those mounds of dark, azoic rock, which are the vertebræ of the western hemisphere, far older than the Appalachians and Rockies, and constitute the nucleus of the American continent. It seems appropriate that such a saturnine, mysterious river



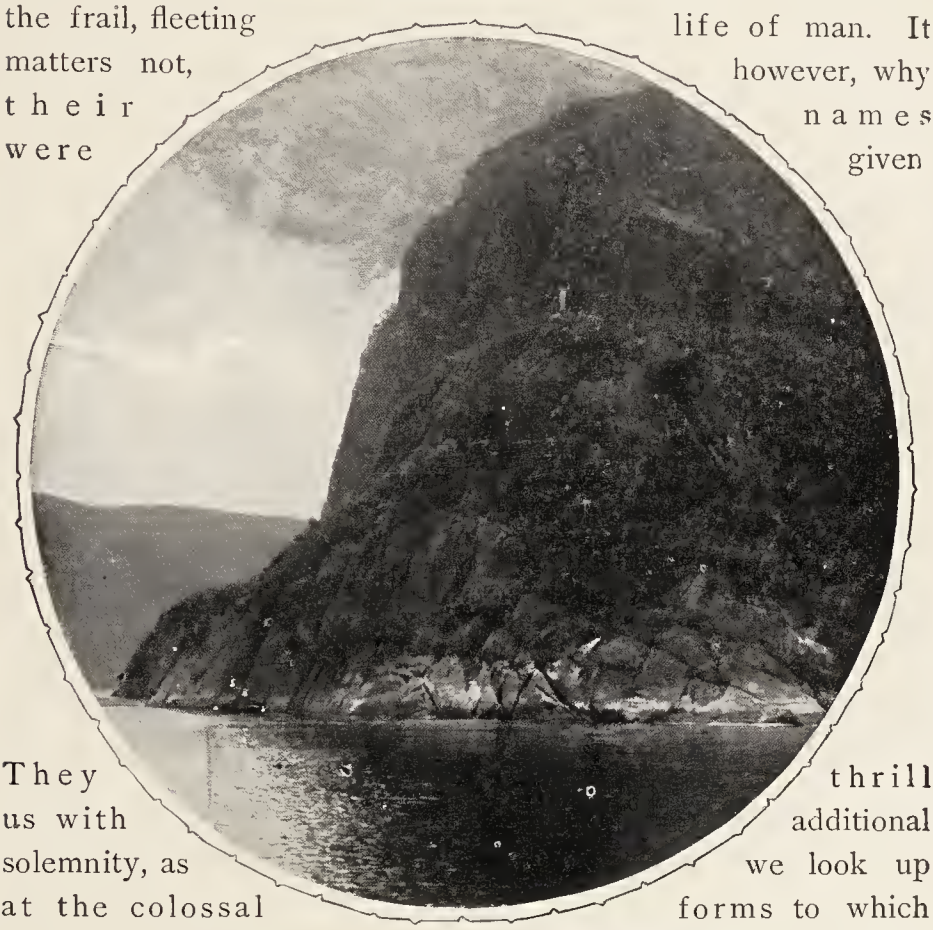
A MONSTER CLIFF

should emerge from those archaic fastnesses, for we behold here the effect produced by some immense catastrophe of the prehistoric world. The granite gulf through which this torrent rolls was never excavated by erosion. Into such substance water cannot cut profoundly. Framed on both sides by granite walls, it is a partially submerged, gigantic cañon, the floor of which, even just before its terminus, is seven hundred feet below the bed of the St. Lawrence. It appears probable, therefore, that in this region, which is even now occasionally shaken by an earthquake, some fearful rending of the mountains took place in a distant geologic era, and opened thus an exit for an inland sea. In confirmation of this theory, one sees that, as a rule, whenever the shore advances on one side, it recedes similarly on the other.

CAPE TRINITY.

The climax of the scenery is reached at the entrance to a narrow bay, where two huge promontories rise in stern sublimity

to the height of eighteen hundred feet. To these, their reverent discoverers gave the titles of Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity: the former on account of three divisions in its mighty mass, which of itself suggested the Creator's power; the latter, probably, because of the enduring strength contrasted here with the frail, fleeting life of man. It matters not, however, why their names were given



CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY.

They thrill us with additional solemnity, as we look up at the colossal forms to which they are applied. Eternity seems nearer to us in presence of such scenes. The finite is forgotten in the Infinite, and man in God.

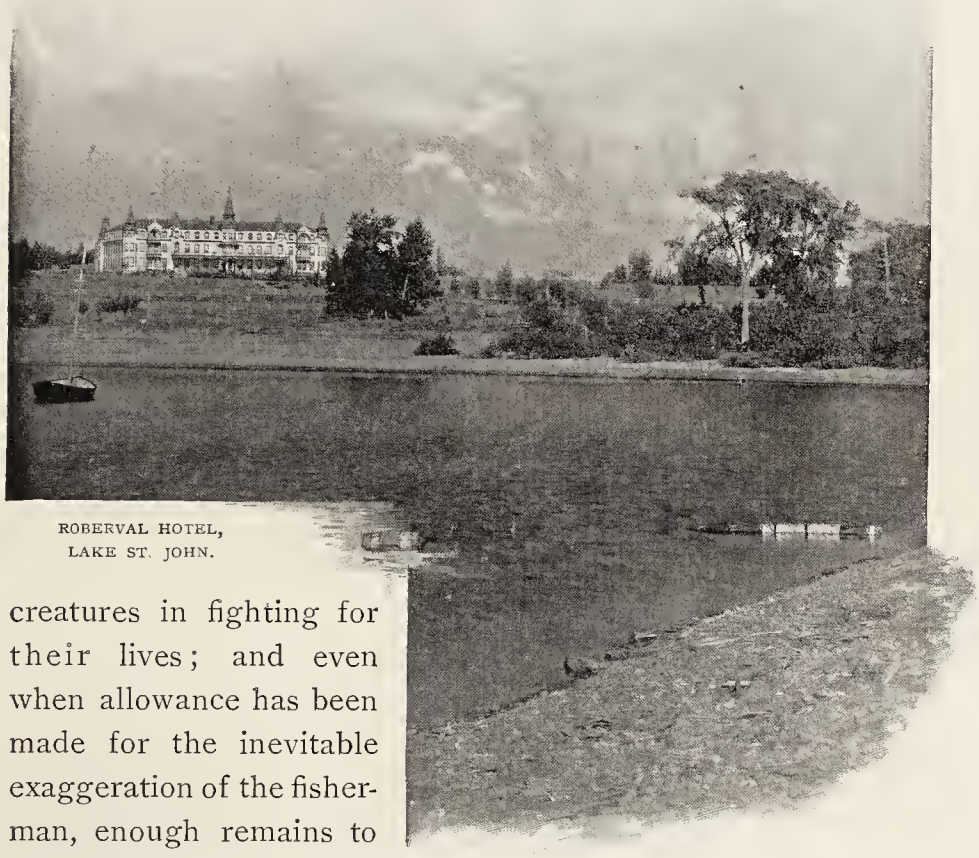
The Upper is very different from the Lower Saguenay. At Chicoutimi, seventy-one miles from the St. Lawrence, rapids oppose a barrier to further navigation, and a considerable détour must be made before untroubled water can be found again. How picturesque and graphic are the names bestowed upon

such natural phenomena by the Indians! Thus, the odd-sounding title of this place, Chicoutimi, is equivalent to the expression, "Up to here it is deep."

Forty-one miles above this lies the source of the Saguenay, Lake St. John, a lovely sheet of water, twenty-eight miles long and twenty wide, well known to fishermen and hunters, as well as to lovers of pure, unadulterated nature, who find here nevertheless, though on the border of the wilderness, a spacious and luxurious hotel, placed like a gem in a magnificent setting. Here one can hire, for immediate use in the adjoining forests, guides, tents, canoes, and camp-supplies, and thus equipped can take leave for a time of "civilization," without, however, reverting to the habits of the savage. But other craft besides canoes and sail-boats glide across the surface of this lake. A large and comfortable steamer also cuts in its water a far deeper furrow, as it conveys enthusiastic tourists from Roberval to the most famous fishing resorts along the shores.

CHICOUTIMI.

This cradle of the Saguenay is the especial home of the *ouananiche*, unquestionably one of the gamiest fish that ever threw a sportsman into a fever of excitement. Astonishing stories are told of the agility and strength of these plucky little



ROBERVAL HOTEL,
LAKE ST. JOHN.

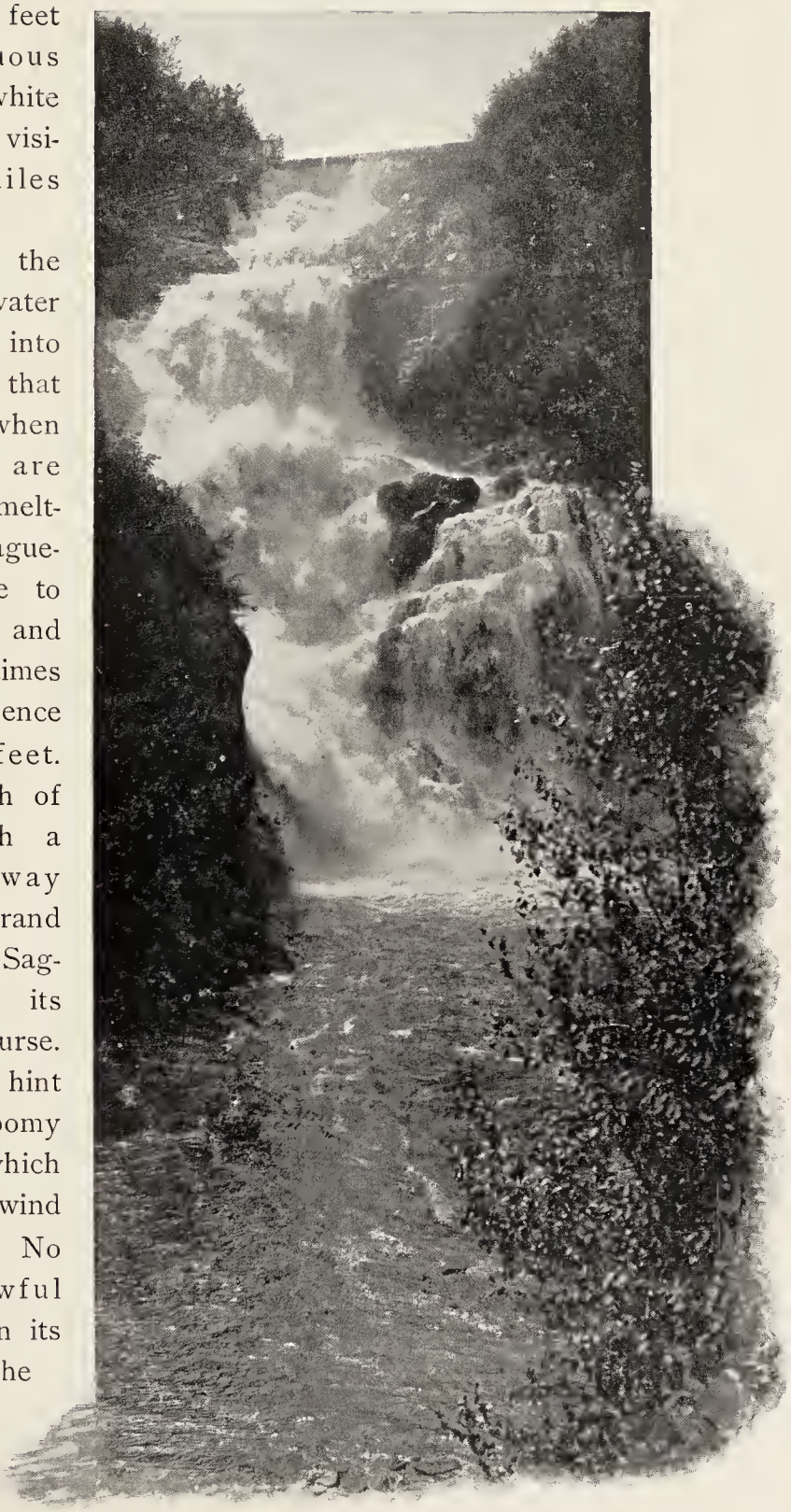
creatures in fighting for their lives; and even when allowance has been made for the inevitable exaggeration of the fisherman, enough remains to make it evident that they will tax the skill and patience of the most experienced man who ever threw a line, as they rush wildly here and there, bound high in air from the water, and leap at times completely over, and sometimes into, the canoe, in their mad struggle to be free.

Another remarkable characteristic of this lake is the fact that forty rivers (counting various minor branches) pour into it their tribute gathered from a million rills. Eighteen of these rivers actually enter it, three of which rival in size the Saguenay itself. From almost every side these affluents come, spurning the solitude of northern forests, as if in search of some companionship; and eager, above all, to see the outer world and reach their longed-for goal, the sea. Swirling along for miles in eddies, rapids, falls, and whirlpools, contracting or expanding as the unyielding rocks compress or liberate them, on, on they come, all having Indian names which show us what their course has been. That of the longest, for example, rendered into English, means "Where we watch the deer." Another signifies "Coming out in rapids." Some plunge down to the lake in beautiful cascades; and one, the Ouatchewan, descends about

CHICOUTIMI RAPIDS.

three hundred feet in a tumultuous mass of snow-white foam, distinctly visible thirty miles away.

So great is the amount of water poured thus into Lake St. John, that in the spring, when the streams are swollen by the melting snow, the Saguenay is unable to release it all, and the lake sometimes rises in consequence twenty-seven feet. In a wild rush of rapids, through a narrow sluiceway called the Grand Discharge, the Saguenay begins its memorable course. There is no hint here of the gloomy walls between which it must erelong wind its solitary way. No weird and awful shadows darken its young life. The



THE OUATCHEWAN FALLS.

ON THE GRAND DISCHARGE RAPIDS.

banks which line its path, though often seven hundred feet in altitude, are, in the summer, green with waving trees, and, in the autumn, glorious with the colors of the dying year. There is, however, an element of sadness here, as one recalls the many rivers which lately gave themselves so gladly to the lake, but now have lost their individuality. All have been taught by Nature the great lesson of self-effacement. To none of them is given the privilege of being an independent affluent to the St. Lawrence. One stream alone, the Saguenay, is destined to absorb and represent them all. Lake St. John forms indeed a rendezvous for these aspirants; but from this fluvial clearing-house they issue in an indistinguishable mass

to fight their way on to the sea, just as the names of private soldiers are all merged and lost in the illustrious title of the general who leads them on to victory.

The approach to Montreal by water is scarcely less impressive than the arrival at Quebec. In both sites a commanding bluff forms the chief feature of the landscape: one rising dark and threatening from the very brink of the St. Lawrence, the other constituting at a little distance from the river a majestic background, seven hundred feet in height, covered in winter with a robe of ermine, and in the summer with luxuriant foliage, which in the autumn makes of it a variegated dome of sylvan splendor. Cape Diamond is girt with cannon. The Royal Mount is studded with fine residences. One is surmounted by a fortress; the other by a pleasure park, on which half a million dollars has been spent. The eastern city's cliffs are typical of war; those of the western suggest peace, for on the natural terraces which gradually rise between the mountain that adorns it and the river that supports it lies the commercial capital of Canada.

MONTREAL HARBOR.

Naturally enough, the scene of Montreal's greatest animation is the shore of the St. Lawrence. Although a thousand miles from the open ocean, here is a river frontage of three miles, curbed by a series of stone quays. Here ships and steamers of all sizes are discernible, from simple river craft to transatlantic liners. Some are discharging freight from Antwerp; others are loading it for Liverpool; this one is bound for Boston or New York; that has but just arrived from

THE HARBOR FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

France; while yonder spacious vessel will depart to-morrow for Brazil, a

"happier one,
Its course to run
From lands of snow to lands of sun."

Some are to make their daily journey to and from Quebec, connecting there with steamers for the Saguenay and other places on the lower river. A few will turn their prows north-

westward to ascend the Ottawa, or southward to steam up the Richelieu; while many more will go through one after another of the great fresh seas, to reach almost the centre of the continent.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

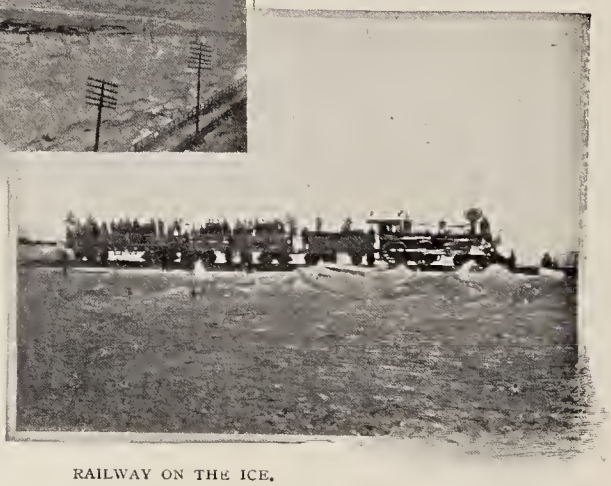
Between a labyrinth of funnels, masts, and hulls, and the long line of warehouses confronting it, we see innumerable cabs conveying passengers to their staterooms, or waiting to receive them when they land. Along this water front extend for miles the metaled paths on which roll back and forth a multitude of freight cars, while all around them, motionless or active, are hundreds of express wagons and drays engaged in a more detailed distribution of commodities. Meantime, above the busy scene, the sable plume of commerce waves triumphant, as the impatient steamers heap their furnaces, and elevators extract grain from barges, or shoot the precious product into empty holds; while huge cranes swing aloft

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

great bales and cases, to lower them with a giant's strength, yet with the delicacy of the human hand, into the places they will occupy during the voyage. Nor does this labor end at sunset. The harbor of Montreal was the first port in the world to be lighted by electricity, and it now uses the invention so extensively that freight trains come and go along the wharves, and vessels load and unload, with the same facility by day or night. The channel of the port, too, from three hundred to five hundred feet in width, is buoyed throughout, and lighted like a city street.

HARBOR IN WINTER, WITH ICE TRACK.

Nocturnal work is far more justifiable, however, at Montreal than elsewhere, from the fact that all this commerce is confined to about eight months of the year, and stops entirely when winter comes. By means of that incalculable power which Nature, seemingly without the slightest effort, uses in her great achievements, the mighty river, which is here about two miles wide, and whose stupendous volume nothing human could resist or check, is suddenly arrested in a single night, and soon is bridged with a thick, crystal pavement, upon whose sparkling



RAILWAY ON THE ICE.

surface the population of the city can for months walk, skate, race horses, and even lay a railway, where steamers plowed their way, and blue waves hastened oceanward so recently. Strange, is it not? that under such conditions steam navigation practically began on the St. Lawrence; for the first river steamboat, after Robert Fulton's successful experiment on the Hudson, in 1807, was, two years later, built and used successfully at Montreal.

In looking at this noble city as it is to-day, massively built,

MONTREAL, FROM NOTRE DAME.

superbly decorated, and throbbing with the energy of more than a quarter of a million souls, it seems incredible that, only two hundred years ago, it was a poor French settlement, continually threatened with destruction by the Indians. Montreal was, in fact, a far more dangerous place of habitation than Quebec, being much less protected from attack than the well-situated fortress on Cape Diamond, and lying farther west in a territory swarming with ferocious savages. Less than two

centuries since, the fields near Montreal had to be tilled by bands of armed men under the eyes of soldiers ready at a moment's notice to defend them. Farm after farm was thus protected until the seed had been deposited in the earth; and in the harvest time the same precautions were repeated. At night the inhabitants took refuge in a settlement consisting of log cabins surrounded by a palisade. "These Indians," wrote a Jesuit missionary of that epoch, "approach like foxes, attack like lions, and disappear like birds." Their diabolical malignity and treachery made life here for the white men one of constant peril. To-day, when standing in such safe and beautiful enclosures as the Place d'Armes and Dominion Square, it seems incredible that two centuries ago no one could venture even a little distance into the adjoining country without a serious risk of being scalped by lurking foes. In 1692, only ten miles from Montreal, a young girl, fourteen years of age, with the aid of only six persons, two of whom

DOMINION SQUARE.

were boys and one an old man, successfully defended her father's blockhouse against a band of Indians, day and night for a week, until reinforcements arrived. Nor was the town itself exempt from dangers. A chronicler relates that frequently some bloodthirsty Iroquois would crouch all night among the vegetables in the garden of the nuns, hoping that one of them would come out, that they might brain her with their tomahawks.

In this age of cables, trains, and telegraphs, it is difficult to conceive how isolated from the outer world was the young colony at Montreal. The journey of a hundred and seventy-two miles from Quebec which one makes now so easily by rail in four and a half hours, or by a comfortable steamer in a single night, required then, even under the most favorable conditions, fifteen days of hardship. In summer, travelers were obliged to hold themselves in painful immobility within a frail canoe, which the least awkward movement might upset and

PLACE D'ARMES.

cost the voyagers their lives. In winter, they were forced to make a long and painful march on snowshoes on the frozen surface of the river. Beyond this lonely outpost stretched away, north, south, and west, wrapped in the solemn silence of the wilderness, an unknown world. The site, however, had

VICTORIA SQUARE.

been well selected. As every one knows, Montreal lies at the extremity of a fertile island, thirty miles in length and ten in breadth, clasped by the waters of two noble rivers, the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, whose confluence was inevitably destined to bestow on any city that should be established here the absolute control of an enormous inland navigation. Even the Indians had perceived the advantages of such a situation; and when Jacques Cartier, in October, 1535, looked for the first time on the Mount which he called Royal, he found collected at its base the dwellings of twelve hundred natives in the Huron-Iroquois town of Hochelaga.

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

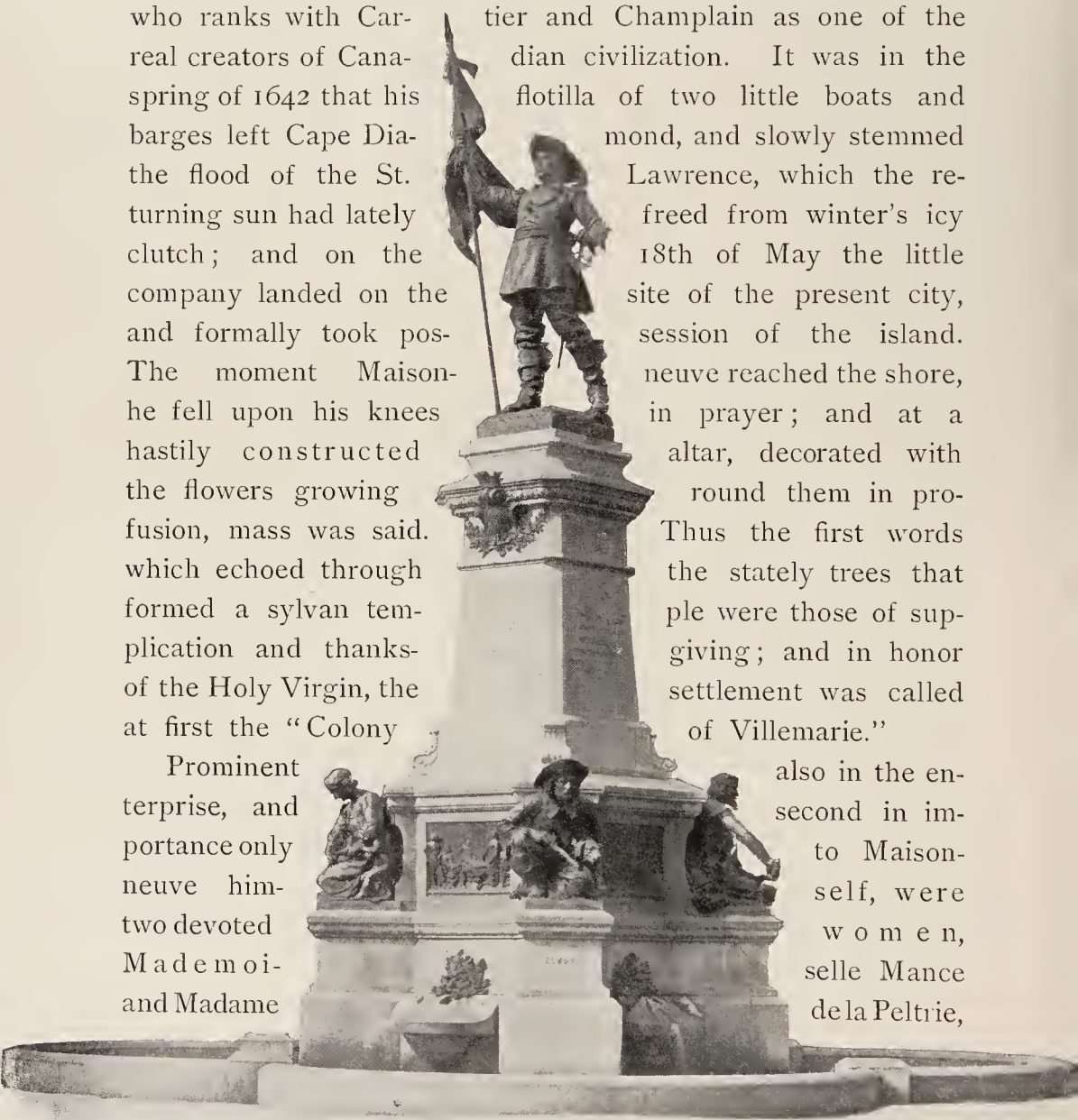
Strangely enough, however, in view of the present industrial prosperity of Montreal, its founders were not animated chiefly by desire for worldly gain, nor even by a prescience of its commercial future. No city ever had a more religious origin. It is impossible to separate Christianity from Canada in studying its early history; for in the steps of the explorer the cross was always planted with the fleur-de-lis; and if one set of heroes toiled and suffered for the cause of France, an equally numerous and valiant company labored and endured privations for the Christian faith. The missionary zeal burned no less brightly then in France than did the lust for gold and conquest.

JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

Accordingly, in 1640, a group of pious enthusiasts in Paris determined to establish in the New World, farther west than even the precarious colony at Quebec, another centre for the conversion of the natives.

Selecting for this purpose a spot already favorably mentioned by Champlain, they called themselves the "Compagnie de Montreal." The leader and director of these fearless pioneers was the brave soldier and devoted patriot, Maisonneuve, who ranks with Cartier and Champlain as one of the real creators of Canadian civilization. It was in the spring of 1642 that his flotilla of two little boats and barges left Cape Diamond, and slowly stemmed the flood of the St. Lawrence, which the returning sun had lately freed from winter's icy clutch; and on the 18th of May the little company landed on the site of the present city, and formally took possession of the island. The moment Maisonneuve reached the shore, he fell upon his knees in prayer; and at a hastily constructed altar, decorated with the flowers growing round them in profusion, mass was said. Thus the first words which echoed through the stately trees that formed a sylvan temple were those of supplication and thanksgiving; and in honor of the Holy Virgin, the settlement was called at first the "Colony of Villemarie."

Prominent also in the enterprise, and second in importance only to Maisonneuve himself, were two devoted women, Mademoiselle Mance and Madame de la Peltrie,



THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

who had come out unhesitatingly to this comfortless abode to nurse the sick and teach the children of the Indians. At the conclusion of that first memorable service, Father Vimont, the officiating priest, turned and spoke eloquently to the little company. "You are," he said, "a grain of mustard-seed that shall arise and grow until its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land."

The prophecy has been fulfilled. The flower of faith, thus planted in a savage soil, took root and has developed into a luxuriant garden. Where rough-hewn cabins stood in a primeval forest, is now a city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, whose handsome residences and imposing public buildings, secular and sacred, prove that both civilization and Christianity have here achieved great triumphs. Where a few pious souls knelt at a rustic shrine, bedecked with fragrant

INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

flowers, while stealthy foes, more dangerous than hungry wolves, peered through the parted leaves and coveted their scalps, are now so many houses of religious worship that Montreal is sometimes called the City of Churches. Some of these sanctuaries are among the largest on the American continent, and one of them, the Church of Notre Dame, is capable of containing ten thousand people.

Moreover, where two solitary women stood, like ministering angels, on the threshold of a dreary wilderness, and pledged themselves to deeds of charity and love, now stand a number

of fine hospitals and benevolent institutions, including the well-known communities of Sisters, some of whom give instruction yearly to more than twenty thousand girls, while others serve the city's sick and suffering, and others still, the Grey Nuns, have gone forth like pioneers of mercy through the lonely northern world, planting their branch establishments farther and farther from the parent house at Montreal, until some self-denying souls, as spotless as the virgin snows around them, now overflow in acts of pure beneficence within the Arctic Circle, where the Mackenzie rolls its glacial torrent toward the Polar Sea.

In this great evolution of the city, the badge of nationality has been of less importance than individual energy. After the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, the fate of Montreal, as the last French possession of great value in America, was inevitable; and it was here, in the Château de Ramezay on Notre Dame

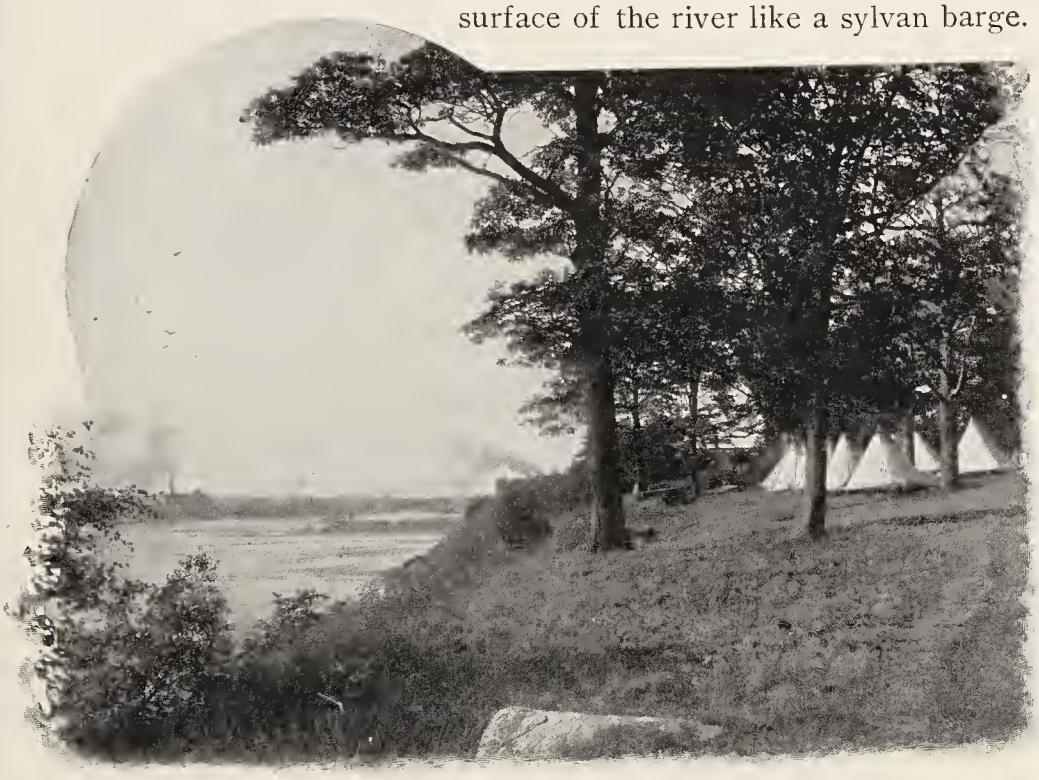
THE GREY NUNNERY.

Street, the official residence of the governor, that the surrender of the colony to England was effected, and its articles signed. Yet here, as in Quebec, the old French element still survives, and is exceedingly influential. In fact, a little more than half of the population of Montreal is French in race, and Roman Catholic in religion. As a rule, the citizens living east of St. Lawrence Main Street are of French descent, while those whose homes are west of it are English, Scotch, or Irish. Thousands of people in both quarters are still unable to speak each other's language. Among the British, the motive is in most cases indifference; among the French, the cause is a strong feeling of conservatism. These races are not actively antagonistic, nor can the French Canadians be said to be disloyal to Great Britain. Nevertheless, many of the lineal descendants of the early French colonists cherish, more or less hopefully, a dream of independence, to which the memory

CHÂTEAU DE RAMEZAY.

of their past imparts both sanctity and sweetness. Meantime it is significant that the chief increase in the population of the Dominion is among the French Canadians. It is authoritatively stated that in the last forty years most of the eastern townships in the Province of Quebec have been converted from spheres of English influence to those where French control is practically dominant; and colonization companies, aided and encouraged by the Catholic Church, are steadily filling up the hitherto undeveloped sections of the Province with individuals and families of this prolific and industrious race. It is evident, therefore, that we are here beholding the gradual working out of a political and social problem, whose ultimate solution cannot safely be predicted. *Qui vivra verra.*

Montreal is favored with two remarkable pleasure parks. One occupies St. Helen's Island, and seems to float upon the surface of the river like a sylvan barge.



VIEW ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

A feminine grace and beauty characterize it; and we are not surprised to learn that it was once the property and home of Champlain's wife, whose name, indeed, it bears. It is a lovely spot in summer, with stately trees and smooth-napped lawns; and from its margin one obtains a charming panoramic vista of the city stretched along the adjacent shore. A notable historic incident lends pathos to this river-garden. In 1760, after the decisive victory of Wolfe, the French commander, Lévis, for whom the bold heights opposite Quebec are named, assembled here the remnant of his army, awaiting the result he knew to be unavoidable. When, therefore, Montreal had also passed into the possession of the British, Lévis dispatched a message from this last retreat, requesting that he be allowed to surrender his troops with the honors of war. Receiving no reply, the general, on the ensuing night, caused a huge bonfire to be made in the centre of the island, into which, at the word of command, his followers threw the regimental flags. Then, while the drums beat mournfully, the few disheartened veterans, grouped around this funeral pyre of their standards, shouted, with choked voices, "*Vive La France!*" Next morning, they marched in before their conquerors, and laid down

OLD FORT ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

their arms; but the old banners with the Bourbon lilies, which they had so long followed and so dearly loved, had in the night escaped the ignominy of capitulation, and lay in ashes on the soil of St. Helen's Island.

The other noteworthy park of the city covers the greater part of Mount Royal, and is almost unrivaled in the category of suburban pleasure grounds. Fine driveways wind around the mountain's slopes in graceful curves, commanding at each turn magnificent views of the island and the two lordly rivers which enclose it, while on a clear day looking southward one discerns the silvery gleam of Lake Champlain, and the soft, undulating line of the Green Mountains in Vermont. It is especially beautiful in autumn, when even the least impressionable visitor must be enchanted with the pomp and splendor in which the royal mountain wraps itself before assuming the

IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK.

white shroud in which it mourns the dying year. Millions of brilliant leaves then color the whole mound with red, gold, bronze, and purple hues, flaming like tongues of fire amid the steadfast verdure of the ivy and holly, and gorgeous beyond words in contrast to the coniferous evergreens, which know no change, whether the Sun-God leaves them in neglect, or woos them with the ardor of returning spring.

Canadians are proverbially fond of outdoor sports. The

MONTREAL, FROM MOUNT ROYAL.

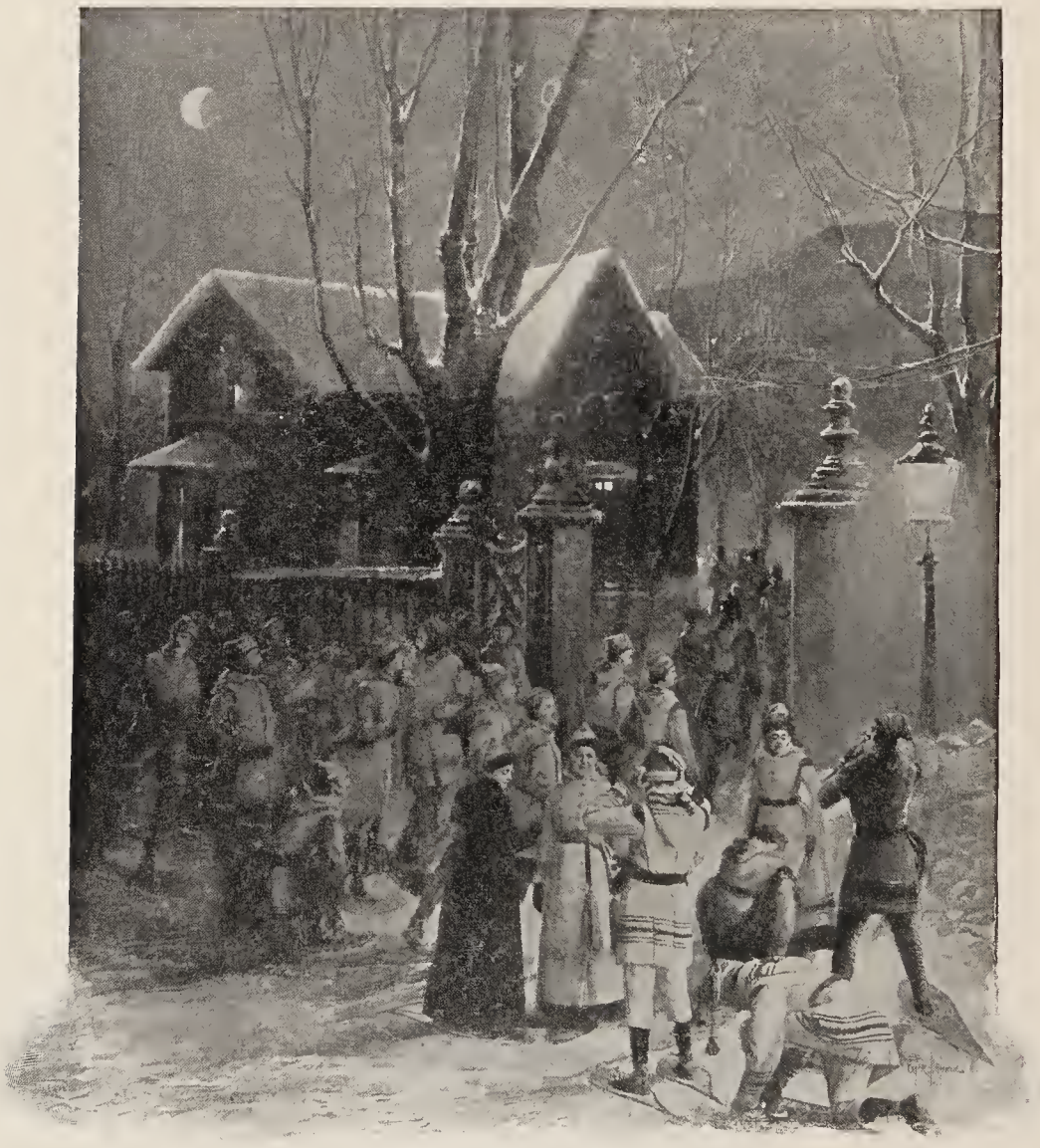
tonic of the atmosphere and the inducements offered by the surrounding country for hunting, fishing, skating, coasting, and canoeing make them enthusiastic devotees of pleasures which in more southern latitudes are comparatively unknown. The crew of Cartier, which wintered miserably here in 1535, were unaccustomed to such glacial rigor; but their successors, the brave *voyageurs*, explorers, fur traders, and hunters, grew quickly wonted to the boreal winters, and, meeting them heroically, con-

McGILL UNIVERSITY.

quered and enjoyed them. In fact, for men who have become enamored of the northern gods the deities of a milder heaven have no charms. To genuine children of the north winter presents no terrors such as it excites in those who live where slush invariably follows snow, and where the mercury shows variations as startling and sudden as those of a panic-stricken stock market. Even the suffering caused occasionally by the frigid temperature is not so great as in far warmer climates, since nothing is truer than the paradox that in winter one can find most comfort in the north. "In Russia," says a proverb, "one sees the cold, but does not feel it; in Italy one feels the cold, but does not see it." Hence Swedes, Norwegians, Russians, and Canadians exult in the keen air that sends the hot blood tingling through their veins, and makes their breath ascend like incense offered to the shrines of Thor and Odin. They laugh at storms which would inevitably paralyze the locomotion and suspend the business of cities unprepared for such a visitation, for practice has enabled them to vanquish all the difficulties thus created with the greatest ease. For

BONSECOUR CHURCH, MONTREAL.

them the snow is not a hindrance, but a help. Its compact, frozen mass makes all roads good, and renders transportation vastly easier than on bare ground. To those also who have acquired the use of snowshoes, white fields are fascinating rather than formidable, for they inaugurate a season of invigorating sports. Tobogganing down slopes of glittering ice; skating upon the glassy pavement laid so deftly by the Frost King over pond and stream; swept by the wind at railway speed in ice boats over a blue lake that hibernates beneath its crystal coverlet; or whirled by spirited horses in luxurious



A SNOWSHOE PARTY.

sleighs along the crisp, white thoroughfares encircling Montreal; in every case abundantly protected from the weather by the soft, warm furs fashioned by nature for the denizens of the Arctic Circle — all these make winter life in Canada a carnival of exuberant vitality.

THE TANDEM CLUB DRIVE.

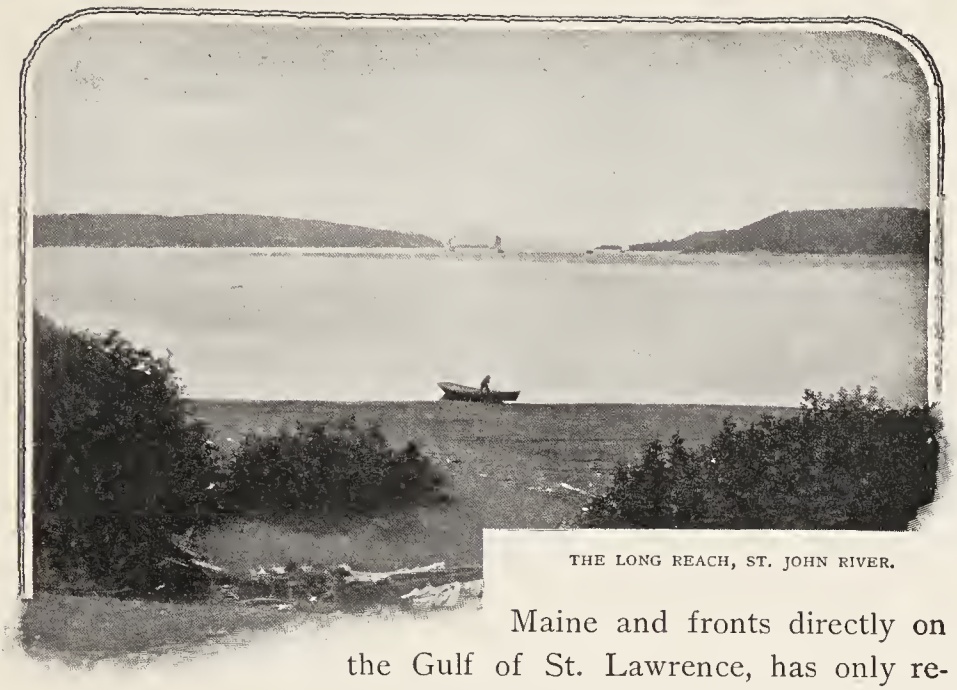
The traveler who, having entered the Dominion by the Strait of Belle Isle and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has steamed directly up the river, past the shadowy Saguenay and the defiant fortress of Quebec, to Montreal, should for a time return a little eastward, ere he starts to cross the continent to the Pacific. Otherwise he will leave behind him, unobserved, another noble avenue of approach to Canada, by way of the Maritime Provinces, — Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick,

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

a sight of which is certainly essential for any comprehension of the natural and historic features of British America. True, as was stated at the outset, the requisite space is lacking in this or any other single volume for an exhaustive treatment of so vast an area as Canada; but a brief visit must at least be made to Halifax and the romantic country of Evangeline. The well-equipped Canadian Pacific Railway now makes the trip of seven hundred and fifty-six miles from Montreal to Halifax an easy journey, particularly as the tourist will almost certainly halt, *en route*, in the attractive city of St. John, New Brunswick, whence, if he likes, he may avoid the longer railway tour around the head of the Bay of Fundy by crossing that remarkable sheet of water to the opposite shore of Nova Scotia in one of the comfortable steamers that make the passage daily.

New Brunswick merits more than passing mention. This picturesque Province, which lies northeast of the State of

INDIAN BUILDING A BIRCH BARK CANOE.



THE LONG REACH, ST. JOHN RIVER.

Maine and fronts directly on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has only recently been appreciated at its proper value. Of course, men have long known and admired the prosperous city of St. John, which has since 1877 risen, like Chicago, from the ashes of a holocaust that burned nine miles of streets down to the very soil on which their buildings had been standing; and Fredericton, the pretty capital, eighty-six miles inland from the sea; as well as the beautiful St. John River, which connects these cities, and constitutes, still farther west, for eighty miles the international boundary between the Dominion and the United States, while also furnishing a convenient pathway to the coast for much of the lumber cut in the State of Maine; but most of the interior of New Brunswick is rarely visited, and still remains comparatively unexplored. It is, however, a veritable paradise for lovers of the rod and rifle. Experts declare that it contains more "big game" to the square mile than any other Canadian Province or State of the American Union; and these wild animals, thanks to the enforcement of efficient laws, are said to be increasing, rather than diminishing. New Brunswick

may be called, *par excellence*, the land of "Forest, Lake, and Stream," since it is densely wooded, and dotted with innumerable lakes, almost connected by a maze of silvery rivulets, the distances between which are so short, and the country so level, that one can travel easily through this "happy hunting ground" with comfortable camping outfits and canoes, the portage being never arduous. In fact, this Province is furrowed by so many rivers, which end in admirable harbors, that for its size it has been called the best-watered country in the world. In this alluring wilderness, the edge of which is nevertheless accessible from Montreal or Boston in about twenty-four hours, roam moose, the breadth between whose antlers not infrequently exceeds four feet, as well as caribou, bear, lynx, sable, minx, and beaver, while all the waterways and lakes abound in trout, and form the favorite haunts of wild fowl.

METAPEDIA RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

AN OLD TRAPPER.

Lumbering and fishing are the principal occupations of the people of New Brunswick, as is but natural, with such a timbered area behind them and the ocean lying at their doors. Shipbuilding, too, has always been a profitable industry, and ships and steamers from St. John may still be seen in many ports of the antipodes. Of late the demand for iron hulls has caused this business to decline; but during the latter half of the nineteenth century vessels to the value of fifty million dollars were built in the New Brunswick shipyards. There is, however, no reason why agriculture should be neglected in this Province, for it contains no less than fourteen million acres adapted to good farming. Only a part of these have yet been cultivated, and millions still await the enterprising settler, and offer every prospect of success to industry and energy, since water is abundant, and everything will flourish here that can be grown in any temperate climate. The Maritime Provincials are a sturdy and remarkably homogeneous race. Thus, ninety-four per cent. of them were born in Canada, and ninety-nine per cent. are natives of some portion of the British

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Empire. In parts of Nova Scotia the name of the peninsula — New Scotland — is amply justified, as most of the inhabitants are descendants of Scotch Highlanders, and Gaelic, as well as English, is frequently spoken here. As for New Brunswick, it was settled principally by those citizens of New England who, after the Revolution, left the colonies as loyal subjects of the king, founded St. John, and made this section of the continent their home.

A NEW BRUNSWICK LUMBER CAMP.

The beauty and security of Halifax harbor are world renowned. Sixteen miles long, if one includes its inner basin, well sheltered from the wintry storms, open during the entire year, and with a flood of water deep enough to float at one time hundreds of the largest ships, it is not strange that it has always been, since the foundation of the city by Lord Cornwallis in 1749, a favorite rendezvous for the warships and the merchant vessels of Great Britain. It is to-day one of the most important

naval stations of the empire, as well as the headquarters of its North American and West Indian squadron; while it is also, with the exception of Esquimalt on the Pacific, the only town on the American continent which still retains a garrison of British troops. Hence, as we might expect, it is supplied with a dockyard worthy of the place and of the nation which it represents. This covers an extent of fourteen acres, and includes a dry-dock, the construction of which in solid granite and concrete is said to have cost a million dollars. It is superior in size to any other on the continent, and is the only one, on this side of the Atlantic, which can receive the largest battleships of Britain's navy without removing guns and stores. A place of such commercial and strategic value as Halifax is of course powerfully protected; not only by the citadel, which from a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet completely domi-

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "BELLEROPHON."

DOCKYARD AT HALIFAX.

nates the scene, but also by a network of coast batteries and island forts, the fearful cross fire of whose heavy guns would make the entrance of a hostile fleet impossible. Here, therefore, even more than at Quebec, Bellona is the presiding deity; but she disguises her grim features admirably. Thus Halifax is situated on a tongue of land which, stretching southward like a steamer's prow, divides the harbor into two lovely sheets of water that make the city a peninsula. One of these, called the Bedford Basin, borders the capital like an occidental Bosphorus; the other, known as the Northwest Arm, reminds one, by its form and narrow flood of deep blue water, of the Golden Horn.

BEDFORD BASIN, HALIFAX HARBOR.

In summer, this enchanting inlet is alive with boats, many of which are prettily adorned with colored cushions and bedecked with awnings; and whether one looks down upon it from an elevation, or gazes upward from it at the tasteful residences on its shores, he comprehends the fondness which the forty thousand citizens of Halifax feel for this charming feature of the Nova Scotian capital. At such a time, the outer harbor also breathes of undisturbed tranquillity. The placid water, rippled by the gentle breeze, the pleasure craft that skim along its surface, the glistening perspective seaward flecked with

NORTHWEST ARM, HALIFAX HARBOR.

HALIFAX, FROM THE CITADEL.

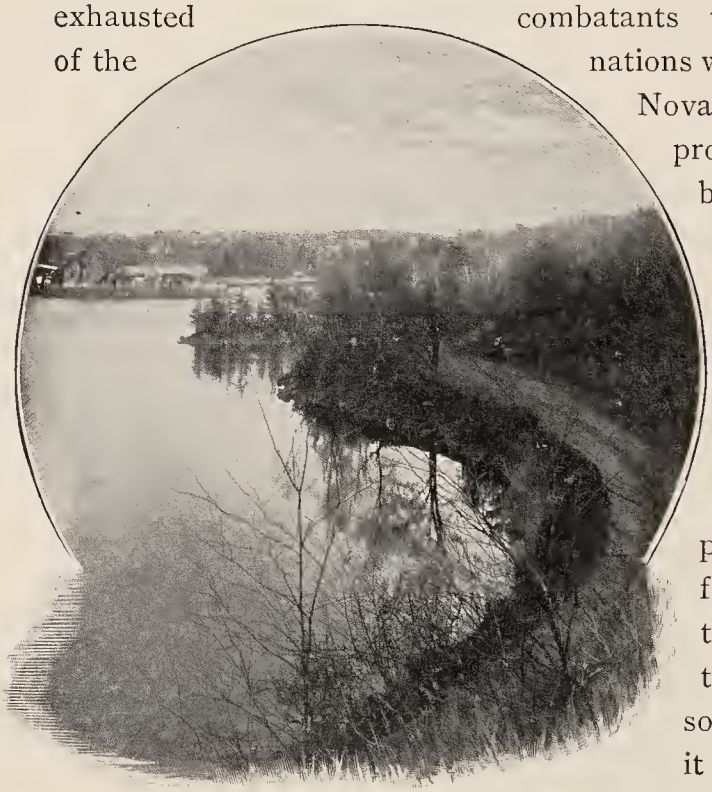
sun-lit sails, and the bright turf that makes the islands look like terraces of rich, green velvet — all suggest perpetual peace.

HALIFAX, FROM GEORGE'S CHANNEL.

Yet, in reality, beneath this fair expanse, which sunset causes to resemble Nature's palette of resplendent hues, are many deadly mines. Behind the carefully clipped sward stand formidable engines of destruction. The harbor's crystal mirror now reflects merely the tinted clouds and brilliant beauty of the sky; but at a word the whole scene may be changed. The serene bay can by a flash of electricity be rent by the explosion of torpedoes; the stainless heavens become obscured by the thick breath of brazen-throated guns; and shores, which answer now to laughter and the song of birds, may in an instant echo to the moans of suffering, as fingers, stiffening in the chill of death, clutch fibres of the flower-strewn grass.

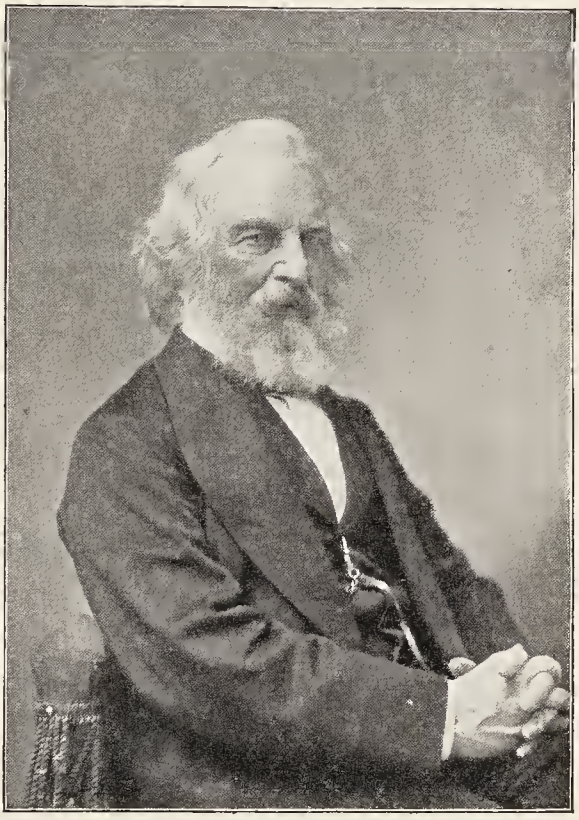
LOOKING SEAWARD, HALIFAX HARBOR.

Such contrasts have not been unusual in the history of this peninsula. There are few more pathetic stories than that of Acadia, or Acadie — a name which in the Indian tongue meant "Land of Plenty," and was applied in general to what are now the maritime provinces, but in particular to Nova Scotia. For in the bitter conflict waged almost incessantly for a century and a half by France and England for the possession of the North American continent, this lovely country suffered greatly: partly because of its situation, easily open to attack by sea; partly because it was a prize eagerly coveted by both antagonists. The people of New England were the special enemies of the French of this locality, and often made piratical descents upon their coasts. Accordingly, the good and evil fortunes of Acadia ebbed and flowed with well nigh as much violence and contrast as characterize the fearful tides that sweep through the adjoining Bay of Fundy. In the brief intervals of peace, when the exhausted combatants took breath, one of the nations would acknowledge Nova Scotia to be the property of its rival; but when the struggle was renewed, this was again the objective point of capture or of wanton pillage. Thus Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal), the former capital of the peninsula, was taken and retaken so many times that it seemed foolhardy



DRIVE AROUND MELVILLE ISLAND.

for any one to return and live there after such experiences. In fact, the greater part of this attractive land, which now produces the delicious fruits whose flavor is so famous, has been the scene of thousands of those acts of cruelty, in which mankind so far exceeds the brutes, that one is often forced to respect dumb animals more than some specimens of the human race. For thoughtful tourists the interest of this country centres in the region bordering an inlet from the Bay of Fundy called the Basin of Minas. Over this valley, which endears itself to the beholder alike from its intrinsic beauty and its great misfortunes, Longfellow's verse has cast a never fading charm, and given it the title of the Land of Evangeline.



LONGFELLOW.

In the provincial library of Halifax, in a small cabinet containing precious autographs, the visitor may see a letter written by the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the poet's brother, in which occurs the following statement: "I have found the accompanying page in his handwriting. It seemed to me especially fitting for your purpose, as giving not only the autograph of the author of 'Evangeline,' but his own account of the origin of that poem." From this one turns to read with deepest interest the

words of the poet, traced long ago with his own hand, in ink that has grown pale with time. They are as follows: "Hawthorne dined one day with L., and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner, the friend said, 'I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital when both were old.' L. wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him, 'If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?' To this Hawthorne assented, and promised not to treat the subject in prose till L. had seen what he could do with it in poetry."

BAKING BREAD IN THE FIELD.

However unsubstantial may have been the legend here referred to, "Evangeline" is founded on a genuine historic episode, whose pathos would have long survived, even without the aid of poetry. As is well known, the Acadians were French, and naturally sympathized with their compatriots in that desperate rivalry of two great races, which made of North America a scene of bloodshed for fifteen decades, and ended only on the

Heights of Abraham. Hence, although Nova Scotia had been ceded to Great Britain in 1713, these people still remained unreconciled, and would not transfer their allegiance to their conquerors. They took, it is true, a qualified oath of submission, provided they should never be called on to bear arms against the French; but they repeatedly refused to make that oath an unconditional one of loyalty to the English king. They even secretly aided the enemies of the British, and hoped to see them regain the peninsula. This state of affairs continued forty years; and, at the end of that time, the French of Acadie still loved their mother country just as ardently, and no less cordially detested England. Those who are hostile to them call this obstinacy; those who admire them name it patriotism.

A FRENCH CANADIAN BARN.

The probability is that they would not have proved so obdurate had they been left to themselves; for their religious freedom was not interfered with by the English, and many concessions were made to them in the hope of winning their affection. They were, however, kept in a continual ferment by the entreaties, arguments, and menaces of agents from the Province of Quebec, as well as by the efforts of their priests, who often went so far as to threaten them with excommunication and the pangs of hell, if they in any way allied themselves with English

heretics. Believing that fidelity to God meant loyalty to Louis XV., about seven thousand of them actually left their comfortable homes, and migrated to New Brunswick or to Cape Breton, where they endured for years the misery of poverty, cold, and hunger. Those who remained in Acadie carried to such an extent their hatred of the British that they refused to sell them food or fuel, except at most exorbitant rates, and often positively declined to work for

FRENCH CANADIAN FARM SCENE.

FRENCH CANADIAN OXEN.

Englishmen at any price, though gladly laboring for the French at lower wages. This spirit was the more alarming, because the Acadians had learned the art, so rarely acquired, of making the surrounding Indians their friends; and these, as a rule, were allies of the French against the English. In vain were these irreconcilables warned that, if they still persisted in this course, their property would be seized, and dire punishment be visited upon them. Having so long and bravely battled with the sea, eventually wresting from its clutch great tracts of fertile territory which they defended with huge dikes, they did not hesitate to make an equally determined stand against their human foes. The British, therefore, certainly had reason to be apprehensive that, if a French fleet should appear in the Bay of Fundy, the

entire colony of Acadians would rise in arms, and joined by the famished exiles over the border, and their friends, the Indians, would make a desperate attempt to win this coveted region back to France.

Accordingly, in 1755, the deportation of these people was resolved upon. On the 5th of September of that year the males of the community residing near the Basin of Minas, from gray-haired sires to boys of but ten years, were summoned to the church of Grand Pré, to listen to a message from the king. Once gathered in the sacred edifice, they were imprisoned there by soldiers, and informed that on account of their refusal to take the unconditional oath of fealty, their houses, farms, and cattle had been confiscated to the Crown, and that they them-

MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU RIVER, WHERE THE ACADIANS EMBARKED.

selves were all to be embarked on ships, and taken to other portions of America. These tidings were as unexpected as an earthquake shock. Only the day before the British officer in command reported, "All the people quiet, and very busy at their harvest." The order was, however, carried out relentlessly. Forced by the bayonets of the troops the unhappy farmers were compelled to march a mile and a half to where the

transports awaited them; and as they went, — some pale with rage, some weeping with emotion, — their mothers, wives, and children followed, lamenting piteously and imploring God to help them. Some of the women carried babies in their arms; others dragged their infirm and aged parents in carts, with the few poor household goods which they could take with them.

"This affair," wrote the commander, "is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in." The whole number thus removed from the Province was about six thousand; and in the vicinity of the Basin of Minas alone two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, and eleven mills were burned, and more than twenty-two hundred persons shipped away. The orders had been most explicit, and were to

WHERE EVANGELINE LIVED.

the effect that all the dwellings should be burned, and everything destroyed that could afford the few who might escape the slightest means of shelter or subsistence. Hence, for the next five years, the fertile fields of Grand Pré, recently covered with rich crops and grazing cattle, lay neglected, and some of the other depopulated districts were for twice that length of time

without a British settler. Seventeen ships were used to take the wretched people from their ruined homes, and though, as far as possible, families were not separated, numerous tragic scenes undoubtedly occurred, like that which Longfellow has immortalized. Five hundred were conveyed to North Carolina, one thousand to Virginia, others to Maryland and elsewhere; but all were taken far enough to make return in those days

GRAND PRÉ, FROM HARRIS HILL.

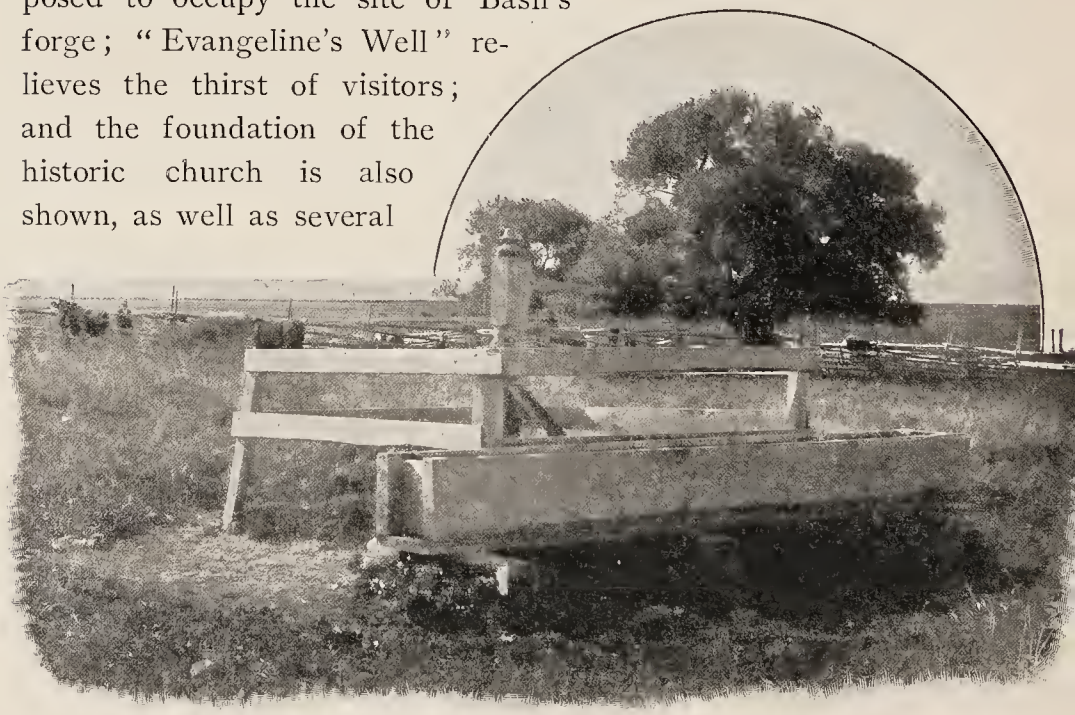
very difficult, and thrown upon the charity of people who did not understand their language, hated their religion, and looked upon them with aversion.

"Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern savannas, —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean."

Great hardships, too, were endured by the exiles on account of the overcrowding of the transports, many of which were late

in coming. "It hurts me," wrote the commander, Winslow, "to hear their weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Strange, is it not? The men who managed this expatriation, and left behind them charred and blackened ruins, as well as the poet who from that mass of carbon crystallized the literary diamond, "Evangeline," were alike residents of New England; for while Old England sanctioned the procedure, New England officers and soldiers carried it into execution. The best that can be said of it is that it was a war measure, and war is always inhumane.

To visit, either from St. John or Halifax, the scene of this expulsion of a simple and industrious race, is now an easy undertaking. The railway actually traverses a part of Grand Pré, and on the locomotives that convey the trains through this romantic region one reads such names as Gabriel, Evangeline, and Basil. Nor are the inhabitants so lacking in imagination and archæological enterprise as to neglect to indicate the places mentioned in the poem. Thus, an "Acadian Smithy" is supposed to occupy the site of Basil's forge; "Evangeline's Well" relieves the thirst of visitors; and the foundation of the historic church is also shown, as well as several



EVANGELINE'S WELL, AND SITE OF THE CHURCH, GRAND PRÉ.

grass-grown cellars of Acadian houses. Far surer relics of the exiles are, however, the apple-trees and willows which they planted, the fields which they reclaimed and cultivated, and the stout

"Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,"

to shut out the tremendous tides of the Bay of Fundy.

DIKED LANDS, BASIN OF MINAS.

Despite the fact that Longfellow presented only one side of this tragedy, no traveler when standing here can fail to recognize the debt of gratitude he owes to him. The genuinely historic novel and poem are often as useful to the reader as they are attractive. They fix within our memories and sympathies the events which they recall, as a mere presentation of the unembellished facts would never do. The difference may be likened to the contrast between the effects produced by stained glass windows seen from the outside and the inside of the building they adorn. Viewing them from without, we can indeed perceive the separate panes of glass, distinguish the designs, and gain some vague idea of what is there portrayed; but looked at from within the pictures glow with life and beauty, and are transfigured by the sunlight, as the creations of the poet are made luminous by emotion.

OLD FRENCH ORCHARD, GRAND PRÉ.

The dikes, first built here by the French, and since that time enormously extended, are eloquent reminders of the natural phenomenon connected with the neighboring Bay of Fundy. Every one knows that in respect to tides this arm of the Atlantic is unique among the estuaries of the globe. Its name is a corruption of the title given to it by the earliest map-makers of these coasts, the Portuguese, who called it "Baya Fonda," or the Deep Bay. Deep certainly it becomes, when the great ocean torrent rushes up its funnel-shaped enclosure, for the contracting shores force it continually higher as it nears the terminus, until the water, which at St. John had attained an altitude of twenty-seven feet, reaches a height of fifty in the Bay of Minas. Moreover, as the channel narrows and the depth increases, the current steadily grows swifter, till

HIGH TIDE AT ST. JOHN.

in the neighborhood of Grand Pré the bore runs forward like a race-horse at a rate of six or seven miles an hour, and breaks upon the broad flats like a splendid surf wave six feet high.

This region, therefore, every day presents two utterly different aspects. Thus, when the sea is at its ebb, one looks on miles of level country covered with a film of thick red mud,

THE BORE

which, far from being deleterious, forms, like the sediment of the Nile, a fertilizing dressing. It is, in fact, this layer of rich soil, brought to them by the waves, that has made all these meadows so productive; and even the lands reclaimed by the Acadians, though rimmed with dikes, always received through sluices a sufficient quantity of the alluvial flood. At low tide in the Basin of Minas, one might suppose that he was gazing on the scene of a marine catastrophe. Ships of all sizes are seen scattered over the expanse, heeled over on their sides, listless as sleeping dogs stretched out before a fire. One could imagine them to have been carried inland on some awful wave, which, drawing back, has left them high and dry, forevermore beyond the reach of Neptune. But when the surging sea comes once more turbulently from the outer world, the change is magical. The lolling vessels quiver at the first touch of

the returning tide; begin to move uneasily; waver a little, as the water surges round them; and lo! ere one can fairly comprehend it, they are upright and afloat again, instinct with life and ready for departure. Meantime, the dull red pavement has been superseded by a floor of lapis-lazuli; and thousands upon thousands of huge haystacks, perched on wooden piles, which but an hour before looked like the stranded cones of some sublime sequoia, now seem to float like monstrous buoys upon the surface of the deep.

Montreal marks the ending of one mode of steamship travel and the beginning of another. Here oceanic navigation meets its grave, and inland navigation finds its cradle. Up to its wharves come transatlantic liners, which have already steamed a thousand miles since passing through the ocean gateway at Belle Isle; and from those wharves another set of steamers, scarcely less endowed in strength and size, start on a voyage of thirteen hundred miles still farther westward, through rivers, locks, canals, and a succession of "unsalted seas," until they reach the sunset shore of Lake Superior. Nature, of course, provides the waterways which make this continental sailing possible; but it had also placed so many obstructions in the way of man's advancement that such a long, unbroken journey as can now be made from lock to river, river to canal, and lake to lake, would have

CLIFFS WORN BY THE TIDE.

STEAMSHIP "LAKE ONTARIO."

appeared as hopeless and chimerical to the early settlers as projects of aërial transportation seem to us. To dauntless hearts, resourceful heads, and willing hands, however, difficulties are opportunities. So was it here. A little to the west of Montreal, rapids suddenly interrupt the course of the St. Lawrence, and for the first time render it impassable for ascending ships. Unfortunately this barrier is not the only one. Like the successive ramparts of a fortress, such reefs and shallows follow one another at irregular intervals as far west as Prescott, and aggregate forty-three miles of broken water. Some of these breakers well-nigh cost the brave explorer, Champlain, and his followers their lives, when they essayed to force a passage through them in their light canoes; but enterprise and science have now cleverly outflanked these points of danger by means of six superbly built canals, with twenty-seven locks, through which large ships can circumnavigate the treacherous ledges, and ultimately reach an elevation two hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of Montreal.

CANADIAN LOCKS.

The lowest rapids have been named the Lachine, after the town now located beside them, nine miles west of the metropolis. Lachine has played a memorable part in the history of Canada. It was originally founded by the gallant leader and discoverer, La Salle, to whom a grant of territory in this region had been given. It has, moreover, the unenviable distinction of having been the scene of the most horrible massacre that ever marked with blood and fire the homes of the Canadian colonists. At midnight, on the 5th of August, 1689, the dreaded Iroquois attacked the village during a storm, butchered with fiendish cruelty two hundred men, women, and children, and carried off, for a more lingering death with nameless tortures, at least one hundred and twenty more. "What's in a name?" Much in the old French names of early Canada. Most of them owe their origin to some pious priest, intrepid soldier, or enthusiastic conqueror, who made the region better and mankind the wiser by his life or death. The name Lachine recalls much more than its appalling massacre. It is commemorative of a nation's dream, of a great hero's disillusion, and of the cheap derision of his enemies. La Salle, like most of those who penetrated the American wilderness, believed that he should find upon the farther side of it a highway to the Orient. Of the remoteness of that western limit and of the awful difficulties and dangers lying between him and his goal, La Salle had no conception; but his indomitable

OLD WINDMILL NEAR LACHINE.

constancy and courage enabled him at least to discover and investigate the Illinois and Ohio rivers, and to sail down the Mississippi to its terminus and ascertain its outlet into the Gulf of Mexico. In his far greater plan of finding a western route to China, he failed, however, like all of his contemporaries. Hence envious inferiors, after the fashion of their kind in every age, tried to belittle his magnificent achievements, and called his settlement here sarcastically "La Chine," as being all of the rich China of his hopes

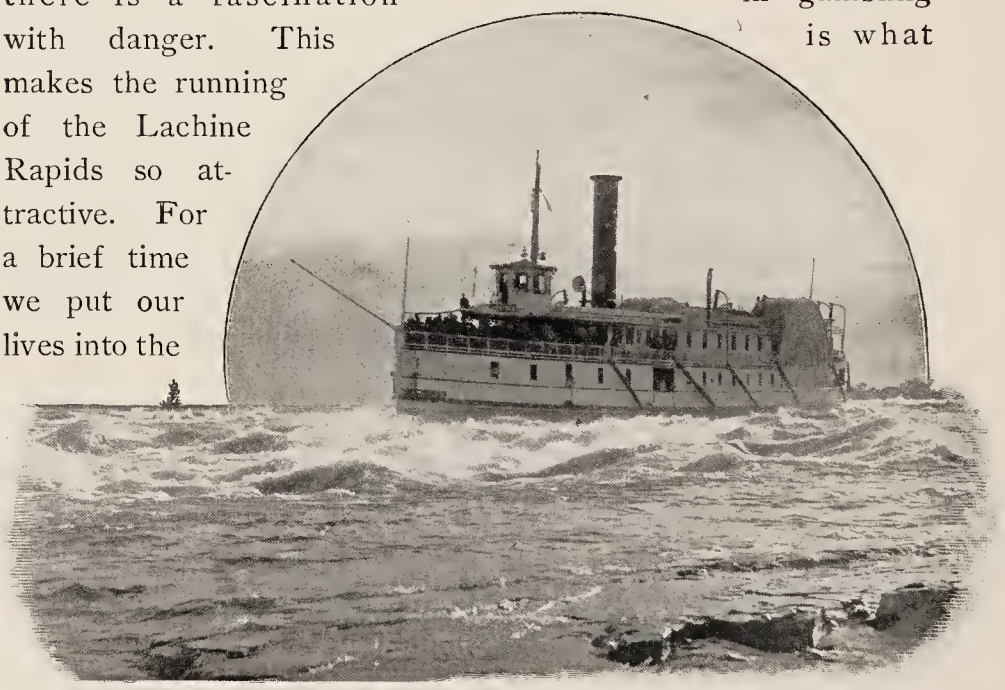
CAUGHNAWAGA, INDIAN VILLAGE NEAR LACHINE.

that he had ever found. Yet history has proved his views in general to have been correct; and his fond dream has, after all, been realized in a vastly broader sense than he could then have possibly imagined. For to-day, traversing the very town from which he started out to force his way through trackless wastes into a great unknown, an uninterrupted path of steel, more than three thousand miles in length, extends across the entire continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, whence a fine steamer of six thousand tons will bring the traveler

STATION OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD, MONTREAL.

in thirteen days to Yokohama and in another five to the Celestial Empire.

The rapids of the St. Lawrence have the remarkable peculiarity, that while they are too swift and turbulent for steamers to ascend them, they can be "shot" in safety by descending vessels. This is a feature of Canadian travel not to be neglected. No fatal accident has ever yet occurred in the adventure; and where the chances are so manifestly in our favor, there is a fascination in gambling with danger. This is what makes the running of the Lachine Rapids so attractive. For a brief time we put our lives into the

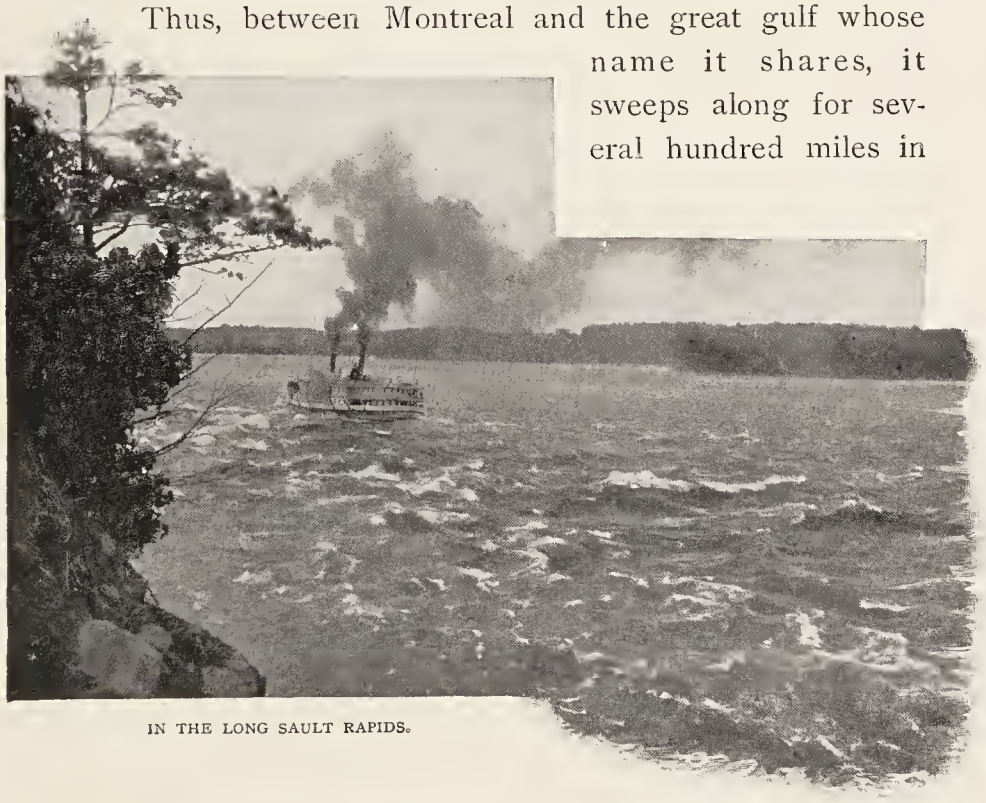


RUNNING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

hands of an Indian pilot. Grave from a sense of his responsibility, he stands beside the helm. The steamer leaves Lachine, and swings out into the current. Suddenly the surface of the river changes from a tranquil level to a heaving mass of elevations and depressions. For here the bed of the St. Lawrence shelves abruptly; and its descending path is strewn with rocks, which churn the river into wrathful foam, card masses of it into silvery spray, and stir it into swirling vortices of glaucous

water, from which emerge strange, gurgling sounds, as if they were the maws of hungry monsters in the depths below. A wild exhilaration — half terror, half excitement — seizes us. It would be too intense, but for the recollection that such trips are made here every day in safety, and that the Indian pilots know the channel like a trail. Yet, as the steamer with its precious life-freight darts along its devious path between a thousand Scyllas and Charybdes, should the trained eye miscalculate, or the hand fail to execute instantly the mandate of the brain, the vessel might at any moment strike a rock and go to pieces like a house of cards. It is the consciousness of this, together with the firm belief that all will end well this time, as it has before, that makes this strange experience enjoyable; and when we feel the last swift sinking of the steamer's deck, and, with a final rush of lightning-like velocity, glide once more into placid water, a sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret escapes us, as when the curtain falls on an absorbing play.

The course of the St. Lawrence is remarkably diversified. Thus, between Montreal and the great gulf whose name it shares, it sweeps along for several hundred miles in



IN THE LONG SAULT RAPIDS.

undisturbed tranquillity and majesty. At other points, its character completely changes; and, as if rent by fierce, ungovernable passions, it rages in a mass of rapids. Occasionally, too, as if fatigued by such prolonged or violent exertions, it spreads its waters far and wide into a kind of lake, much as an over-worked, beneficent giant might stretch his limbs, and loiter on the way in a well-earned repose. Just east of Lake Ontario the River God indulges in such relaxation, and the result is the enchanting

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

archipelago, known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands. In descriptions of natural scenery such a "round number" as a thousand is usually an exaggeration; but in this instance fancy is surpassed by fact; for in this insular labyrinth, which is no less than forty miles in length and five in breadth, there are about eighteen hundred islands. Of course they are of every shape and size; some being a mile or two in length, and others but a few yards long. Some are mere barren mounds of lichen-

broidered rock; but many are adorned with pretty villas, almost hidden from the public gaze by intervening trees, with flower-beds and lawns extending to the water's edge; while most of them have bases of gray granite, and are shaded by the foliage of pines and cedars. In

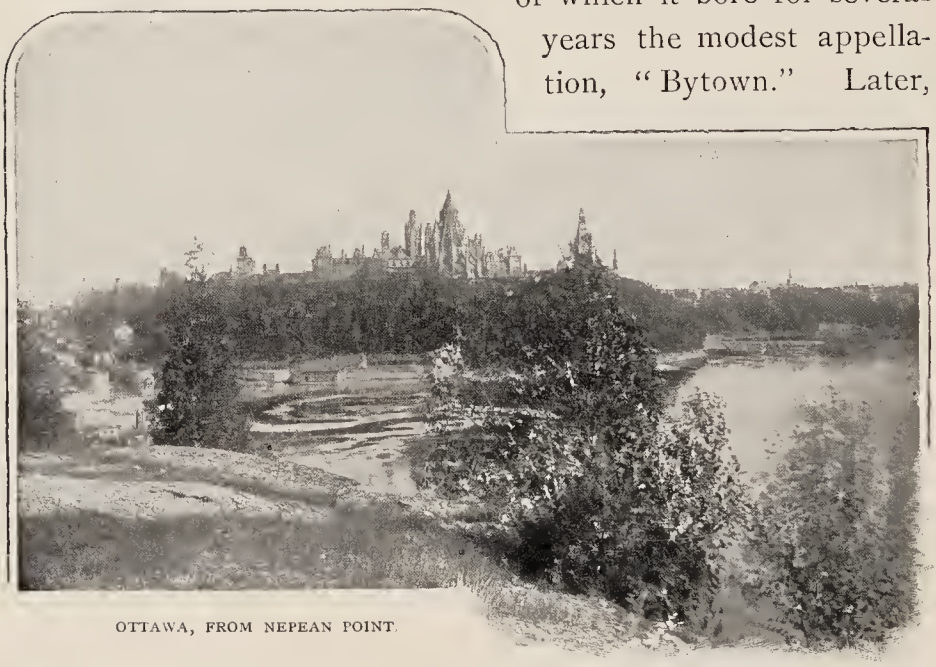
LIGHT AND SHADE.

many cases slender birches, fringing the islet's curving rim, bend over, and, Narcissus-like, contemplate their fair forms within the clear expanse, finding their smooth white limbs and foliated tresses mirrored to perfection there. The scene is loveliest in autumn, when Nature turns the boscage of these islands into scarlet, purple, russet, red, and gold. At such a time, this sylvan maze suggests a multitude of gorgeous jewels studding a shield of turquoise blue.

Quebec is the military, Montreal the commercial, and Ottawa the political capital of Canada. The latter seems at first a strange selection; for it is situated on a tributary of the

INSULAR LABYRINTHS.

great St. Lawrence, rather than beside the mighty stream itself, and has a population of only about sixty thousand. It is, moreover, very much younger than the cities of Champlain and Maisonneuve. The village which preceded it owed its foundation, in 1827, to a certain Colonel By; in consequence of which it bore for several years the modest appellation, "Bytown." Later,



OTTAWA, FROM NEPEAN POINT.

however, the mellow music of the Indian nomenclature wisely caused the title "Ottawa" to be substituted for it; and under that euphonious name the town became, in 1854, incorporated as a city. It would not probably have superseded Montreal, as the seat of government, but for the violent action of political partisans, in 1849, who burned the parliament buildings there, to show their detestation of an obnoxious bill. Thenceforth, for several years, the legislators of the land assembled alternately at Toronto and Quebec; till, finally, in 1858, the Queen chose Ottawa as the definite home of the Canadian parliament. One sees abundant evidence of this fact, when viewing the city either close at hand or from a distance; for its imposing government buildings, with their fine proportions, massive masonry, and

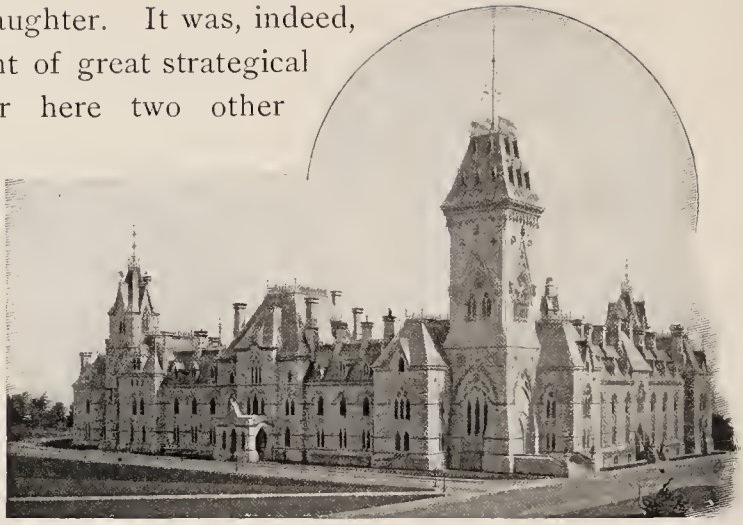
OTTAWA, FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

stately pinnacles and towers, crown it with eminent dignity and beauty. Indeed, these noble specimens of architecture, many of whose lines suggest the mediæval Gothic, are structures of which any nation might be proud. Begun in 1859, and having had their first stone laid by the young Prince of Wales, in 1860, they cover now an area of about four acres; and, with the handsome grounds surrounding them, adorned with spacious flower-beds and well-kept lawns, their total cost is said to have exceeded five million dollars. Cream-colored sandstone is the principal substance of their beautiful exterior; and this is gradually receiving from the touch of Time a richer tint, which, with the arches of red sandstone over the doors and windows, makes the effect remarkably pleasing.

HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.

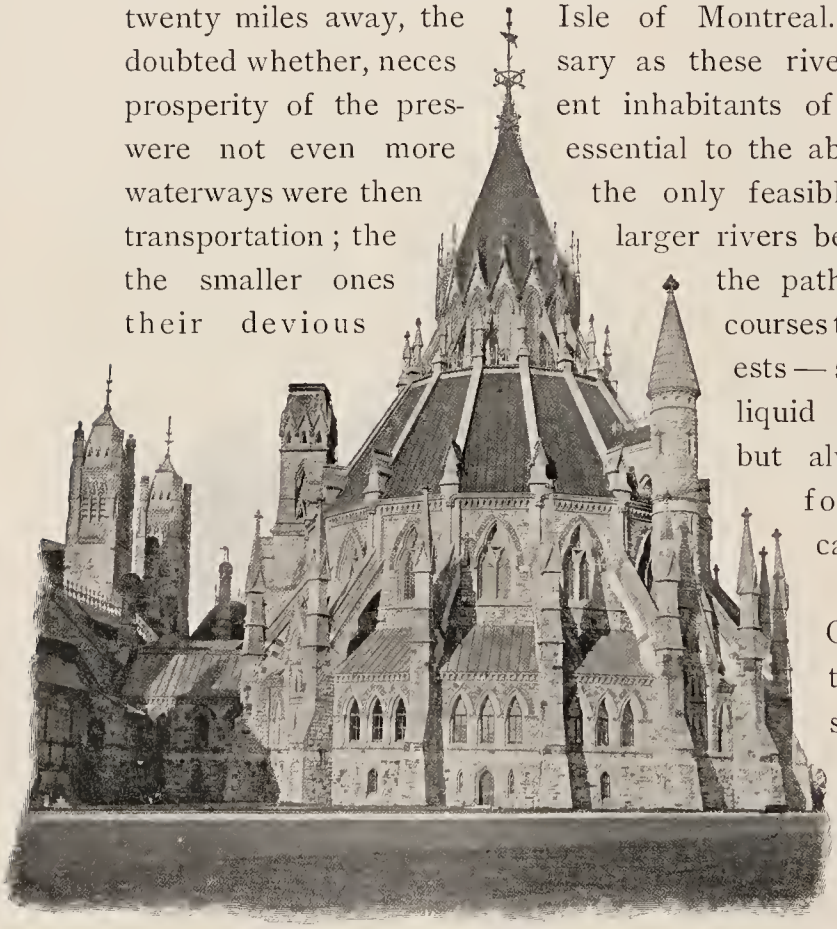
It gave me a curious sensation to stand before these splendid structures, material exponents of law and stable government, and to reflect that the locality, even as late as the end of the American Revolution, was a woodland wilderness, and had for many generations been conspicuous in the annals of the Indians

as a place of slaughter. It was, indeed, for them a point of great strategical importance; for here two other good-sized rivers, the Rideau and the Gatineau, join the Ottawa, the three streams thenceforth rolling on in triune majesty to swell the flood of the St. Lawrence, and form with it, one hundred and twenty miles away, the Isle of Montreal. It may be doubted whether, necessary as these rivers are to the prosperity of the present inhabitants of Canada, they were not even more essential to the aborigines. For waterways were then the only feasible avenues of transportation; the larger rivers being the roads, the smaller ones the paths, which took their devious courses through the forests — solid in winter, liquid in the spring, but always passable for sledges or canoes.



EASTERN BLOCK, DEPARTMENT BUILDING, OTTAWA.

The lordly Ottawa in particular was the sole practicable route by which the



PARLIAMENT LIBRARY, OTTAWA.

Hurons and Algonquins could convey to the French settlements their annual stock of furs, obtained by months of care and labor in the northern wilds. This traffic was of great importance to the Indians, although the actual value of the objects bartered by the white men for the precious pelts was very small. The profits of the colonists, on the other hand, were enormous. As recently as 1850, in the northwest of Canada, the natives were expected to give, in return for an old flint lock musket, a pile of silver foxskins as high as the muzzle of a rifle, when held erect with its stock upon the ground. Accordingly, down the swift current of the Ottawa came, every year, a fleet of Indian canoes, laden with heaps of bear, moose, beaver, otter, fox, and marten skins for pale-faced purchasers; and here, near the tumultuous Chaudière Falls, whose voice still thrills the life of Ottawa with a solemn undertone, the cruel Iroquois waited for their coming, keen to surprise, defeat, and torture their hereditary foes, as well as to

OTTAWA, FROM RIDEAU FALLS.

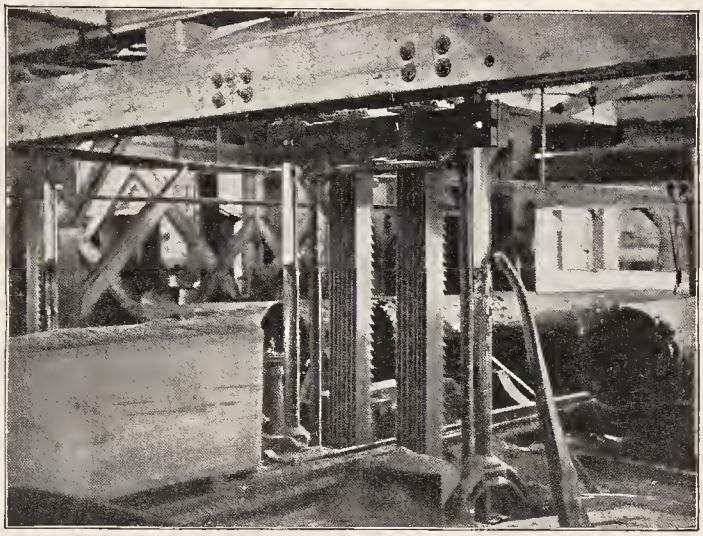
possess themselves of the flotilla and its furs. Frightful indeed have been the scenes enacted here, the relatively recent dates of which appear almost incredible, when one surveys the modern city and its legislative halls; for now where, only about a century ago, were heard the war-whoops of half-naked savages, preliminary to some horrid massacre, the scalping knife and tomahawk seem as remote, and are, to all intents and purposes, as obsolete, as are the weapons of the Stone Age and the Cave Man.

The Ottawa, with its affluents, still contributes generously to the welfare of Canadians, although the kind of treasure which it brings to them is different. The coveted cargoes of

CHAUDIÈRE FALLS, OTTAWA.

fine peltry that once floated down its waters are now few in number, and reach the public by another route; but they have been replaced by rafts of timber, cut in the vast, primeval forests of the north and west. Moreover, for the conversion of this product into marketable lumber, the Ottawa furnishes

enormous water-power at the Chaudière Falls. Near this impetuous cataract scores of huge sawmills have been built; not only on the shore, but, where more space was wanted than the land could give, on artificial embankments, and even over the water on a mass of piles. The noise in these establishments is, to a close observer, deafening in its endless din. The unaccustomed ear is almost stunned by the harsh droning of the crunching saws, the strident shrieks that mark the finish, and the fierce whir of exultation, as the liberated blades await the offering of another victim. In one not interested in the profits of this business, the ceaseless sacrifice of trees attending it inspires a sentiment of horror. Frequently, twenty-five or thirty mammoth saws, with vicious-looking teeth of monstrous size, are set in frames, called "gates"; and these, when started by machinery, shoot up and down in savage fury, as if they were the snapping jaws of some unearthly monster. Nothing apparently can satisfy its hunger, though night and day the hideous teeth attack the food forever furnished them. Tremendous guillotines they seem, whose glittering knives are not content with the decapitation of their prey, but cut relentlessly and swiftly through the stalwart bodies of the forest kings, which armies of invaders have hewn down, and brought hither as captives on the current of a river forced to abet them



INTERIOR OF A SAWMILL.

in their spoliation. It is like Armour's abattoir without the blood. One after another, the grand old trees which served so recently as stately columns in the leafy sanctuaries, where they had slowly risen heavenward for more than one hundred and fifty years, are pushed in toward the gnashing teeth, which

CIRCULAR SAWS.

in a moment bite them with a grip that never will relax, till they have eaten through the entire length of what they feed upon. By day this sight is bad enough, but anything more weird and gruesome than the scene at night, when it is outlined on a jet-black background in the glare of the electric light, can hardly be imagined. The coruscating saws, perpetually darting up and down, like harnessed lightning flashes; the gleam of the dank logs, forced forward to their fate; and the distorted shadows cast by the exaggerated figures of the workmen, together make this seem the torture room of a plutonian purgatory.

Of course there is another side to this prodigious enterprise, which, when one has retired from its tumult, reconciles one to its tireless energy. Thus Canada's forest products during the last ten years have had an annual value of more than twenty million dollars. Nearly one half of the lumber thus exported goes to Great Britain, the second largest purchaser being the United States; while from the Pacific coast extensive shipments are conveyed to South America, China, and Japan. Almost as great an amount as that delivered to foreigners is used in Canada itself; for wood forms throughout the whole Dominion the chief material for constructing houses, schools, churches, bridges, fences, railroad ties, and sidewalks, as well as the pavements of many streets, and outside of the principal cities is the only fuel of the people.

How long can such a drain upon Canadian timber last without denuding the Dominion of its noble heritage? When the first white man set his foot upon Canadian soil, a dense and shadowy forest, sublime in its unbroken continuity, and haunted by the solitude and mystery of unnumbered ages, rolled its billowy tree-tops, like a dark green ocean, from the Atlantic half across the continent. Vast sections of this woodland still remain intact; but such alarming inroads have been made upon its primitive area that, at the present rate of

HAULING IN THE FOREST.

cutting, Nature is unable to repair her losses. One or two centuries are required to produce some of the monarchs of this forest, but man considers it a great achievement to saw a dozen of them into planks in as many minutes. Accordingly, many of the best authorities declare that, unless some restrictions are enforced, the lumber industry of Canada will be exhausted in the next half century. Unfortunately, also, to the

AN OTTAWA RIVER LUMBER RAFT.

drain of intentional devastation must be added the accidental losses caused by forest fires.

Thus, in the Province of Ontario alone, in 1881, the value of timber so destroyed was more than ten million dollars, a sum equivalent to one half the annual revenue from lumber to the entire country.

There is a certain insolence in the way that man proceeds to ravage ruthlessly the planet, on a limited portion of whose surface he temporarily exists. "Why not?" he cries disdainfully, "the earth is mine." Yes, it is his, as is the bee's the flower on

which it pauses for a moment to extract its honey. Even the short perspective of an individual life reveals man at its close absorbed by the same ground on which he lately walked so jauntily, boasting that he possessed it. A few brief months or years, and Earth has pulverized his bones, and from them sent aloft again, to ripen in the sun, the vegetation he destroyed. As for the race, the planet calmly bides its time to roll on, once

TIMBER BOOMS, OTTAWA RIVER.

more uninhabited, through a future, longer perhaps than all the eons that preceded man's arrival here, and in comparison with which his stay upon this little orb shall be as the duration of a single flutter of an insect's wings in the warm splendor of a summer noon.

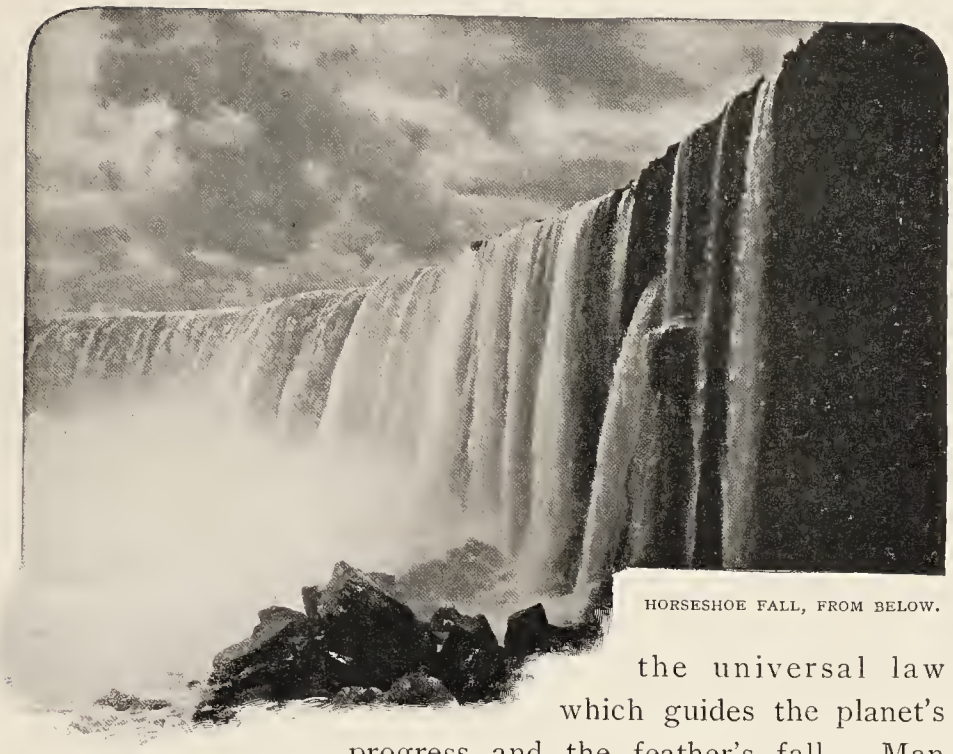
Canada has the right to claim a larger share in the possession of Niagara Falls than the United States, since it is over the Canadian, or Horseshoe, Fall that four fifths of the

GENERAL VIEW, FROM CANADA.

descending water sweeps; while the mysterious Whirlpool, constantly uplifting its white hands, as if in supplication for deliverance from its torturing vortex, lies also on the side of the Dominion.

Yet, in reality, how futile are all claims of states or individuals to hold proprietary rights in the stupendous cataract! Two nations own, indeed, the shores that frame it, and have embellished them with lovely vantage points of view; but the majestic mass that rolls between them moves obedient only to

AMERICAN FALL, FROM CANADA.



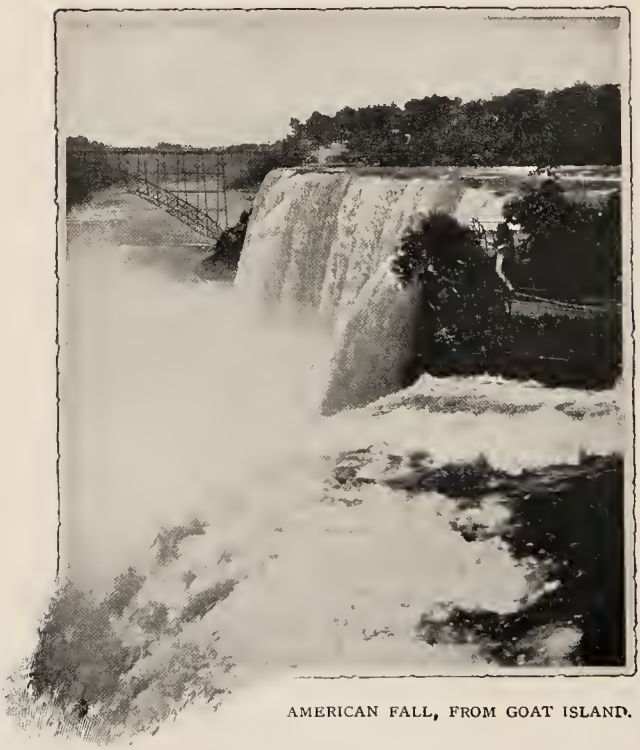
HORSESHOE FALL, FROM BELOW.

the universal law which guides the planet's progress and the feather's fall. Man could no more reverse its course than he could change the movement of the solar system. Heedless alike of savage and of civilized spectators, Niagara is as independent of man's ownership as when it fell in solitary grandeur thousands of years before a human eye was turned toward it in wonder, or human ear responded to its ceaseless monody.

GENERAL VIEW, FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE.

HORSESHOE FALL, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Niagara is too vast a subject for minute description; too great, in fact, to be at once appreciated. The very breadth of the colossal torrent at first makes both its height and fury less impressive. But to the lingering worshiper there comes a time when, as he views it, preferably from the side of Canada, Niagara's full sublimity reveals itself. He pictures to himself the sources of supply that lie beyond it, — fit reservoirs for earth's grandest waterfall, — those unique inland seas — Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie — which have together an area of ninety thousand square miles, and hold one half of all the fresh water on our globe. Then, as his power of apprehension rises



AMERICAN FALL, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

HORSESHOE FALL AND SISTERS ISLANDS, FROM CANADA.

to the measure of the scene, he realizes the length of its two glorious crests; one of which, covering the Horseshoe curve, exceeds three thousand feet, while the straight edge of the American fall is nearly half as long; so that the entire precipice, over which nine thousand tons of water are falling every second, is more than three quarters of a mile in extent, and, on an average, one hundred and sixty feet above the spray-veiled caldron at its base. He tries to conjure up a vision of the scene presented at the evening of the Glacial Period, when, as the ice-cap of our northern hemisphere shrank slowly backward toward the pole, and left this region bare, the mighty flood, diverted in a new

AMERICAN FALL, FROM BELOW.

THE GREAT WHIRLPOOL.

direction, first leaped from an escarpment seven miles distant from its present plunge.

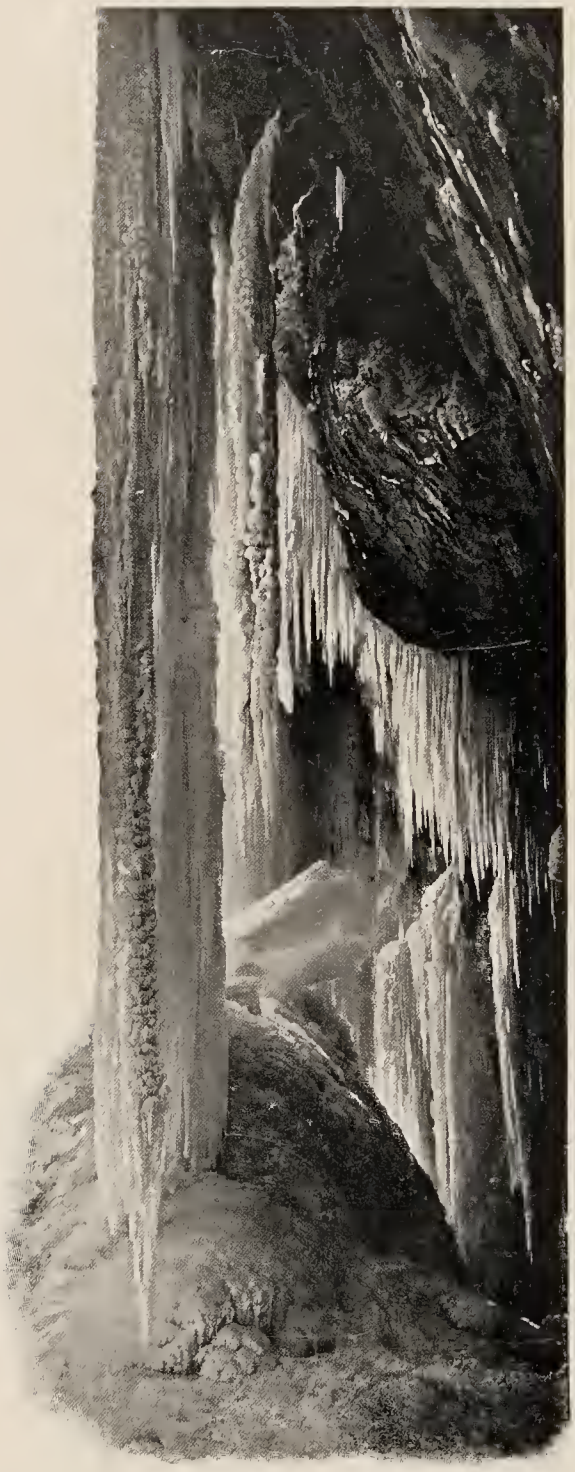
He thinks, too, of the gradual recession of Niagara; as, century after century, it has retired from that primitive position through a profound gorge of its own creation, seven miles in length, and from two hundred to three hundred and fifty feet in depth, to where it falls to-day. Yet this is no more permanent a resting-place than any other point in the ravine which it has

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS

THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

slowly cut out of the solid rock. It will undoubtedly keep on retreating, as steadily as in the past, for seventeen more miles, until the great task set before it in remote antiquity shall be accomplished, and the last barrier between Lakes Erie and Ontario shall be worn away. What scenes may then take place, when, at the crumbling of the final wall, the eastern end of Erie shall collapse, three hundred and twenty-six feet higher than Ontario! Will man then be upon

ROCK OF AGES CAVE OF THE WINDS



BEHIND THE HORSESHOE FALL IN WINTER.

the earth to witness the catastrophe? The retrogression of Niagara has not been uniform, nor is it now the same on either side. The average rate in forty-eight years has been, on the American shore, about six inches annually; on the Canadian bank, two feet, two inches, and in the centre of the Horseshoe twice as much. The quality of the rock, the relative volume of water, the elevation or subsidence of the neighboring earth-crust, and many other geologic factors render it difficult to calculate the centuries that have come and gone since the formation of the falls, or to predict the number that must still elapse before

ICED FOLIAGE.

the limit of their solemn march is reached, and with it the triumphal termination of possibly forty thousand years of slow erosion.

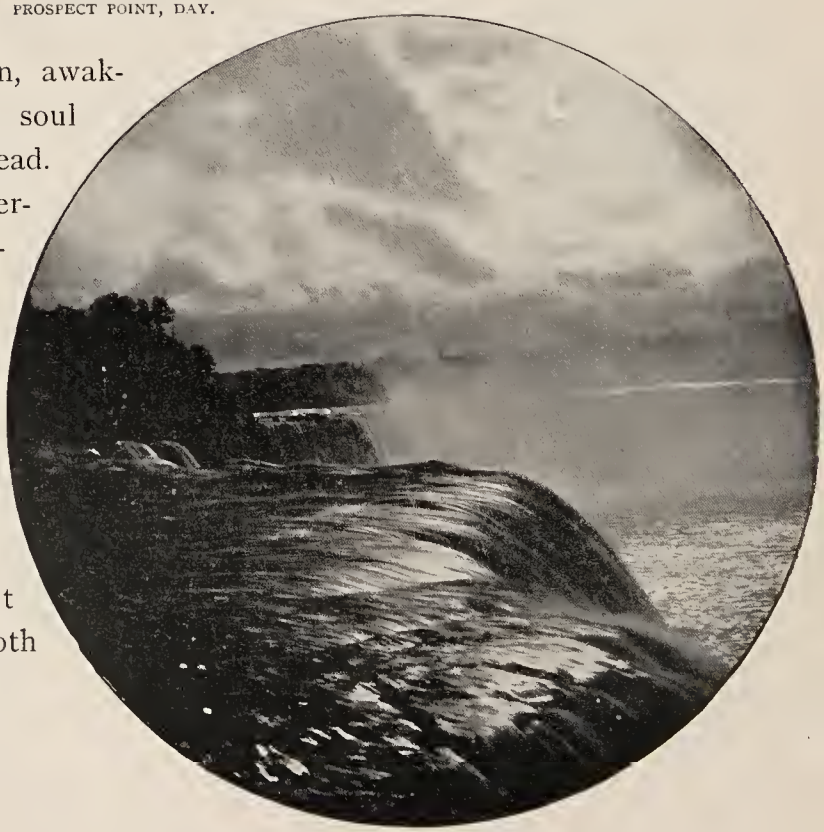
Niagara never is monotonous. Although, in general, the same, in detail it is always different. Its surface offers infinite variety. Splendid in sunshine, sombre in the storm; foam-flecked at one point, spray-swept at another; frolicsome here, forbidding there; snow-white in its swift rush across the upper ledges, a massive wave of emerald on the brink, a scintillating flood of broken prisms far below — the element of fear is much less characteristic of Niagara than that of joy and exultation. True, I have looked

ICED FOLIAGE.

A SCINTILLATING FLOOD.

PROSPECT POINT, DAY.

upon the scene at night, when all was weird and terrifying; when the hoarse warning of the rapids, the sullen thunder from the dark abyss, the pale wraiths rising from the seething caldron, and the vast size and mystery of the cataract's dim, white wall, swaying against the darkness like a ghostly curtain, awakened in my soul unutterable dread. But let me evermore remember it, as I last saw it, in the brilliant sunlight of a winter day! The myriad-handed genii of the frost had decked both



PROSPECT POINT, NIGHT.

DECKED WITH FROZEN SPRAY.

THE ICE BRIDGE.

shores with frozen spray in all conceivable forms of ornamentation, apparently composed of spun glass studded with innumerable diamonds. Across the great gulf stretched a glittering viaduct of ice, suggestive of the rainbow bridge which, in the Norse mythology, led to Valhalla, dwelling of the northern gods. From this magnificent, iridescent arch a slender shaft of sun-illumined vapor mounted slowly heavenward to a point hundreds of feet above the torrent, and there dissolved in the blue empyrean, like a mist of pearls. It seemed the Naiad of Niagara.

AMERICAN FALL AND ICE MOUNTAIN.

The Canadian Province of Ontario has a population of two and a quarter millions, or forty-three per cent. of all the inhabitants of the Dominion. More fortunate, too, than lands which suffer from a heterogeneous mass of undesirable immigrants, all of these residents, save about three and one half per cent., are native subjects of the British Empire, and fully four fifths of them were born in Canada. The origin of their ancestors is, however, suggested by the names of many of Ontario's towns and villages, such as London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Ayr, and Dumfries. Moreover, out of the forty-four cities in the Dominion which can claim a population of more than five thousand, twenty-two are situated in this province. Under these circumstances it is not strange that Toronto, the capital of Ontario, has now two hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the second largest city in Canada. To be the capital of a country like Ontario is no mean distinction. Even to those familiar with the enormous size of some of the western States of the American Union, the vast proportions of this Province are astonishing; for it is twelve hundred miles in length, seven hundred in breadth, and has about twenty thousand more square miles of territory than France and Corsica combined.

YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

This section of the Canadian federation offers a fine example of an *imperium in imperio;* for, while both Ottawa and Toronto are within its limits, the latter is the seat of the Provincial, the former that of the Dominion government. To those who are unacquainted with the constitution of Canada, this calls for a word of explanation. Though many points of similarity exist between the governments of

ONTARIO HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, TORONTO.

Canada and the United States, in other respects the systems are entirely different. The great Republic has for its chief executive a President chosen by the people. The great Dominion is presided over by a Governor General appointed by the sovereign of the British Empire. Assisting this official are, first, a Senate of eighty members appointed by him for life on the recommendation of his Privy Council; and, secondly, by a House of Commons, containing two hundred and fifteen deputies, elected for five years by the people on the basis of a liberal franchise. Each of the seven Provinces has, however, a separate government of its own, consisting of a Lieutenant Governor, who is nominated by the central government, and is in his turn aided by an elective legislature, assembled in either one or two houses, as the respective Province may prefer. The powers vested in

the federal parliament relate to the post-office, customs duties, navigation, currency, banks, taxation, military defenses, and other matters of national importance. The various Provincial governments, on the other hand, deal with direct taxation for local purposes, municipal and charitable institutions, education, and the ordinary administration of justice. The intimate connection of these forms of government is perhaps best seen in the fact that, as the parliament of the Dominior has the power to disallow any act of a Provincial parliament,

QUEEN'S AVENUE, TORONTO.

so the imperial parliament of Great Britain has the right to disallow, within a similar space of time, any act of the Dominion government.

Like most of the prosperous cities of America, Toronto has a record of development, which to the Old World seems almost incredible. In 1793 it was still a wilderness. A dense and immemorial forest then stretched from the unknown north down to the very margin of the lake. Yet, where at that time clustered filthy wigwams tenanted by savages, to-day thousands of handsome houses and imposing buildings frame three hundred

miles of paved and lighted streets. Where the barbarian cowered, terror-stricken, at the lightning's flash, the men who have succeeded him make electricity their servant, lighting their streets and homes with fairy lamps, which would have seemed, a hundred years ago, as unattainable as stars. The ominous war-whoop, echoing through the woods, has given place to friendly and commercial words sent rhythmically over an electric wire by the same tireless force that brings to every portion of the city, along one hundred miles of well-laid track, luxurious street cars freighted with humanity. Trees are still

OSGOODE HALL. LAW COURTS.

here in beauty and profusion; but they no longer form a gloomy and repellent barrier. Ranged in symmetrical lines, they cast a grateful shade on sidewalks, gardens, lawns, and pleasure parks; while, far above their foliage, rise — often made of delicately colored stone — spires of churches, summits of lofty public edifices, and towers of educational institutions. Gaze from an elevation, therefore, on this beautiful and progressive city, you, who complain of lack of romance in this west-

KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

ern world! Behold its throngs of well-dressed, cultured men and women, its busy thoroughfares, brilliant shops, enormous manufacturing establishments, and crowded docks. Observe the scores of steamers entering its noble harbor, or taking their departure thence for towns that gem the shores of the great lakes. Notice the numerous lines of railway radiating from it to every prominent district of the Province, and forming close connections with routes to every part of the United States. Admire its magnificent law courts, where

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

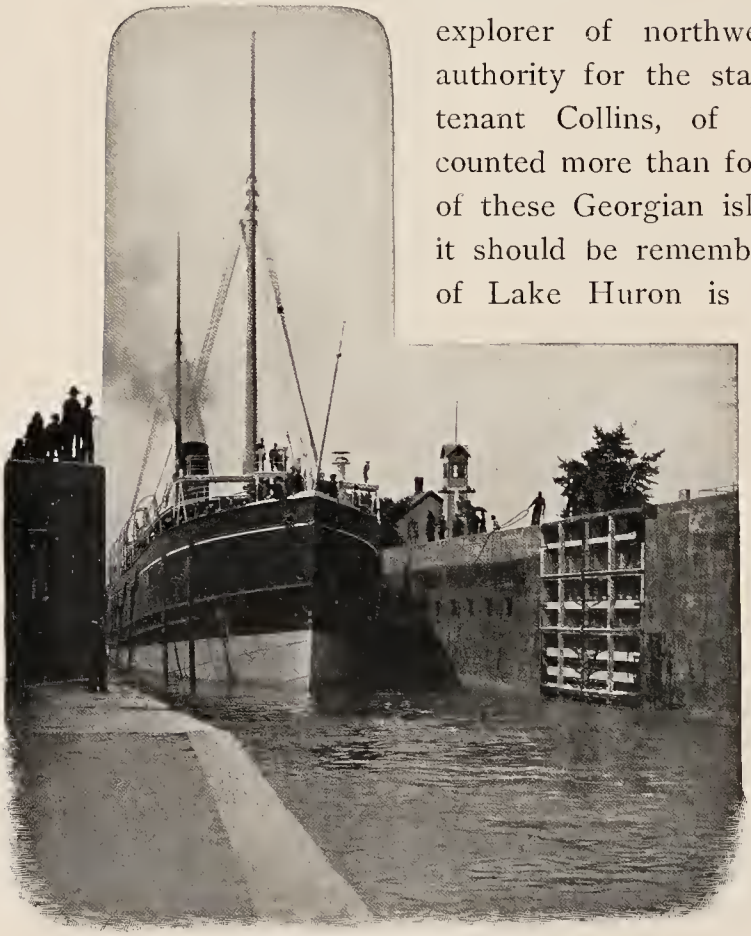
even-handed justice has replaced the brutal violence of savages. Appreciate especially the crowning glory of the city, — the stately group of buildings which constitute the home of the Toronto University, illustrious in itself, yet with which twelve associate colleges form a federation, including schools of medicine, agriculture, music, pharmacy, and dentistry. Then, having formed a just conception of the mental, moral, and material value of this throbbing nucleus of intellectual, spiritual, and commercial energy, tell me if there be any surer antidote for pessimism, or better reason for belief in the improvement of mankind, than such a marvelous transformation, wrought within the possible limits of a single lifetime, and on a tract of land which, less than one hundred years ago, was purchased from the Indian by the white man for — *ten shillings!*

STEAMSHIP "ATHABASCA."

A railway journey of four hours from Toronto brings the Canadian traveler to the spacious antechamber of Lake Huron, known as Georgian Bay. From its chief harbor, Owen Sound, those who prefer to change for a time their mode of transcontinental progress find one of the comfortable steamers of the Canadian Pacific Line in readiness to convey them to Fort William, on the western shore of Lake Superior, where the agreeably interrupted railway trip can be resumed. On a fine summer day, the sail through this remarkably beautiful, but alas! to

DINING SALOON IN THE "ATHABASCA."

Americans almost unknown, bay is a delightful experience. Not only are its depths of wellnigh unexampled clearness, and of a color exquisitely blue, but on its glassy and unruffled surface thirty thousand islands duplicate their varied forms. This number seems at first incredible, yet it is moderate compared with other estimates that have been made. Thus David Thompson, the renowned explorer of northwestern Canada, is authority for the statement that Lieutenant Collins, of his survey party, counted more than forty-seven thousand of these Georgian islets! In any case, it should be remembered that this arm of Lake Huron is one hundred and twenty miles long, and fifty wide, and hence has ample room for such an archipelago. This is, moreover, a region where everything in the form of water assumes vast proportions. The area of Lake Huron alone is about three times



COMING OUT OF THE LOCKS, SAULT STE. MARIE.

as large as the State of Massachusetts; while Lake Superior, its immediate and greater neighbor, has a length of four hundred and twenty miles, and a breadth of eighty, and is preëminent as the largest body of fresh water on the globe. In fact, the total volume of the great lakes is thought to be sufficient, even though unrenewed from any source, to maintain for a century the torrent of Niagara. It is not strange that such phenomena are almost inconceivable by those who have not actually seen them, and an amusing instance of the incorrect notions about Canada held even by Great Britain less than a hundred years ago is seen in the fact that during the war with the United States, in 1812, the British Admiralty sent to Lake Ontario, where the English fleet was stationed, a quantity of well-filled water casks, in the belief that the liquid contents of that lake were salt! The connecting link between Lakes Huron and Superior is St. Mary's River, some forty miles in length. This, far from yielding gracefully to the requirements of commerce, opposes them successfully by means of turbulent rapids, known as the Sault Ste. Marie. These can be safely enough descended in canoes, but have a sufficient fall to make ascending navigation quite impossible, and to compel man to employ great ingenuity and skill in overcoming the annoying obstacle. Accordingly,

PORT COLDWELL, LAKE SUPERIOR.

both the United States and Canada have built, on their respective sides of it, canals and locks well worth the millions they have cost. For, difficult as it is for any one unfamiliar with the subject to believe it, the annual tonnage carried through these inland waterways is double that of the Suez Canal; and this, although navigation here is practically limited to only eight months of the year, beginning usually about the first of May and ending in December. Yet, even under these conditions, there passed between Superior and Huron, in 1896, more than eighteen thousand vessels, having a registered capacity of eighteen million tons, and carrying, among other articles of freight, over ninety million bushels of grain, and eight million tons of iron ore. One cannot help admiring the ingenuity of man in making natural forces, which thwart his plans in one direction, serve him in another. Thus, though the rapids of St. Mary's River successfully resist his progress, and force him to resort to difficult and costly modes of transportation, he uses for his manufacturing purposes the very strength by which those rapids,

RED SUCKER POINT, LAKE SUPERIOR.

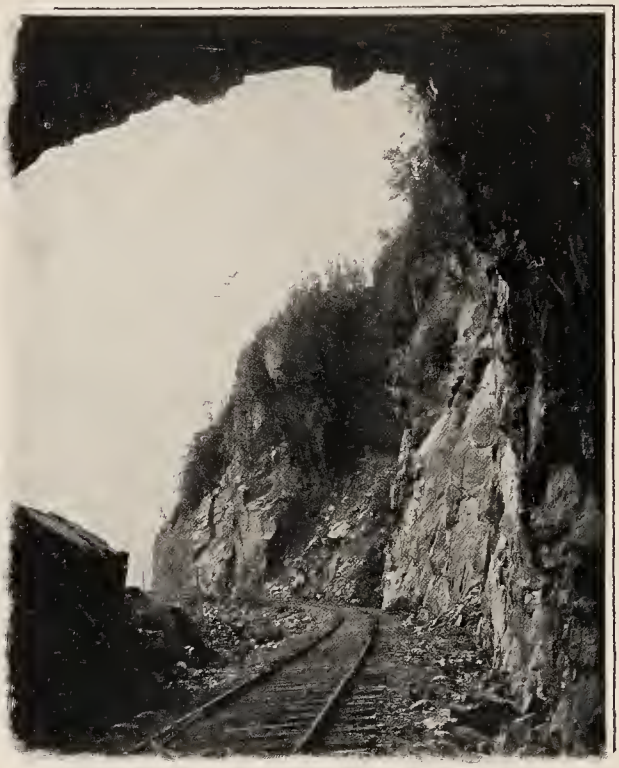
in respect to navigation, triumph over him. Near the Canadian canal, for example, stands the largest pulp-mill in the world, to which the impetuous river is constrained to furnish an amount of energy equivalent to nine thousand horse power, resulting in the production of one hundred and ten tons of pulp per day.

Freed finally from the locks that border the Sault Ste. Marie, and having glided into Lake Superior, our steamer cuts its silvery furrow straight across the king of lakes, steered by the compass, as if starting on an ocean voyage. The task is not invariably easy, nor is the passage always smooth. Salt water

JACK FISH BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR.

mariners should not think that sailing on these land-locked seas is utterly exempt from dangers; nor should misguided passengers fancy that, because the Atlantic is so far away, they may not suffer here from *mal de mer*. Storms of terrific violence are specially liable to sweep the vast expanse of Lake Superior, where the long roll of the ocean is counterbalanced in effectiveness by shorter waves of great irregularity and tremendous impact. Material for waves is certainly at hand, not only in the lake's enormous area of thirty-one thousand square miles, but also in its startling profundity. For, although situated more

than six hundred feet above the sea, its average depth is nine hundred feet, and its maximum one thousand. Portions of its gigantic basin are therefore four hundred feet below the level of the Atlantic! Sombre and stern, as a rule, are the shores of Lake Superior. From the steamer's deck, in the voyage described, one cannot fully appreciate either their beauty or their grandeur; but closer study of their rugged outlines reveals to us in many places monster cliffs, the offsprings of the earliest geologic ages, towering sometimes fifteen hundred feet above the pale green water at their base. At other points, huge masses of basalt stand out as promontories, or rise in sea walls of columnar majesty, suggestive of the time when an uneasy globe expelled them from its fiery heart, and left them here to cool and crystallize. That these coasts were subjected formerly to violent volcanic action is evident from the immense amount of copper and other precious metals found in their vicinity, the variegated hues which stain the rocks, and the large number of cornelians, amethysts, and agates found on many a pebbled beach.



LOOKING OUT OF MINK TUNNEL, LAKE SUPERIOR.

One igneous headland, rising thirteen hundred feet above the northern limit of the lake, bears the appropriate name of

Thunder Cape, because of the fierce storms that often rage round its Titanic form. For the same reason, doubtless, the title "Thunder Bay" was given to the mountain-girdled sheet of water which adjoins it, and on whose western shore are situated, five miles distant from each other, the two important termini of transportation, Port Arthur and Fort William. It gives one an indelible impression of the marvelous extent of the Laurentian lake, canal, and river system, as well as of man's masterful control of it for inland navigation, to find here

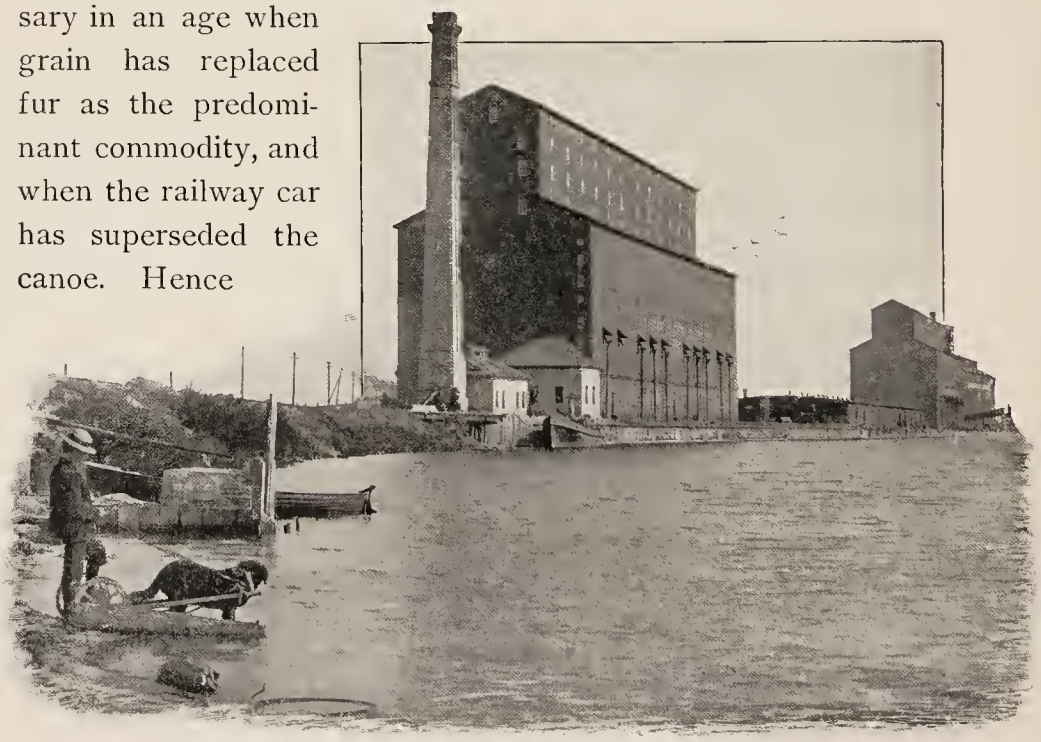
THUNDER CAPE, NEAR PORT ARTHUR.

COAL DOCK, FORT WILLIAM.

steamers, two hundred feet in length, which have come hither all the way from Montreal, a distance of nearly thirteen hundred miles. Yet here they float securely, loading or unloading at the docks, although in one direction the Atlantic Ocean at Belle Isle is two thousand three hundred miles away, while in the other, at a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, is the central point of the North American continent.

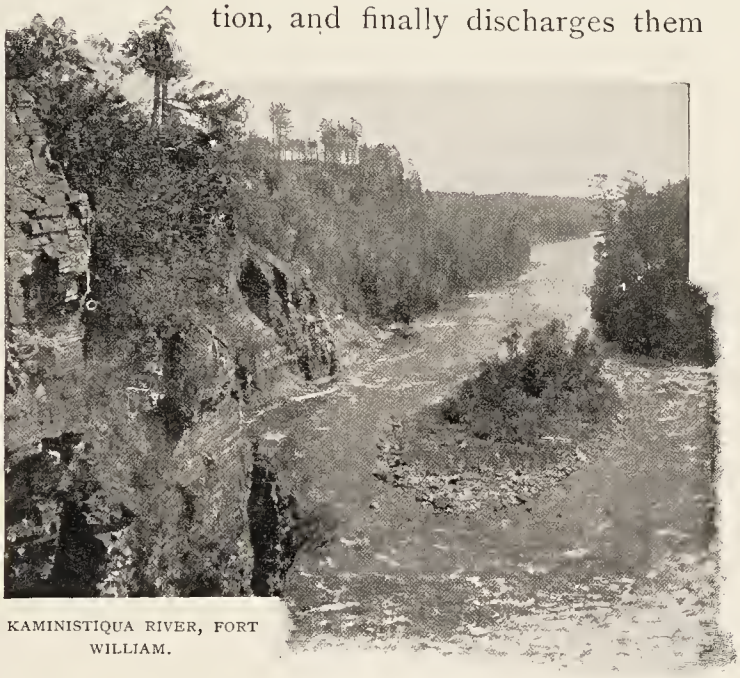
Fort William was in former times one of the most frequented stations of the Hudson's Bay Company — the general meeting-

place of traders, hunters, and trappers, to settle prices, reckon profits, and make amends for long seclusion in the wilderness by unstinted revelry. Those were the days when the innumerable lakes and rivers of the northern wilds echoed the voices of the celebrated *voyageurs*, whose light canoes, noiseless, vermilion-hued, and graceful as Venetian gondolas, were then the only means of threading the mysterious labyrinth of forest streams which formed for centuries the only highways for both red and white men, and which to-day make Canada the most effectually watered country in the world. In treating of the great Dominion, therefore, no apology is needed for frequently alluding to these immemorial waterways. Unless one comprehends, indeed, Canadian hydrography, he cannot understand the record of the country's progress; for, not in the sense of poor Keats's epitaph, but advantageously and enduringly has Canada's history been "writ in water." But, though Fort William's wild, adventurous days are over, it still remains a place of prominence, having adapted itself successfully to the new conditions necessary in an age when grain has replaced fur as the predominant commodity, and when the railway car has superseded the canoe. Hence



ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM. CAPACITY 2,500,000 BUSHELS.

its depository for pelts, so precious in the old régime, when its contents sometimes reached a value of millions of dollars, is now used as an engine house; while, on the border of the bay, some of the largest storage elevators ever built rear their colossal forms. Up to their huge walls glide long, heavily loaded trains, from which an endless chain of buckets lifts the golden cereals to lofty granaries, where deft machinery locates them for distribution, and finally discharges them through monster chutes into the holds of vessels waiting to receive them, often transferring from cars to steamers no less than thirty thousand bushels in an hour.



KAMINISTIQUA RIVER, FORT WILLIAM.

West of the great lakes "Greater Canada" begins. "What does this title mean?" the traveler asks himself. "Can anything be greater than what I have already seen? Have I not been continually passing from one immensity to another ever since entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence? Surely by this time not only the comparative, but the superlative, degree has been attained." As yet, however, the half of Canada's growth and grandeur has not been revealed to him. Soon after leaving Lake Superior he finds himself upon the vast interior plain, which stretches northward for two thousand miles from the United States frontier, with a continuous, gradual descent until it meets and forms the margin

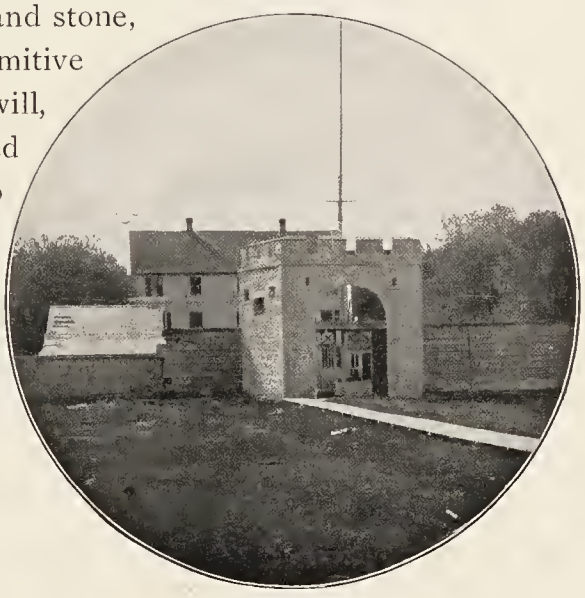
MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

of the Polar Sea. Part of this level area occupies the very centre of the continent; and its commercial capital, Winnipeg, lies very nearly at the halfway point between St. John's, Newfoundland, and the boundary of Alaska.

Winnipeg is another western wonder. In 1871 it had a population of one hundred. To-day its citizens number fifty thousand. A glittering belt of steel unites it with two equidistant oceans; and several other railways extend their parallel lines, like helping hands, far out upon the fertile prairie, to open up the country and assist the steadily increasing settlers. Yet, long before this startling transformation had occurred here, Nature had given Winnipeg a site suggestive of a "manifest destiny." Nor was man slow to recognize this; for, choosing it as one of the principal posts of the great fur-dealing company, he made it famous through the Northwest, for a century, as Fort Garry. We have already seen repeatedly that in the development of Canada the confluence of two navigable rivers is of necessity a point of great importance. Winnipeg occupies such a place. Beside it, the Assiniboine, having

POST OFFICE, WINNIPEG.

already run a course of about five hundred miles, unites with the renowned Red River of the north, which from its source in Minnesota flows directly northward seven hundred miles, to pour its waters into the enormous basin of Lake Winnipeg. As long ago as 1812, Lord Selkirk thought it probable that this Red River valley would some day have a population of thirty millions. However this may be in the not distant age when North America shall have become vastly more populous than it is to-day, this section of the country has at present few equals as a food-producing area. Hence Winnipeg's expansion and prosperity in the future are assured beyond all question. In fact, it is already the chief distributing point for the entire territory between the Lake Superior region and the Rocky Mountains. The city itself is still in a transition state, marked by the usual characteristics of a city of phenomenal growth. Substantial structures, made of brick and stone, stand side by side with primitive wooden buildings, which will, however, surely be replaced by something better at no distant date. Unsightly telegraph poles of wood, as usual in American cities, tower above the streets, like lines of gallows, yet with



THE LAST OF FORT GARRY.

much more excuse for their existence in such a new and hastily constructed town than in the older portions of the continent. Nevertheless, a city cannot, any more than an individual, be at the same time young and mature, or crude and cultivated. Founders of settlements have not time to think much of irregularities of sky lines, bad pavements, or architectural incongruities. Nor do promoters, as a rule, pay great attention to perspectives, or governments of youthful capitals limit the height of buildings in proportion to the breadth of streets. Æsthetic notions may be taken into consideration by and by, when the first feverish rush for fortune shall have slackened; but just at present most of the civic pride of Winnipeg, as of too many older cities, is chiefly centred in statistics of prodigious growth and swelling bank deposits. However, it is not Winnipeg itself that permanently interests the visitor so much as the amazing country that adjoins it. The Province of Manitoba, whose capital it is, forms part of the vast continental plain, already mentioned, and is a land of mighty lakes, whose size makes less impression than it otherwise would, because of the irresistible impulse to com-

CITY HALL AND VOLUNTEER MONUMENT, WINNIPEG.

pare them with the neighboring inland seas, — Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior. Lake Winnipeg, for example, — the occasionally storm-swept and even dangerous receptacle of the waters of the Red River, the Saskatchewan, and many smaller tributaries, — is two hundred and sixty miles in length and sixty-five in breadth, and sends its overflow northeastward by the Nelson River for a distance of three hundred and sixty miles to that great arm of the ocean known as Hudson's

PARLIAMENT BUILDING, WINNIPEG.

Bay. Lake Manitoba also, which gives its name to the Province, is one hundred and twenty-two miles long, while Lake Winnipegoosis is still larger. Nevertheless, of these vast sheets of water, beside which most of the Swiss and Italian lakes would seem like little garden ponds, the traveler commonly sees nothing, since the Canadian Pacific railroad passes somewhat to the south of them.

But what he does soon gaze upon with mingled awe and admiration are the gigantic prairies, upon whose seemingly illimitable surfaces he glides along, as if his train were a swift steamer furrowing a shoreless sea. Some of these prairies are as truly solitudes of nature as the ocean and the desert. In

portions of them settlements, farms, and even "bluffs" of trees are no more frequently encountered than are ships at sea or caravans on the sands of the Sahara. How empty seems this vast and absolutely level circle, whose distant rim the sky meets everywhere, like the close-fitting base of a huge turquoise dome! Its azure walls enclose us; yet, wheresoe'er we turn, recede as we advance. One feels its solitude, even when on the train; but how much more, when, having left the metaled track, one rides away, companionless, upon the boundless plain! I have watched many sunsets on the ocean, and not a few upon

ON THE PRAIRIE.

the Libyan Desert, during a winter on the Nile; yet, in beholding our great luminary sink below the edge of these Canadian prairies, I experienced with equal force the feelings of sublimity, mystery, and isolation that were mine at similar moments in Egypt and on many a sea. If we are less impressed, on seeing the sun descend behind an intervening mountain, it is because we know it has not actually left us, and because unobstructed lateral space is more suggestive of great distances. But when the area between us and the horizon is entirely clear, and we can watch the glowing orb until it drops from sight, as

STEAM THRESHING ON THE PLAINS.

if pushed off the planet into an abyss, then we can comprehend the dread inspired by such scenes in the unscientific worshipers of old, who, with no knowledge of the earth's rotation or rotundity, queried with bated breath whether they had not parted from their god of life and light forever.

Even when no human habitations are discernible upon it, the prairie is, however, less solitary than either the ocean or the desert. The heaving and immeasurable surface of the open sea looks usually devoid of life, and we know well that were we left there to our fate, we should inevitably perish. So, too, the desert's shadeless sweep of sand suggests appalling desolation, and the bleached bones of men and beasts, which here and there relieve its tawny monochrome, attest the dangers of its exploration. But on the broad, smooth table of the prairies, Nature, with but the least encouragement from man, spreads for him every year a bounteous feast, and

A SULKY PLOW.

decorates the festal board for months with varying bloom. The vast expanses, which in winter have been covered with the pure white napery of the frost, become with the first breath of spring exuberant with vegetation: first, green with tender grass; next, as the summer dawns, embroidered lavishly with leagues of wild flowers; then, as the heat increases, transformed into a billowy sea of yellow grain, whose long waves roll before the breeze,

PRAIRIE WHEAT STACKS.

FIRST HOUSE ON A PROSPEROUS FARM, MILLBROOK, NEAR WINNIPEG.

mile after mile, and hour after hour, beyond the farthest vision of the astonished traveler; finally, in the autumn, under the Indian summer's mellow haze, and weeks before they sleep in winter's winding sheet, a measureless extent of yellow, self-cured hay or stubble gives to them a sheen of sumptuous splendor, and decks them with a cloth of gold.

Yet, strange to say, this wonderfully prolific area, dotted with prosperous homes, and capable of supporting millions of inhabitants, was, until recently, believed by many to be a region of perpetual snow and frightful cold. It was, in fact, so represented to the outside world for years by those whose interest it was to shut out from it all except themselves, and to preserve

it as an inviolable hunting-ground for furs. Its climate is, however, less severe than many places farther south and nearer to the Atlantic coast. Every one knows how much more penetrating and insupportable is the damp cold of the seaboard, even with a higher mercury, than the dry cold of the Northwest, where during most of the winter one sees merely bright, exhilarating days. Not only is the snow on the Canadian prairies rarely more than two feet deep, but, since there are no rains or thaws to make it solid, it lies beneath the feet as light and dry as glistening sand. To make a snowball of it is practically impossible. This light and unpacked covering of the fields usually disappears in the first week of April, contemporaneously with the opening of river navigation, and a fortnight later wild anemones are in bloom. Hence, spring

HIGHLAND CATTLE, NEAR WINNIPEG.

comes earlier in Manitoba than in Montreal, although the latter is nearly two hundred and eighty miles farther south. Even agriculture is begun here long before the plow turns its first furrow in the eastern provinces. As soon as the ground is thawed to a depth of six inches grain is sown, and as the frost works upward from the lower soil, under the invitation

of the cloudless sun, abundant moisture is provided for the tender roots.

In the long, sunny days of these high latitudes wheat will mature rapidly. And such wheat! Professor Macoun, the botanist of the Canadian Government Survey, reports that at Prince Albert, five hundred miles northwest from Winnipeg, and even in the region of Peace River, *seven hundred miles farther still* in the direction of Alaska, five well-formed grains are sometimes found in each wheat cluster, as contrasted with the two grains usually met with elsewhere. The "Manitoba No. 1, hard," is said to

HARVEST.

have a larger percentage of gluten and other nutritious ingredients than any other wheat in the world, and to yield a greater amount of good flour to the bushel than any of the softer varieties. It is not, therefore, strange that wheat from the Canadian Northwest is famous everywhere, and at present commands the highest price in the London market. The amount exported increases annually by leaps and bounds. In 1886 the shipment of wheat from the province of Manitoba alone was a little less than six million bushels. In 1892 it had risen to nearly fifteen million; in 1899, to twenty-eight million; and in 1901 to over forty million! Times have changed, indeed, since Lord Selkirk, in 1811, offered to sell

more than half the land now included in Manitoba for fifty thousand dollars, "owing to its remoteness"! The report of the Department of Agriculture for this Province shows that the total quantity of grain produced here, in the year 1901, was more than eighty-five million bushels, of which fifty million were wheat, at an average yield of more than twenty-one bushels to the acre. To harvest this there was naturally a great demand for farm laborers, and although more than eighteen thousand men from the East responded to the call, five

GOOD SERVANTS.

thousand more could have found employment. What, therefore, may not this gigantic granary become, when suitable means of transportation shall have been provided, and all its millions of prolific acres are brought to the perfection of productiveness by a sufficient number of energetic tillers of the soil?

Nor should it be forgotten that, though Manitoba alone is a third larger than the State of New York, it is itself but a fraction of the mighty area lying between Lake Winnipeg and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, much of which is equally well adapted to the growth of cereals. That the Dominion has resolved to utilize these immense resources is evident from the

efforts it is making to draw to itself industrious, agricultural settlers. The Prince of Wales, on his return from Canada in 1901, spoke with great earnestness of the promising openings for capable young men in this portion of the empire. At the time of this writing, also (January, 1902), the Deputy Minister of the Interior of the Canadian administration is in England, on a special mission to create an interest in emigration to British America. All that Canada asks is that the would-be farmers should be able to pay their way to her shores. Once there, the government will do the rest. It offers free transportation to the principal land centres of the great Northwest, and a free grant of one hundred and sixty acres to each settler, its desire being to help in every way all worthy immigrants to become permanent, prosperous citizens of the Dominion. It is a significant fact that during the year 1901 more than eighteen thousand settlers came into this part of Canada from the United States, selling their farms in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and Michigan, in order to avail themselves of these facilities. There can be, therefore, little doubt that the expansion and prosperity of Canada are only in their infancy, and that the words of Whittier, written originally of the far West of the United States,

EMIGRANT SLEEPING CAR, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BELL FARM, ASSINIBOIA.

are equally appropriate when applied to the "Fertile Belt" of the Dominion:

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

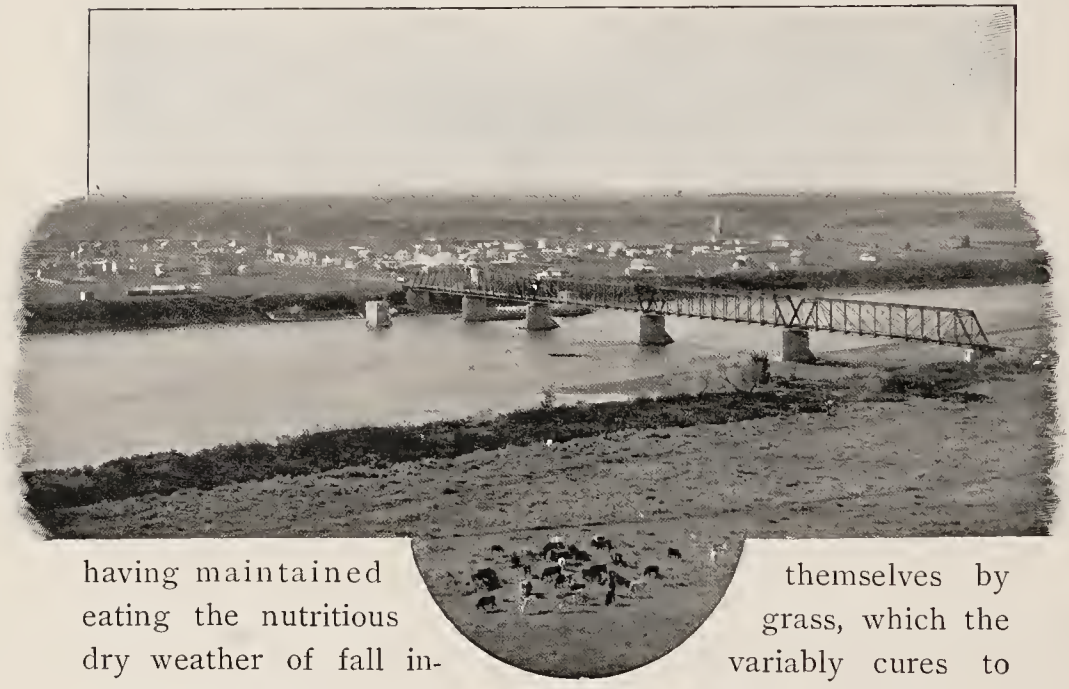
"The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

"Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find, —
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind."

It must not be supposed, however, that all parts of the great Canadian Northwest are equally productive. The regions farthest north will probably be fully developed only when the other Provinces have

SHEEP PASTURE.

been well occupied. Nevertheless, the fact remains that wheat is grown successfully on the Peace River in latitude fifty-six degrees; while melons, maize, pumpkins, beans, and tomatoes are regularly raised as crops in Manitoba, and may be grown in latitude fifty-three, on the banks of the Saskatchewan. The western sections of the prairies are ideal ranching ground, for there horses and cattle can be turned out for the winter without shelter, yet will be found in good condition in the spring, having maintained themselves by eating the nutritious grass, which the dry weather of fall invariably cures to hay, and which they easily obtain by scraping through the thin, light snow.



MEDICINE HAT, ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

Accordingly, this region, now known as Alberta, was formerly the winter home of countless herds of bisons, which always came hither from the south on the approach of severe weather, and found here ample sustenance. Had they remained in a more southern latitude, where rains and thaws harden the snow to ice, they would have perished. This would have been, however, merely an anticipation of their actual fate. In vain did they obey their migratory instinct, after the arrival of the

"pale face" on the scene. The Indian had hunted them for food, but could make little impression on the millions which then roamed the plains. It was reserved for "civilized" man to destroy them wantonly; partly

BISONS AT SILVER HEIGHTS, WINNIPEG.

through greed, but chiefly through a far more inexcusable love of unremunerative slaughter. Unfortunately for themselves, the bisons, as a rule, were harmless, and preferred to shun man, rather than resist him. Here, therefore, was a chance for even cowards to swell the ranks of genuine hunters and to appear as heroes. How fully they availed themselves of

FARMING COUNTRY, ASSINIBOIA.

the opportunity is seen by the fact that they have practically exterminated the characteristic animal of North America. Not many years ago the plains were black with herds of bisons, the thunder of whose hoof-beats shook the earth. To-day, only a few poor specimens are preserved with difficulty in a zoölogical garden or a national park, and pointing to some heaps of whitening bones, gathered and sold for fertilizing purposes, the white man is entitled to the questionable privilege of saying, "This is my work!"

COWBOY.

HORSE RANCH AT CALGARY.

The principal reason why Alberta and other portions of this region have so mild a climate, although one thousand miles farther north than New York City, is that the warm air currents rising from the Pacific Ocean are gradually denuded of all moisture in their passage over the Rocky Mountains, and finally descend thence on these plains as mild, dry winds, to which the Indian tribal name, "Chinook," is popularly given. These clear away the light snow by evaporation, without, however, either thawing it or leaving behind the slightest trace of dampness. Thus, in a short time after a chinook, the self-cured hay stands free again over innumerable miles of sunlit prairie — a perfect nutriment for cattle, and the food on which a billion bisons battened in the past.

A HORSE CORRAL.

The North American Indian would probably have long since shared the fate of his contemporary, the bison, had his skin been equally valuable for commercial purposes, or his power of resistance of as little efficacy. The aborigines of America were undoubtedly, for the most part, cruel and degraded, but they frequently exhibited noble qualities, which, had they been reciprocated by the white men, might have alleviated, to some extent, the long, sad tragedy of this western world. This, at least, must be said for the Indians — they were not servile. They could not be enslaved. As Professor Booker T. Washington has pointed out, when the first slaves were brought from Africa to Virginia, the forests of this country swarmed with people of another colored race. Why, therefore, did the whites assume the trouble and expense of capturing negroes in a distant continent, and bringing them across the ocean, when they had thousands of dark-skinned savages close at hand? The answer is that the Indians would not submit to slavery. The attempt was made,

INDIAN DANCE, BLACKFOOT RESERVATION.

but the red men would not, and could not, bear captivity and toil, and died thus in large numbers. Professor Washington thinks that in yielding to the inevitable, and patiently enduring slavery, the negro showed the greater wisdom, for he has won thereby in the end a civilization vastly superior to that of the Indian. While this is true, and while we must respect the only

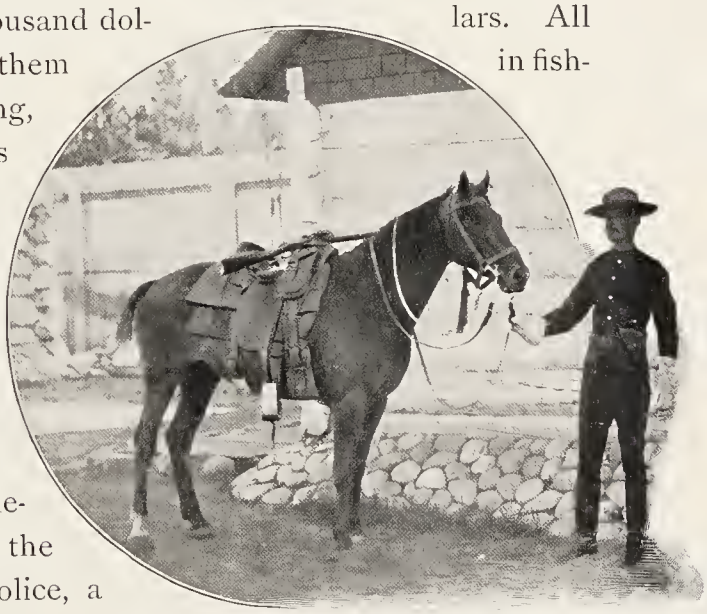
BLACKFOOT BRAVE AND PONY.

race which has ever been able to survive, and even to increase, as well as to acquire a great commercial and economic value, when rendered subject to the white man, still no one can refuse a melancholy tribute of admiration to those Indians who, feeling that their native land was being taken ruthlessly from them, and having experienced from the white men countless acts of cruelty and treachery, rejected scornfully any further overtures, and either fought their pale-faced conquerors to the last, or else, retreating to some almost inaccessible solitude, silently passed away. Their very name recalls the disappointed dream of those who have supplanted them, for the title "Indian" was bestowed upon them by the first explorers who, in their effort to discover a northwestern ocean route to Asia, thought that these

INDIAN CAMP, BLACKFOOT RESERVE

natives were inhabitants of India. The race has vanished almost as completely as the dream.

There are at present in the Dominion about one hundred thousand Indians, including Eskimo. The treatment given them by the government has been attended with considerable success. In many instances they have received money for the lands of which they have been dispossessed; annual subsidies are paid them; and reservations have been granted them, from which intoxicating liquors are, as far as possible, excluded. The Indian Service of Canada is composed of a body of trained men, who usually remain in it for life, and thoroughly understand the Indian character. Canada, too, has been careful to keep her treaties with the natives, although not hesitating to visit them with punishment when necessary. Industrial and farm schools have been established among them, the results of which are said to be excellent. Moreover, the government now holds a capital sum of nearly four million dollars belonging to the Indians, and administers it for their benefit. Official returns are regularly made from every agency of the earnings of the Indians, and these recently amounted in one year to one million, six hundred thousand dollars. All this was earned by them in fishing, hunting, lumbering, loading ships, acting as guides, and selling products of their own manufacture. Order is maintained throughout the entire Northwest, both among the Indians and the much more troublesome half-breeds, by the Northwest Mounted Police, a



MOUNTED POLICE. PRAIRIE UNIFORM.

body of seven hundred and fifty men, whose record has for years received unqualified praise. The members of this force are armed like soldiers, so as to fight collectively, yet have authority to act individually as constables. The officers, too, are empowered to serve as magistrates — a combination which makes it possible to extend law and order over such enormous areas. These men are distinguished not alone for personal bravery, but for their tact and wisdom in dealing with the natives. One constable has sometimes ridden directly into a camp containing hundreds of armed savages, and carried off single-handed a member of

MOUNTED POLICE. PARADE UNIFORM.

the tribe who was wanted for trial on a charge of murder. As an illustration of how the Indians regard this Mounted Police of Canada, Crowfoot, the chief of the powerful Blackfoot tribe, made the following statement: "In the United States, when one of our young men does anything wrong, and they want to punish him, a troop of soldiers surrounds the camp and begins shooting into it, killing our women and children. Here in Canada, when they want an Indian for doing something wrong, a red-coat comes right off into the camp, and we give up the young man he wants, for we know that if he is the wrong man

A GROUP OF CREE INDIANS.

CALGARY, FROM ELBOW RIVER.

they will let him go again." Scattered over a vast territory, at stations sometimes hundreds of miles from one another, and not connected by telegraph, it is wonderful that this remarkable force of men has accomplished, practically without bloodshed, all that has been required of it. Its success, with such small numbers and under such difficulties, also speaks volumes for the justice and fair dealing which stand behind it.

It is at Calgary, the principal city of Alberta, charmingly

THE BOW VALLEY AND THE ROCKIES.

situated near the junction of the Bow and Elbow rivers, that the west-bound tourist usually gains his first glimpse of the snow-crowned Rockies, gleaming through sixty miles of sunshine in the clear, transparent atmosphere, and dominating intervening tiers of foothills, which gradually rise to meet them, like successive terraces leading to some resplendent dwelling of the gods. I never shall forget the thrill of pleasure which this vision gave me, after the long-continued vista of unbroken prairies on which I had been traveling for a thousand miles. For, though the plains had been extremely interesting and impres-

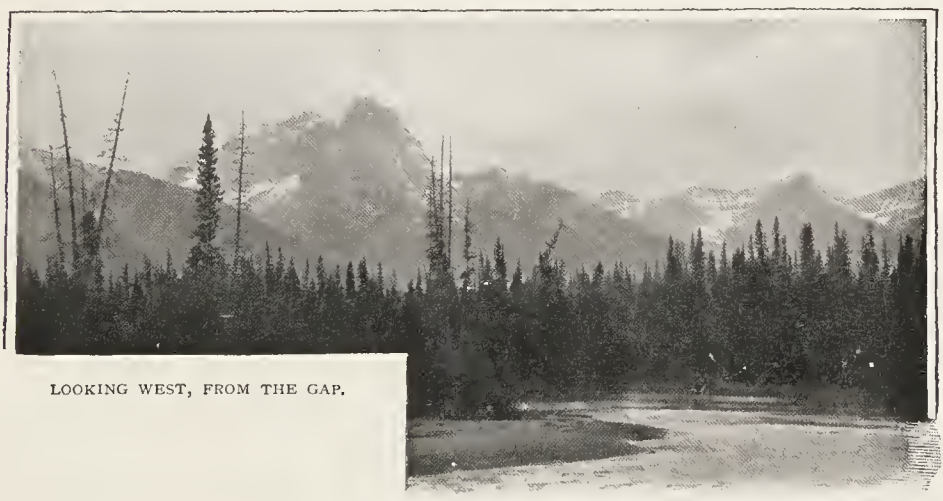
BOW RIVER FALLS.

sive, they could not rouse in me that exultation and delight which I invariably feel in presence of majestic mountains domed with snow.

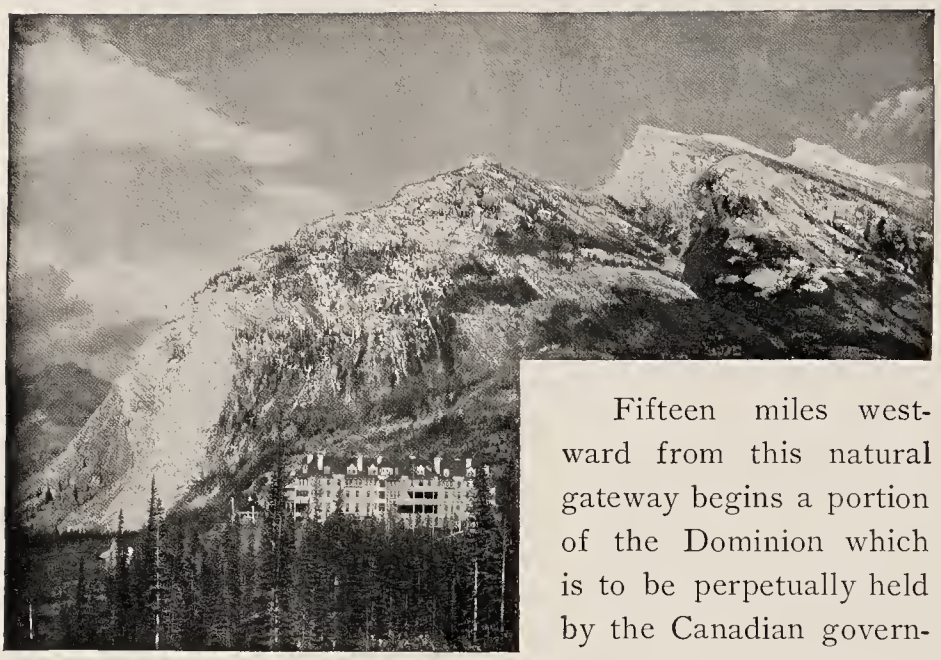
Hence, even a distant view of the imposing citadels of rock and ice which form the glory of Calgary was almost like the first sight of my native land after an ocean voyage. Was it, however, possible that these luxurious railway carriages, which had conveyed us thus far over a comparatively uniform expanse, could now, with no less ease and safety, penetrate that wilder-

ness of mountains, hundreds of miles in width, and roll securely on a metaled highway through that gigantic realm of isolation and sublimity, of which we here saw nothing but the outer wall? If so, despite the many marvels we had seen, the climax of Canadian wonders still remained to be revealed. Yet this is actually accomplished by the Canadian Pacific railroad which has, in traversing that labyrinth of gorges, followed the waterways as its surest guides. At this point, for example, the Bow River is the silver key which unlocks for our benefit the sunrise portal of those Halls of Solitude and Silence. For, journeying from Calgary up the border of this rapidly descending stream, we soon arrive at the opening through which it makes its exit from the Rockies — a narrow cleft in their grim bastions, called concisely, though unmusically, "The Gap."

THE THREE SISTERS.

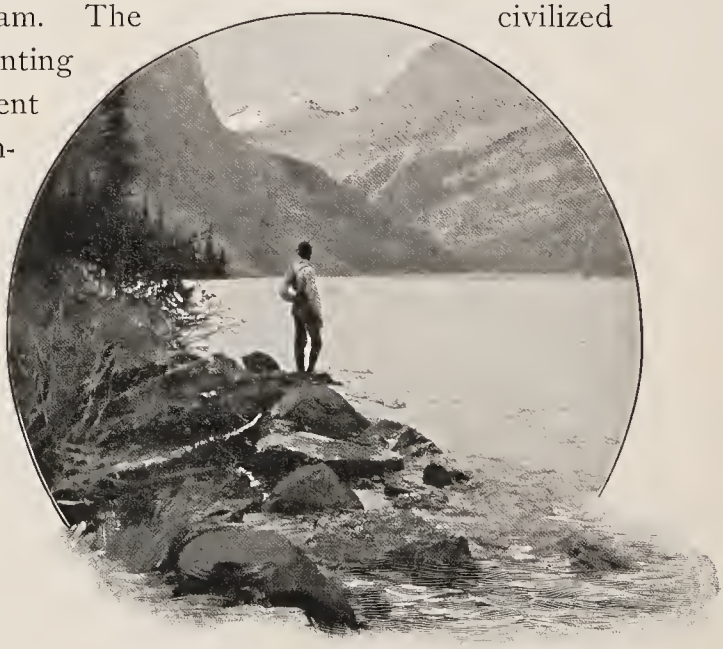


LOOKING WEST, FROM THE GAP.



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL AND RUNDLE MOUNTAIN.

Fifteen miles westward from this natural gateway begins a portion of the Dominion which is to be perpetually held by the Canadian government as a national pleasure ground. This reservation, known as Rocky Mountain Park, is twenty-six miles in length by ten in breadth, and is situated forty-five hundred feet above the sea. Within its limits many mountains, eight and ten thousand feet in height, lift in magnificent competition for supremacy their ice-capped summits in the sparkling air; while round their bases wind three lovely valleys, each threaded by a snow-born stream. The civilized nucleus of this enchanting section of the continent is Banff, a place unknown before the advent of the railway, but famous now throughout the Old World and the New as both a health and pleasure resort of



LOWER BOW LAKE, MOUNT GORDON IN THE DISTANCE.

BOW RIVER, FROM BANFF.

great attractiveness. Here, perched upon a wooded height, like a Tyrolean castle, stands the celebrated Banff Hotel, built and luxuriously furnished by the railway company, whose passengers, if they are wise, halt at this point to view more leisurely its glorious surroundings. For, of necessity, an express train, even though equipped with an observation car, glides far too swiftly through these mountain cañons for the bewildered traveler even to see, much less to comprehend and appreciate, a thousandth part of the sublimity disclosed at every turn.

A DRIVE AT BANFF.

The rest of this national park is not, however, left entirely to Nature for man's entertainment. The tourists who come to it, however willing they may be to endure discomforts, *if necessary*, for the sake of scenery, are thoroughly grateful for the admirable carriage roads and bridle paths that have been made, as well as for the boats, steam launches, and

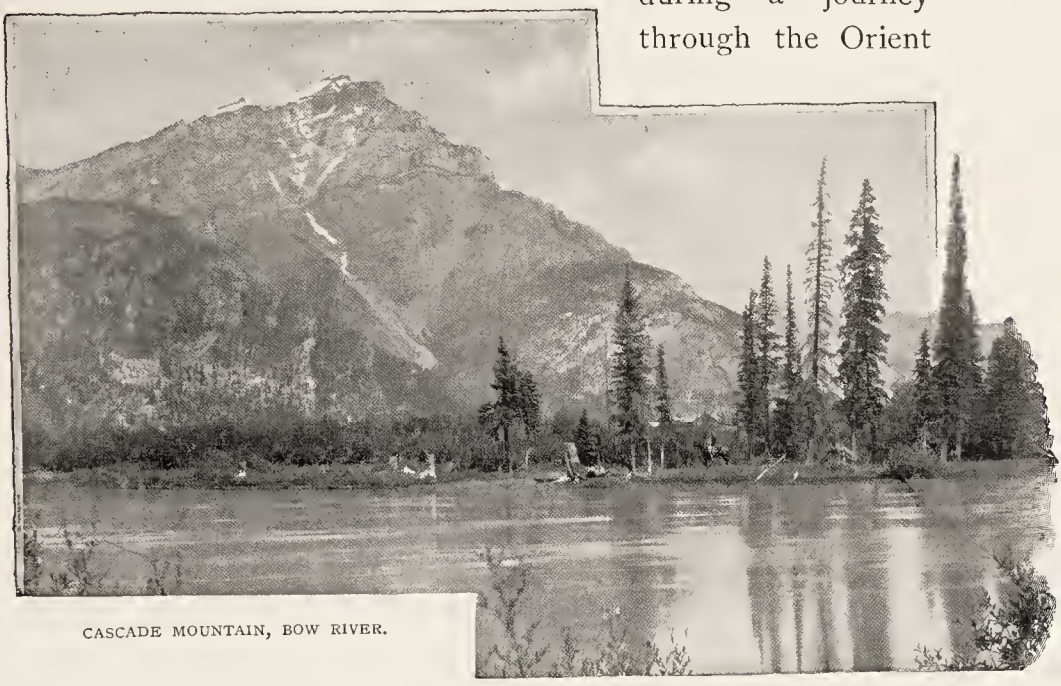
BOAT HOUSE, BOW RIVER, BANFF.

GOAT MOUNTAIN AND SPRAY RIVER VALLEY, BANFF.

canoes now placed at their disposal on Bow River and the adjoining lakes. On one of the mountains, commanding an inspiring view, there has been also built at great expense a spiral driveway, seven miles long, which makes it possible for visitors to ride in comfort to a height of about five thousand feet, whence they can easily reach the summit by a good trail on horseback or on foot. Nor is this all; for those who wish to climb more dangerous peaks will find here during the summer experienced Swiss guides, provided by the company, who will assist, accompany, and, if need be, rescue adventurous mountaineers. I cherish charming memories of the Banff Hotel as being a delightful resting-place on my

MORAINE LAKE.

way to the Pacific and the Land of the Mikado. How well I recollect its large reception hall, so radiant in the evening with bright lights and walls of polished pine; so homelike with its comfortable furniture and pleasant hum of conversation; so cheerful with the huge log blazing in its ample fireplace! It was a happy company that gathered by this hearth in 1892; as yet almost unknown to one another, it is true, but destined during a journey through the Orient



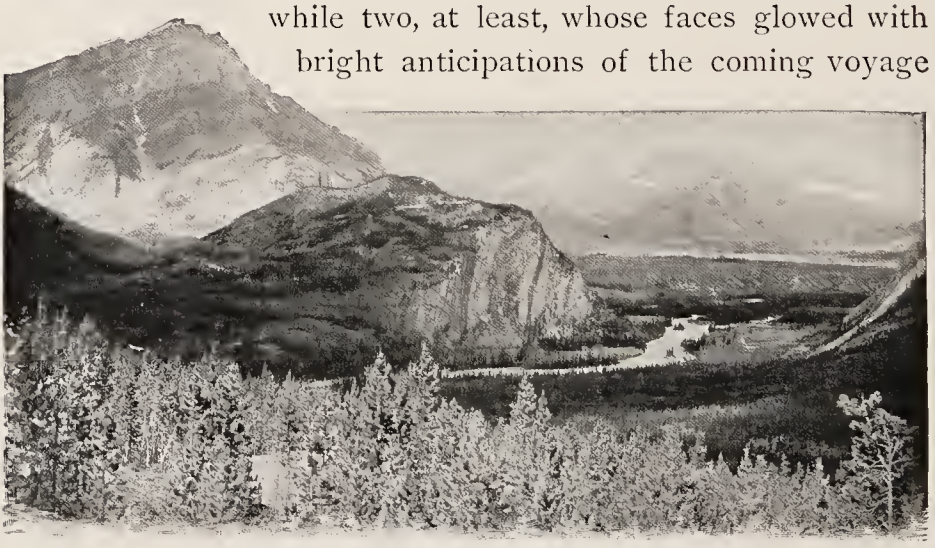
CASCADE MOUNTAIN, BOW RIVER.

to form in many instances close friendships which have grown dearer with the lapse of time. After ten years, I sit again before the fireplace at Banff, —but now alone, and with no special wish to put once more a girdle round the well-known

CAMPING AT THE HEAD OF BOW RIVER.

MOUNT MASSIVE, BANFF.

globe. Where are the others who were with me then? I seem to have no right to be here thus without my friends. Alas! no earthly power can reunite them in this hall, which echoed to their voices. They are now scattered throughout many lands. One holds a prominent political post in India; another lives on his estate near Rome; a third resides at present on the southern slope of the Tyrolean Alps; others have homes in various American cities; and one fair traveler, the romance of whose life began by meeting here the man whose heart she won at sight, lives happily as wife and mother near the Pacific coast; while two, at least, whose faces glowed with bright anticipations of the coming voyage



VIEW FROM UPPER SPRING, BANFF.

to the far East, have since then disappeared upon that silent sea whose farther shore sees no returning mariner set sail. The fire burns low. Most of the ashes are now white and cold. Yet, even as I watch to see the last faint ember die away, I hear the signal of the approaching train. Here come the servants, too, with armfuls of fresh fuel, and soon the generous hearth will give its usual welcome to arriving guests. Meantime, since there will be among them no responsive hands to meet my grasp, let me stretch out my own before the fire, and see old faces in its flames!

The railway ride from Banff to the Pacific is one of which detailed description is almost impossible. Still more beyond the potency of word-painting is the region traversed. Imagine

A TEMPESTUOUS OCEAN TRANSFORMED.

a tempestuous ocean, whose surges, at the moment of their wildest tossing, have been transformed into mountains. Consider that this petrified ocean, known as British Columbia, is nearly as large as France and Spain combined. Its monster billows now stand motionless, yet seem forever on the point of breaking out again into their former furious agitation. Some of them crowd and shoulder one another onward, as if they had been instantaneously checked in a progressive movement.

MOUNT STEPHEN, FIELD.

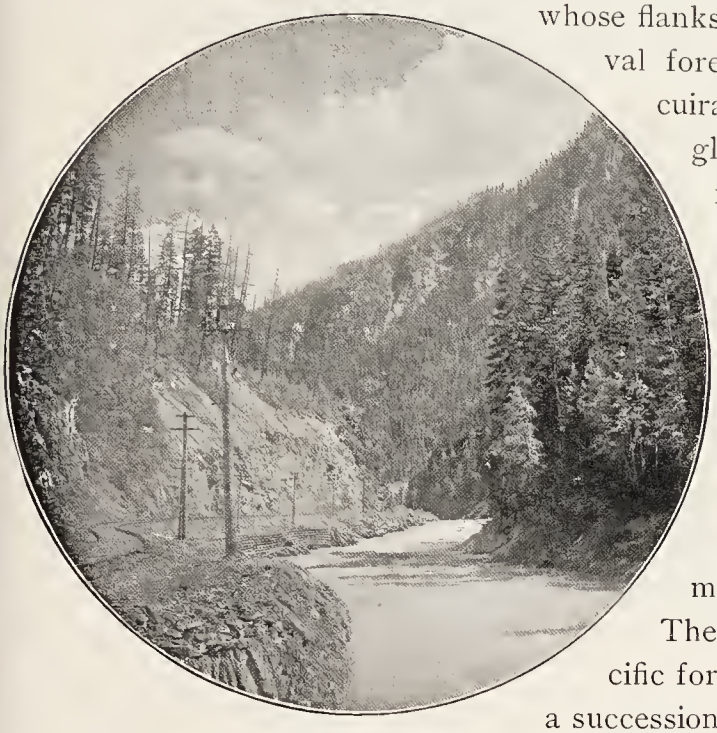
Others recoil from their companions, and, rearing their rough peaks in desperate rivalry, confront each other savagely across profound abysses. Their summits vary in altitude from eight thousand to fourteen thousand feet; the lowest dark with countless evergreens; the average elevations flecked with frozen foam; the loftiest seamed with ice-bound rivers, and mantled with millennial snows. Twisting and turning through this maze of sunny heights and shadowy depths, our train now toils with difficulty up a steep ascent, now whirls impetuously down some long incline, swinging meanwhile to right and left, much as a life-boat struggles in the trough of a stupendous sea.

As the real ocean has its permanent currents, which can be accurately traced and followed, so in this chaos of sharp crests and snow-wreathed cones four distinct ranges can be named and located. The easternmost of these, dividing British

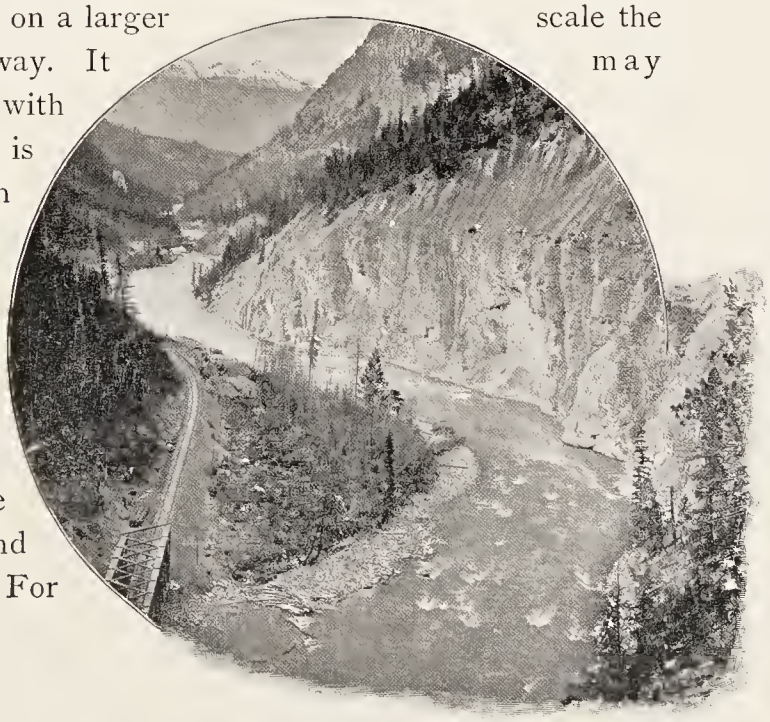
THE ORIGINAL CHALET AT MOUNT STEPHEN.

MOUNT TEMPLE AND PARADISE VALLEY.

Columbia from Alberta, bears the well-known title of the Rocky Mountains. Next come the Selkirks, eighty miles in breadth, whose flanks are girded with primeval forests, whose breasts are cuirassed with resplendent glaciers, and whose white foreheads sparkle with eternal frost. Scarcely less grand is the next series of Sierras, called the Gold Range, sixty miles in width, which, in its turn, is followed by the Cascade Mountains, more extraordinary still. The latter border the Pacific for nine hundred miles in a succession of gigantic precipices, pierced to a length of thirty or forty miles by narrow fjords, often too deep for anchorage; in brief, reproducing on a larger scale the west coast of Norway. It may be also claimed with truth that there is yet another chain of mountains, parallel to these, a few miles from the shore, and piercing the blue surface of the ocean, as those upon the mainland pierce the sky. For



RAILWAY AND RIVER.



HOW THE RIVER WINDS.

MOUNT ABERDEEN, MOUNT LEFROY, AND LEFROY GLACIER.

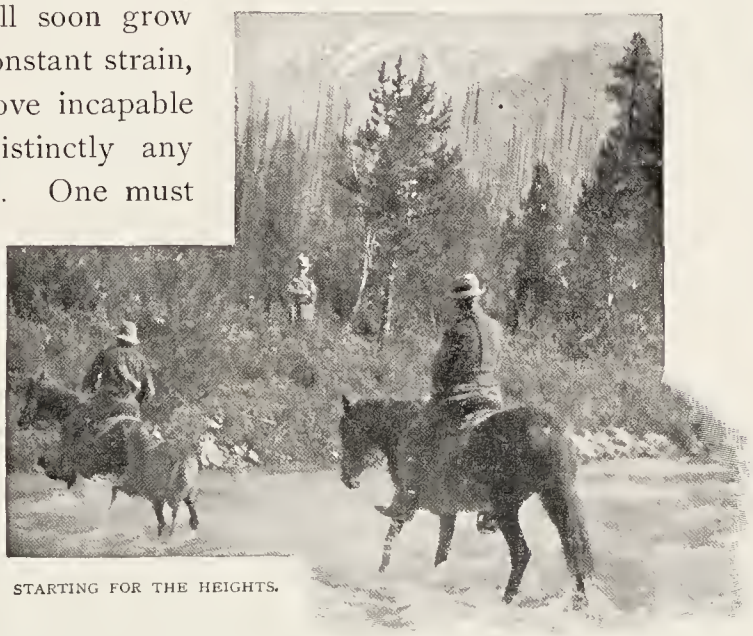
the innumerable islands, which fringe the coast of British Columbia all the way from Puget Sound to Alaska, are but the summits of a sunken range, which through subsidence is now partially covered by the waves. Hence, the deep waterways that wind among the islands of this archipelago, and make for hundreds of miles ideal, sheltered channels for the largest ships, are submarine cañons, similar to those which separate the peaks of the interior.

DISTINGUISHED ALPINE CLIMBERS WHO FIRST ASCENDED MOUNT LEFROY.

Unfortunate is the tourist who does not interrupt his journey

MOUNT LEFROY, MOUNT VICTORIA, AND VICTORIA GLACIER.

through this wonderful country. For, if he travel continuously from Alberta to the coast, not only will he be unable to retain in memory the splendid scenes through which he passes, but even his eyes will soon grow weary from the constant strain, and his brain prove incapable of registering distinctly any more impressions. One must be ever on the alert. The tension of the mind resembles that of a drawn bow. The train sweeps round a curve, disclos-

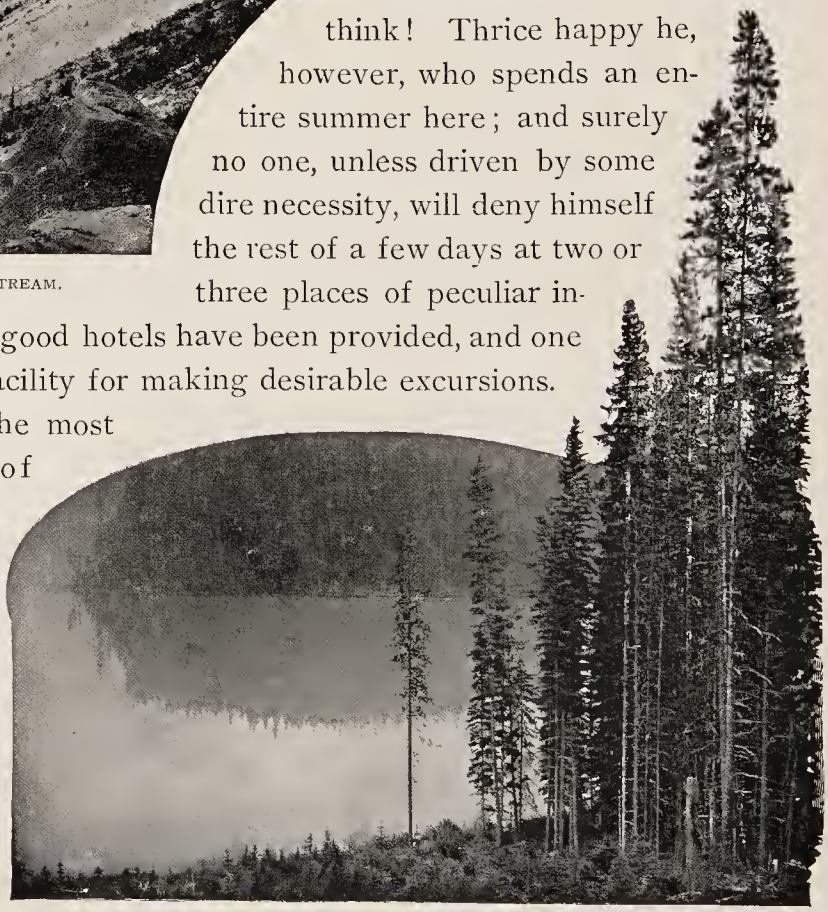


STARTING FOR THE HEIGHTS.

BIRTH OF A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

ing a fine view. A glance, a rush across the car, an exclamation — and the scene is changed! Yet, after all, how differently are most of us traveling through life? How few of us have time to think! Thrice happy he, however, who spends an entire summer here; and surely no one, unless driven by some dire necessity, will deny himself the rest of a few days at two or three places of peculiar interest, where good hotels have been provided, and one finds every facility for making desirable excursions.

One of the most enjoyable of these trips can be accomplished easily in a single day, during a



EMERALD LAKE, NEAR MOUNT BURGESS.

LAKE AGNES AND MOUNT WHYTE.

stay at Banff, by leaving there in the morning for the railway station, Laggan, thirty-four miles distant. This is the point of departure for what have been appropriately named "The Lakes in the Clouds." Accordingly, on the arrival of the train, ponies and wagons are always waiting to convey the visitor to three lovely sheets of water, romantically hidden away among the treasures of the upper world. The first of these, called Lake Louise, is reached by an easy carriage road, two and a half miles long, while bridle paths ascend a little farther to Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes. To

MIRROR LAKE, AT FOOT OF GOAT MOUNTAIN.

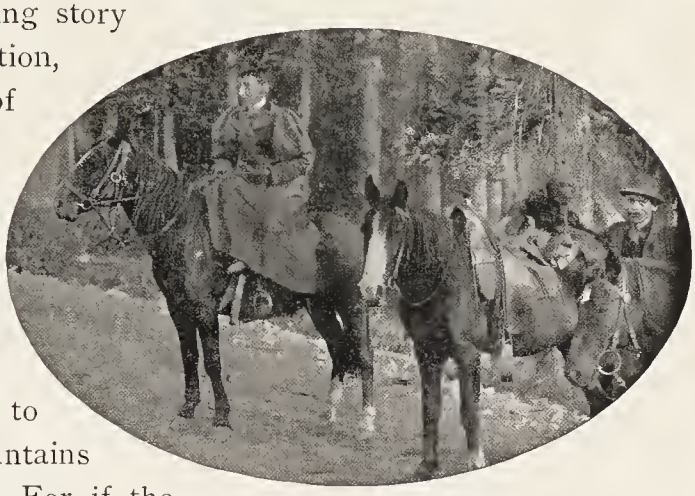
one of these, at least, I must allude particularly. The flawless glacier-jewel, Lake Louise, is like a liquid sapphire set in a diadem of silvered peaks. Grand mountains rise precipitously from its blue rim to the realm of ice, while the soft wraiths of their reflected forests, glaciers, cliffs, and snow-fields sleep in its pellucid depths, and seem almost within our reach. It is a spot

LAKE LOUISE AND MOUNT VICTORIA.

where every thoughtful soul desires, for a time at least, to be alone. An hour's solitary musing here is worth a month of feverish life in the materialistic world so far below. I felt that this was one of Nature's masterpieces, which, tiny though it be, she had reserved for her exclusive satisfaction. Eons before a human foot had left an imprint on its shore, the sun, day after day, as now, completely flooded its pure heart with light, yet found within no fault. Night after night the tender moon rose silently above the peace-crowned heights, and, like a guardian

BOW VALLEY, FROM HOTEL, BANFF.

angel, smiled benignantly upon its sleeping face. And when the moon came not, innumerable stars, the faithful pilgrims of the skies, in their slow, westward march, dimpled its surface with their points of gold, thus linking this sweet lakelet to the farthest limits of sidereal space, whose countless orbs of fire repeat the ever varying story of the birth, the evolution, and the death of worlds. Perhaps the silent influence of this fair spot, so typical of deep repose, is the more powerful from the contrast it presents to the great sea of mountains surging all around it. For, if the dominant characteristic of the ocean is untiring energy, that of this sheltered lake is peace. May it not be that some of the tranquillity which it acquired during centuries of seclusion is here imparted to our restless spirits, much as the sunlight which the plants of distant geologic epochs stored away is now released from its dark prison-house, and given back to us in glowing coals?



PONIES AT LAKE LOUISE.

PREPARING TO START FROM CORRAL AT LAGGAN.

Not far from Lake Louise, in fact at the first station west of Laggan, we reach the summit of this Rocky Mountain pass, which bears the title of the "Great Divide." It is one of those interesting and impressive spots, where a mere shelving ledge or fallen boulder decides the destiny of mighty rivers by changing the direction of their baby rills, so lately liberated from the parent source. Here, for example, a bright streamlet separates into two branches, — one of which hastens east and northward, to end in Hudson's Bay, while its twin sister turns, to follow down the western slope and lose itself in the Pacific.

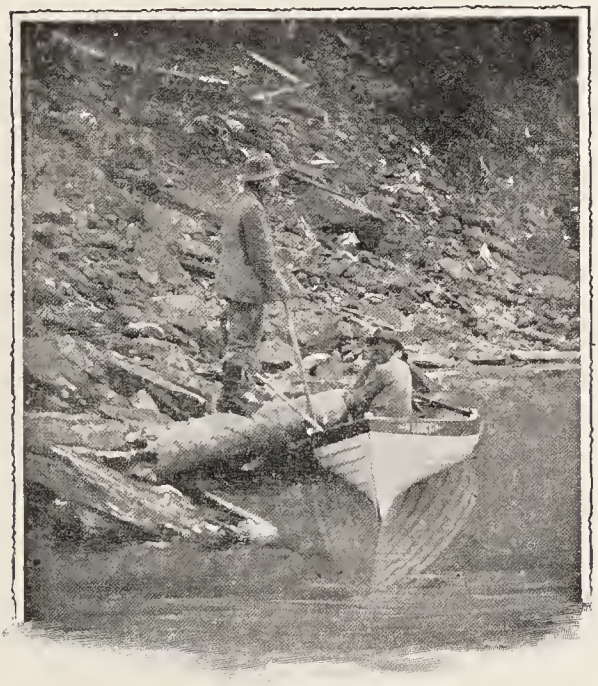
"From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea."

If one could rise in a balloon above the heaving mass of mountains covering almost the entire surface of British Columbia, how marvelously intricate would seem the river system of this Prov-

ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

ince! Spread out in silvery lines beneath him, what turbulent and tortuous streams he would discover, all coming ultimately to the ocean, but on their pathways thither, twisting abruptly north, south, east, and west, as the irregular mountain bases shape their course! The sinuosities of the Columbia and the Kootenay would especially fill him with astonishment. For, as an illustration of coquetry exemplified by rivers, nothing approaches the conduct of this largest tributary to the Pacific and its principal affluent. Born in the same locality among the glaciers of the Selkirks, they seem at the very outset to have had a quarrel; for both flow past each other in opposite directions, coming, however, at one point so near a reconciliation that a canal a mile long makes an effort to unite them. Nevertheless, the breach grows wider. The Kootenay flows due south, and passes into the United States, while the Columbia

A BRIGHT STREAMLET.



AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

CATHEDRAL SPIRES, FROM MOUNT STEPHEN.

journeys northward to the very head of the Selkirk range. When they are separated by a distance of three hundred miles, they appear to change their minds; for both turn squarely round, and counterflow in opposite directions toward each other, the Kootenay traveling north and reëntering British territory, the Columbia sweeping southward to pass within the great

AN ICE CORNICE.

VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS AND LAKE MORAINE.

Republic. Twenty miles north of the frontier they at last unite, their blended torrents being thenceforth known by the one name, Columbia. As such, long before it reaches the Pacific in the State of Oregon, it assumes a depth and breadth which make its progress royal, for it is navigable for twelve hundred miles, and at its terminus is six miles wide.

Immediately after crossing the "Great Divide," the traveler finds himself surrounded by stupendous mountains, to some of which such names as Stephen, Field, Sir Donald, Hunter, and Van Horne are given,

MOUNTAINEERING NEAR MOUNT TEMPLE.

ABOVE THE SNOW LINE.

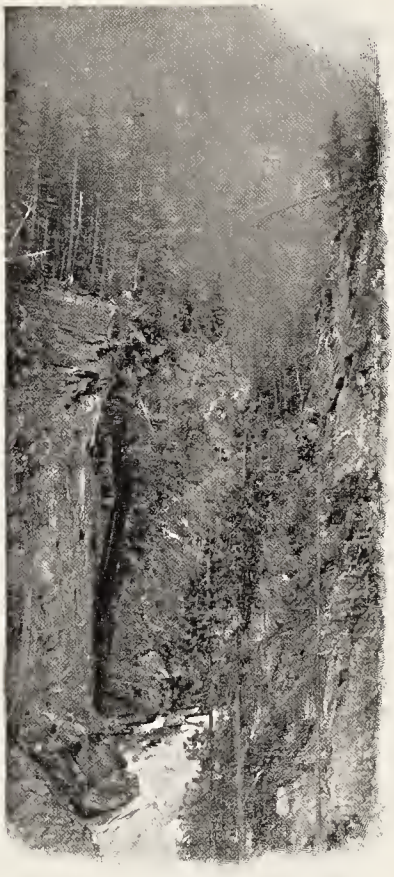
SNOW DOME, OTTERTAIL RANGE.

in honor of the brave explorers, skillful engineers, and prominent officials of the Canadian Pacific railway. Although these are the titles of our own contemporaries, and are bestowed on mountain monarchs antedating man's arrival on the planet, they do not seem incongruous, since they commemorate men who made this wilderness accessible. Till recently no Indian or white man had crossed this seemingly insuperable barrier. Comparatively speaking, it was only yesterday that civilization and the Selkirks looked each other in the face; but yesterday, too, that these "forbidden palaces" were first invaded, and their impressive, immemorial silence was broken by the voice of man. For countless centuries these sovereigns had stood in unapproachable majesty,

MOUNT HUNGABEE.

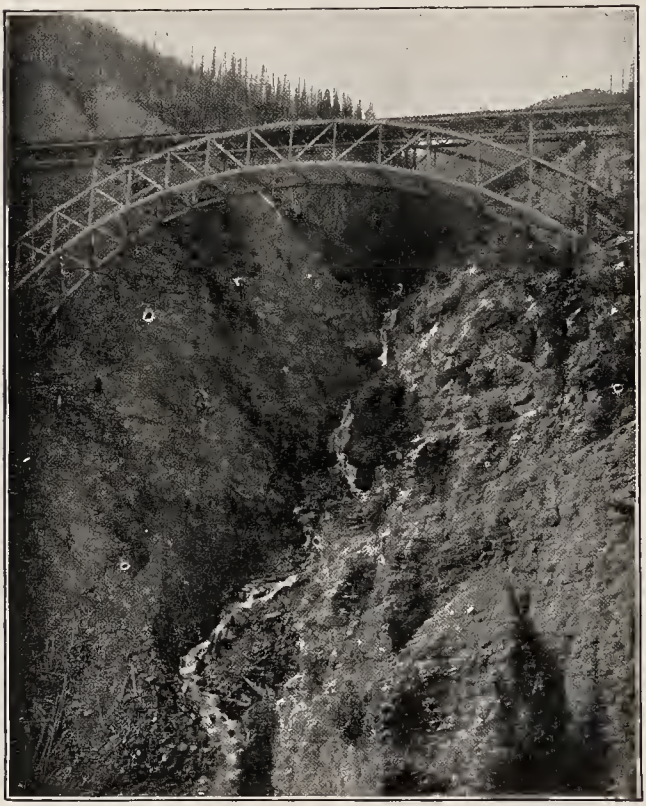
BURROWING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

their heads upreared toward heaven, their shoulders draped with royal ermine, their huge forms panoplied with icy cliffs, their hard hearts seamed with precious veins of gold and silver. At last, however, a score of years ago, a conqueror came, who, in the name of Science, summoned them to surrender. He sought and found the keys to their most closely guarded corridors. He warded off the avalanches, which they hurled at him, with oaken shields a mile in length. He made their torrents hewers of wood and drawers of water for his benefit. He threw his pygmy shadow on their limpid mirrors. He pierced the royal misers to the heart, and made them yield to him their gold. Laughing to scorn their sullen wrath, he even puffed in their white faces the smoke of his locomotives, dimming the brightness of their once unsullied sky. Finally, as the most conclusive proof of their subjugation, he fastened on their massive limbs great bands of steel, along which heavy-browed and fiery-hearted engines draw their priceless loads, ascending, curving, doubling on their tracks, cross-



A CLOSELY GUARDED CORRIDOR.

ing the rivers, first to one side, then to the other, and cutting in the cliffs long, glittering furrows deeper than any made there by the wheels of Time. How all this proves that, even in the presence of such scenes as these, man is not crushed to helplessness, but, on the contrary, is inspired to grand achievements! Where on this earth is there a more conspicuous illustration of indomitable will, and of man's victory over natural obstacles, than the ascent and passage of these mountain ranges by the train of sumptuous cars, linked in luxurious solidity, and known as the "Imperial Limited"? See it at night, especially, as it glides along (where even the Indian never found a trail), all jeweled with electric lamps, and bearing the bright torch of science through tremendous cañons, whose awful gloom is rendered more terrific by the reverberations of the cliffs and the hoarse roaring of the struggling stream a thousand feet below. The line of steel that holds it to the sinuous ledge is a thread of fate, on which a hundred lives depend; but it holds firm, for man's intelligence here reigns supreme. We often feel our



STONY CREEK BRIDGE.

CASTLE POINT, BLACK CAÑON.

COLUMBIA VALLEY AND FIRST RANGE OF THE SELKIRKS.

utter insignificance in presence of some overpowering revelation of the force of nature. This is true, *physically*. But, mentally, we are superior to the universe of matter; and, though the sun may one day draw our planet to its fearful fires, we shall at least be able to predict the hour of our doom.

No proper appreciation of the glaciers of the Selkirks can be gained by fleeting glimpses of them from the train, though half

THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY, FROM THE LOOPS, SHOWING THREE TRACKS.

OTTERTAIL RANGE, NEAR FIELD, MOUNT HURD ON THE RIGHT.

a dozen can be sometimes seen at once, creeping like bristling dragons down the mountain sides. Accordingly the railway company has wisely built, for the accommodation of travelers who wish to study them, a well-kept, comfortable hotel within a half hour's walk of one of the most famous of these frozen rivers. Our path to the Illecillewaet, as it is called, wound through a labyrinth of boulders, memorials of an age when the

THE CHANCELLOR, OTTERTAIL RANGE.

vast flood of ice extended farther down the valley than it does to-day. Among these sings and sparkles in the sun the new-born glacier streamlet, whose clear, translucent cradle we soon reached — a crystal cave, from which it sprang away, as if in joy to start upon its journey to the sea. Above us, stretched at a steep angle to the distant sky line a field of solid ice nine miles in length, and in the centre probably three or four thousand feet in depth. On its immaculate summit, every year,

THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER AND GLACIER HOUSE.

Nature deposits a new coverlet of snow, some forty feet in thickness. What one beholds here, therefore, represents the accumulations of unnumbered centuries, packed into a prodigious mass of clear, blue ice by cold and inconceivable pressure from above.

There is to me something weird and awful in the sight of one of these pallid monsters of the upper world. Without haste, without rest, yet always irresistibly advancing, the glacier

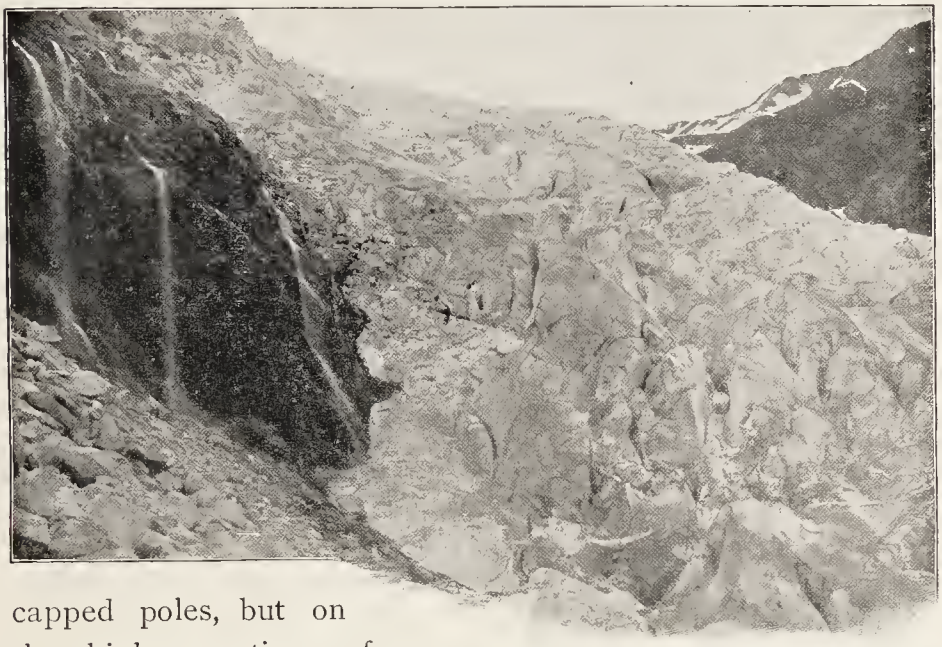
is a symbol of inexorable fate, inevitable as the day of death. Its attributes are so mysterious and paradoxical as to appear unnatural, until they are explained by science. Thus, though apparently motionless, it is continually moving at a rate that can be accurately measured. Though seemingly the inert, helpless prisoner of the surrounding mountains, it is in reality their master, forever planing down their flinty sides, and deepening their granite gorges, like a huge plowshare driven

THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER.

by a supernatural power. It even bears away upon its surface the spoils of many an avalanche lured down from their sides. Emblem of death, it nevertheless intrudes its ghostly form, as an unwelcome guest, among the life and vegetation of the valley. Viewed from a distance, also, it appears as silent as a tomb; but one discovers on close approach that its domain, though frozen, is not still. Fleet-footed rills of water, loosened by the sun, as they run swiftly over its slanting surface, or plunge into

its sapphire caverns, make the glacier musical; while the expansion and contraction of its marvelous substance, which, although solid, flows in a viscous mass, and bends and breaks into profound crevasses, cause it at times to give forth fearful sounds, as if the wearied monster, inching down its rocky path, were groaning from unutterable pain or agonized unrest.

In such a place we are reminded of the almost unimaginable quantity of ice still burdening our globe, not merely at the frost-



A VISCOUS MASS.

capped poles, but on the higher sections of our mountain ranges. When we consider that the frigid mantle that now covers Greenland has an area of twenty thousand square miles, and that a mighty fleet of icebergs every summer drifts forth from her glaciered shores; when we recall the fact that in Alaska five thousand ice streams are now traveling slowly to the sea, and that the Muir Glacier alone, with the awe-inspiring thunder of a cannonade, discharges daily into the ocean one hundred and forty million cubic feet of ice; and when we add to these the eleven hundred glaciers of the Alps, and the uncounted ice floods

of the Himalayas, the Andes, the Pyrenees, and the Caucasus, we form a slight idea of the important rôle still played by these great natural agents on our planet, and shudder to imagine what the glacial epoch must have been, when half of Europe and America lay coated by an icy mantle two or three thousand feet in thickness!

The reason why the Selkirks have so many and such enormous glaciers is easily explained. Just as the Gulf Stream

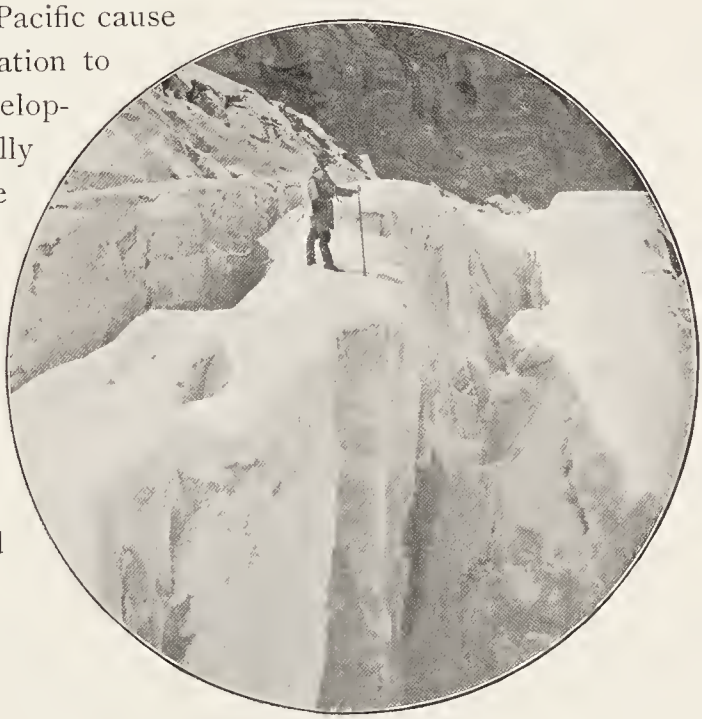
THE ASULKAN GLACIER AND PASS, MOUNT DAWSON IN CENTRE.

brings to the British Isles and the west coast of Norway some of the heat accompanying it from the tropics, and renders thus their climates mild and supportable in winter, so through the broad Pacific sweeps a similar equatorial current, called by the Japanese, on account of its dark blue color, the Kuro Siwo, or "Black River." This also brings a flood of warmth to the west coast of North America and Alaska, making their climate likewise much more temperate than that of latitudes farther south

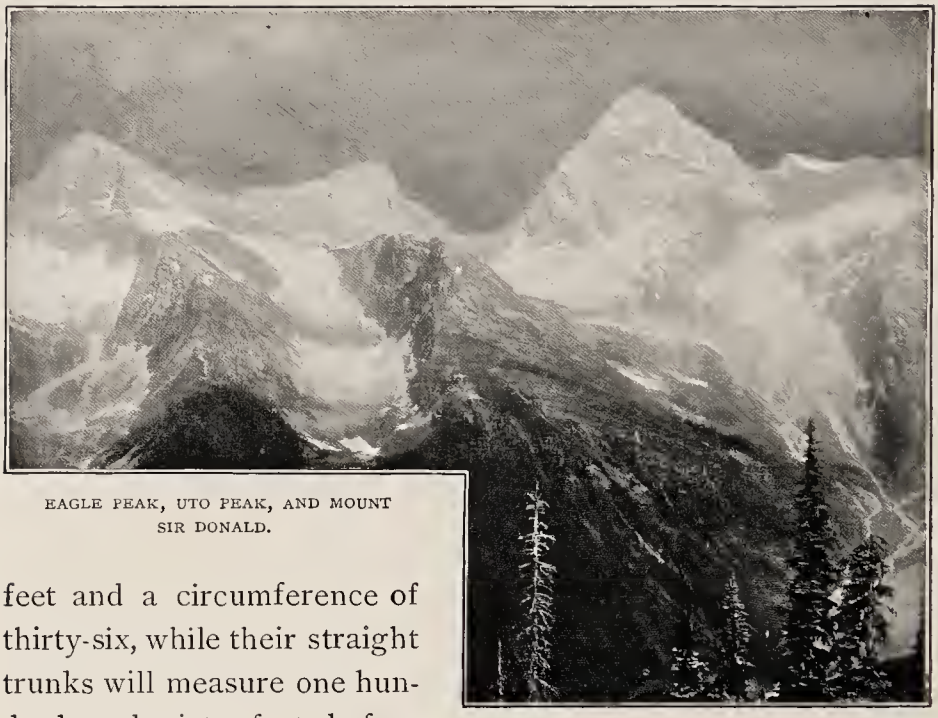
HERMIT RANGE, FROM GLACIER HOUSE.

MOUNT CHEOPS, FROM MOUNT ABBOTT.

along the eastern margin of the continent. Three notable effects are thus produced, not merely on the shores of British Columbia, but inland to a considerable distance. Along the coast the humid winds from the Pacific cause certain forms of vegetation to attain a marvelous development. This is especially true in the case of the colossal firs and cedars, whose magnitude is, till actually seen, almost incredible. Thus in the neighborhood of Vancouver fir-trees frequently reach a height of three hundred



CANADIAN CREVASSES.



EAGLE PEAK, UTO PEAK, AND MOUNT SIR DONALD.

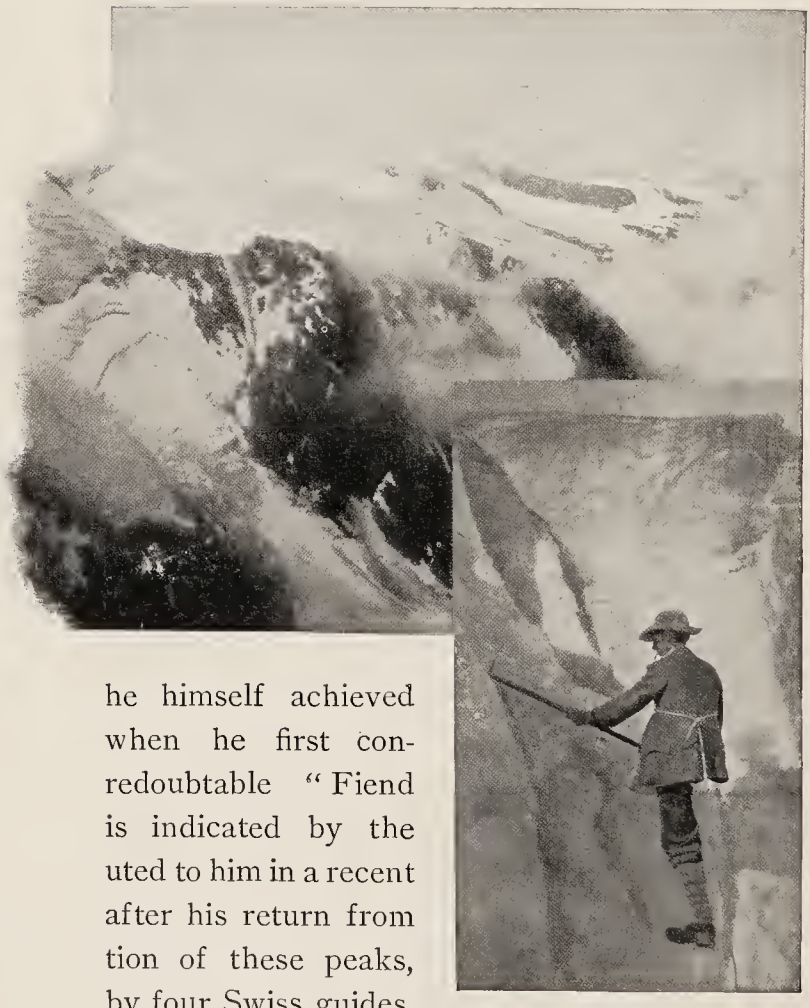
feet and a circumference of thirty-six, while their straight trunks will measure one hundred and sixty feet before putting forth the first branch. In the same region the cedars are even larger, and hemlocks are often two hundred feet in altitude. Still farther inland, the warm air from the ocean is condensed upon the mountains, and this precipitated moisture produces and maintains upon those heights the glaciers which astonish us by their size and grandeur. Nor is this all; for these same western winds, completely drained of moisture on the Pacific slopes of the mountains, descend, as we have seen, upon the prairies of Alberta in the form of absolutely dry "Chinooks," which cause the snowfall on the plains to be as light as that upon the Selkirks was severe.

MOUNT SIR DONALD AND PART OF GLACIER.

MOUNT SIR DONALD, SHOWING FOOT OF ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER.

The sovereign of the Selkirks is Sir Donald, a Cyclopean pyramid of rock and ice, nearly eleven thousand feet in height, and named in honor of one of the most energetic promoters of the metaled pathway winding round its base. This Canadian Matterhorn rears its stupendous peak in full view of the hotel situated near the Illecillewaet Glacier, and is indeed the principal reservoir

supplying that vast sea of ice. Superbly dominant and defiant, Sir Donald was, for a long time, a goal ardently desired by mountaineers. Such are, however, the difficulties of its conquest, that the Canadian Pacific Railway made, several years ago, the offer of one thousand dollars and a free pass for life to the first hero who should reach its summit. What an experienced and world-famed Alpine climber like Mr. Edward Whymper would say of the difficulties of its ascent, I should much like to know. But his opinion of the opportunities in Canada for such work as he himself achieved when he first conquered the redoubtable "Fiend of the Alps," is indicated by the words attributed to him in a recent interview, after his return from an investigation of these peaks, accompanied by four Swiss guides. He is reported to have said, "If all the mountain climbers in the world were to make a combined attempt to explore the Canadian Rockies, their task would not be ended in a century." Mount Sir Donald is an



TAKING IT COOLLY.

object of transcendent beauty or sublimity, according as the sunshine makes its apex glorious, or wrathful tempests tear to shreds the snow upon its naked breast. The sight of sunrise on this gleaming monolith is one of the most treasured recollections of my life. Indeed, I think it may have been the memory of some of the sunrise visions in the Selkirks that has since led me to spend the greater part of two winters in the immediate presence of majestic Alpine scenery, where, morning after morning, from my bedroom windows, I have been able, with perfect comfort and protection, to watch the sumptuous splendor of the dawn fall upon radiant, snow-clad mountains. The privilege of beginning every day with such an indescribably inspiring view, I esteem one of the greatest joys and blessings possible to an appreciative soul. I find in my journal the following lines, entitled,

SUNRISE IN THE SELKIRKS

Like snow-white tents, their tapering forms
  Indent the western sky;
The jeweled gifts of countless storms
  Upon their summits lie.

SICAMOUS LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The golden moon, with fading scars.
Sinks toward their frosty spires,
Around them pale the wearied stars,
Like waning bivouac fires.

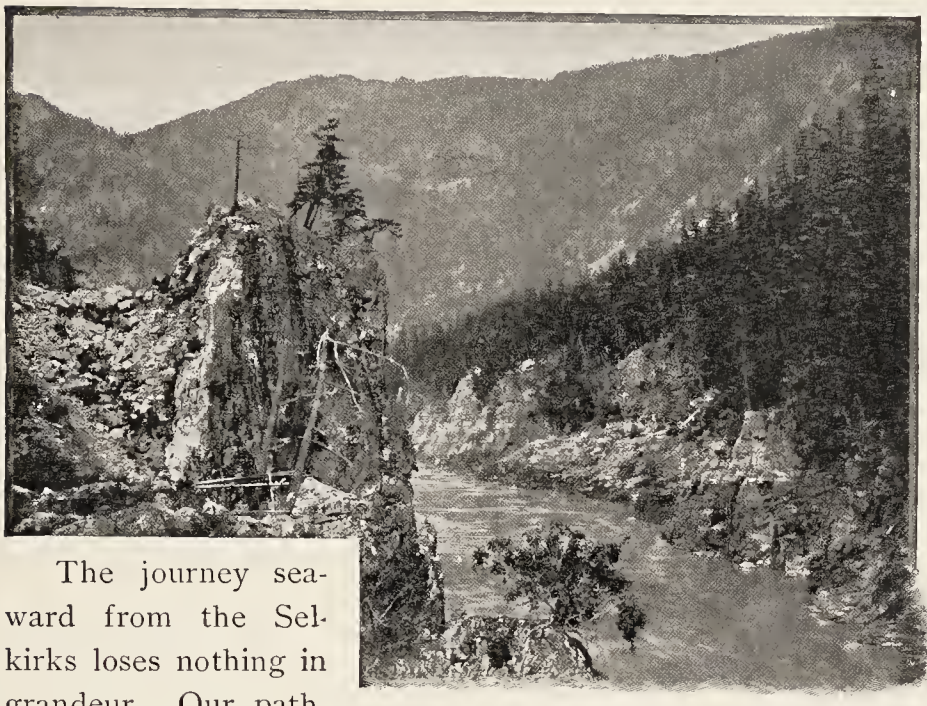
Stray cloudlets, reddening one by one,
Like rose leaves half unfurled,
Herald the coming of the sun
To an awakening world.

SUNRISE.

Now the chief peak hath caught the glow,
And, soft, o'er sloping walls
And buttresses of dazzling snow,
The flood of splendor falls.

Miles of enameled pink and gold
Incrust the blue of space,
While bands of amethyst enfold
Each mountain's massive base.

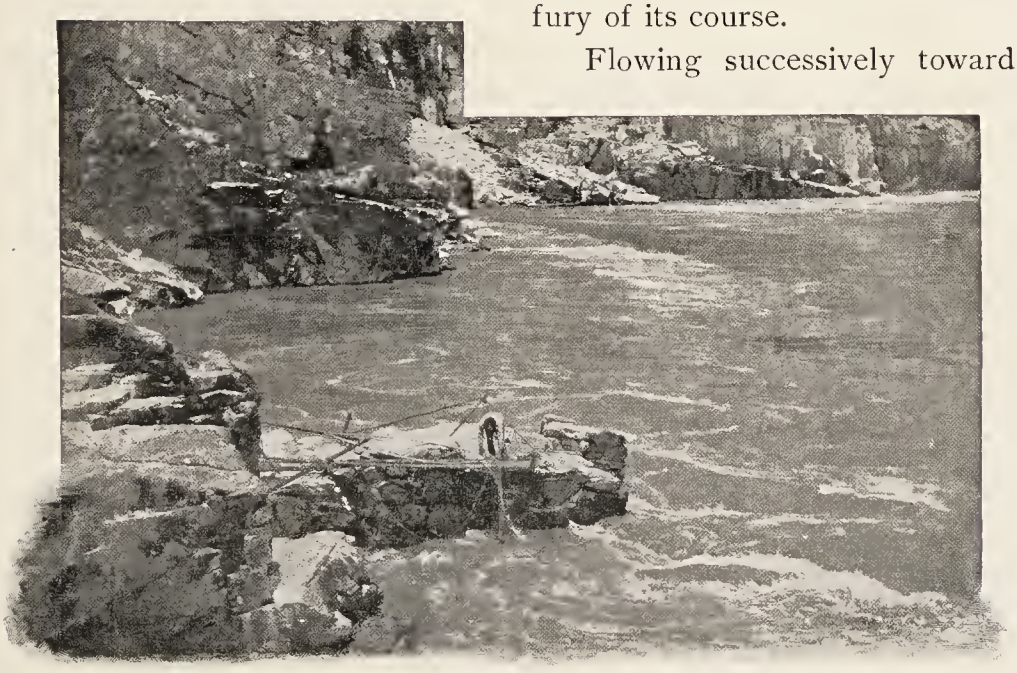
Gone are the tents that pierced the skies;
But in their place, more fair,
Transfigured flowers of Paradise
Bloom in the crystal air.



FRASER CAÑON.

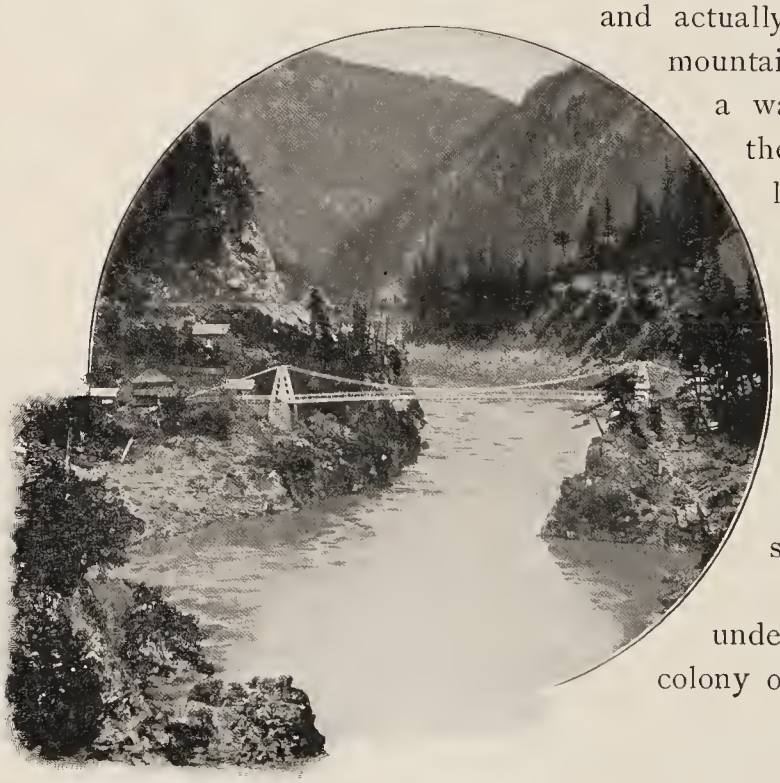
The journey seaward from the Selkirks loses nothing in grandeur. Our pathway thither follows several ocean-seeking streams, each more impressive than the last, until the climax is attained in the magnificent scenery of the Fraser River. This famous waterway surpasses the Columbia in importance to Canadians, as well as in the sinuosity and fury of its course.

Flowing successively toward



INDIANS CATCHING SALMON, FRASER RIVER.

almost every point of the compass, the Fraser finally cuts its path with fearful violence through the Cascade Mountains by means of the stupendous cañon to which it gives its name. In this, both river and railway are, of necessity, inseparable companions, and often desperate disputants for the right of way. In more than one abyss, between whose vertical walls both train and torrent have to find a passage, the width of the ravine is only a few yards. In such emergencies, the railroad either tunnels through the cliff, or clings to it hundreds of feet above the maddened stream, which, curbed by the high, pitiless walls, lashes itself to foam, and makes the sunless gulf reëcho with its ceaseless roar. It is difficult to say where one is the more impressed with admiration for the skill and daring of the men who built a railway through this Province; whether in these appalling chasms, or in the sections where they had to rear miles of gigantic snowsheds to avert destruction. These are constructed with enormous difficulty and expense out of massive cedar timber, dove-tailed and bolted together in the strongest manner, and actually fitted into the mountain sides in such a way as to resist the heaviest avalanches, which otherwise would sweep, like leaves before a cyclone, track, train, and passengers to a snowy sepulchre.



CARIBOU ROAD BRIDGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

What a colossal undertaking for a colony of only four and

a half million souls, scarcely united in a common government, was the creation of this transcontinental route, finished five years before the specified time! What a triumphant proof, not only of the courage and ambition of the Canadians, but also of their national aspirations! With all their loyalty to the British Empire, which was never more conspicuous than to-day, the people of Canada love the Dominion in and for itself. For its development they have the highest hopes. Of its resources they are

HOW SNOW SHEDS ARE MADE.

AN AVALANCHE.

justly proud. With no other nation do they wish to share their glorious heritage and acquisitions. Nor are these sentiments unreasonable. The records for the year 1901 reveal the fact that Canada has attained the highest mark yet reached in its commercial progress. Its exports have exactly doubled in the last ten years, having increased from ninety-eight million to one hundred and ninety-six million dollars. In the same space of time its imports also have

A SALMON FACTORY AT NEW WESTMINSTER.

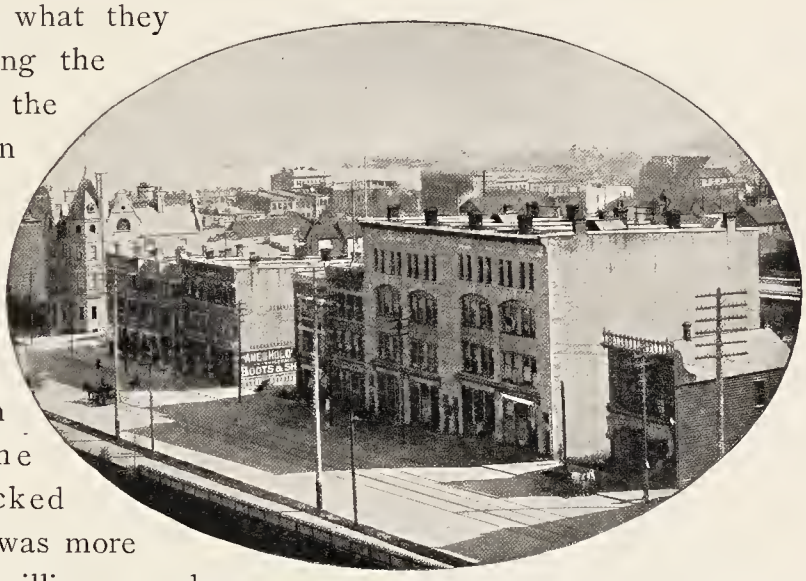
advanced from one hundred and nineteen millions to one hundred and ninety million. Moreover, the public deposits in its banks amount to four hundred and seven million dollars; and the total cereal crop of its northwestern prairies in 1901 was about one hundred and ten million bushels.

British Columbia itself, as yet so sparsely settled and so little known, is sure to have a wonderful future. Immense as are the other Provinces of the Dominion, this is the largest of them all, having an area of three hundred and eighty-three thousand square miles. It is far from being merely a land of lofty mountains and impetuous rivers. It is also a great maritime country, with such an extensive archipelago of nobly

VANCOUVER.

FRASER CAÑON, NEAR NORTH BEND.

wooded islands and such a multitude of penetrating fjords and spacious harbors that it possesses seven thousand miles of coast line. Accordingly, the fisheries of British Columbia would be, in any case, important, but owing to some peculiar features they are marvelous. The number of salmon which come in dense crowds up the Fraser River, especially in summer, must be seen to be believed. The canning of this fish is, therefore, one of the greatest industries of the Province; and it is at New Westminster, on the banks of the Fraser, that "men eat what they can, and can what they can't." During the few weeks of the principal run of salmon, each cannery here receives on the average one quarter of a million salmon. The quantity packed here in 1895 was more than twenty million pounds, and the total value of the British Columbia fisheries amounted in that year to four and a half million dollars. But there are other natural resources in this Province. It is established now beyond all question that gold, silver, and copper exist here in large quantities, and better means of transportation will develop it into one of the most important mining regions of the continent. The coal of British Columbia is also the best on the Pacific coast, and is already exported to San Francisco, Hawaii, and Alaska; while the immense amount of heavy timber on its mountains could supply for generations the markets of the world.



VANCOUVER AND HARBOR.

Memorable, indeed, are the sensations of the traveler, as he arrives in the youthful city of Vancouver, after a journey of four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and takes a mental retrospect of the interesting cities and all the splendid scenery of rivers, prairies, lakes, and mountains, which in bewildering succession have greeted him in traversing the great Dominion. Alighting from the comfortable car, which, like the Moslem's magic carpet, has transported him through many leagues of space, he finds himself in an active, prosperous city, which in the spring of 1886 had no existence. At that time an extensive forest of huge Douglas firs covered the site which is to-day the abode of twenty-five thousand people, who drive through miles of asphalt streets, live in substantial, and often beautiful, residences, transact their business in fine shops and warehouses, and turn night into day by means of gas and electricity. The secret of this rapid growth lies in the facts, — first, that it is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway; and, secondly, that it possesses one of the best harbors in the world. Already steamers of the highest order go forth from it to Japan, China, Honolulu, New Zealand, Australia, and the Fiji Islands; while regular steamship service is maintained with Victoria, San Francisco, Alaska, and cities located on the shores of Puget Sound. Eighty-five miles distant

GREAT CEDAR TREE, VANCOUVER.

from this promising seaport, across the beautiful Georgian archipelago, already mentioned, lies, at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, the capital of British Columbia, Victoria. This charming city, whose name commemorates her Majesty, the late Queen, as that of the island reminds us of the brave explorer of these waters, Captain George Vancouver, is one of the most favored spots in the world, alike in beauty of situation, equability of climate, and magnificent scenery.

Across the Georgian Strait, studded with lovely islands, the snow-capped Cascade and Olympian ranges are distinctly visible, the crowning glory of the scene being Mount Baker, in the United States, which lifts its dazzling cone in solitary splendor to a height of eleven thousand feet. In the immediate vicinity of Victoria, also, rise the mountains of Vancouver Island, varying in altitude from two thousand to more than seven thousand feet. This island, it should be said in passing, is no insignificant bit of territory, but is two hundred and ninety miles in length, and averages sixty in breadth, corresponding pretty nearly in size to Nova Scotia at the other end of the Dominion. Victoria is not distinctively commercial like Vancouver, and is,

VICTORIA, FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

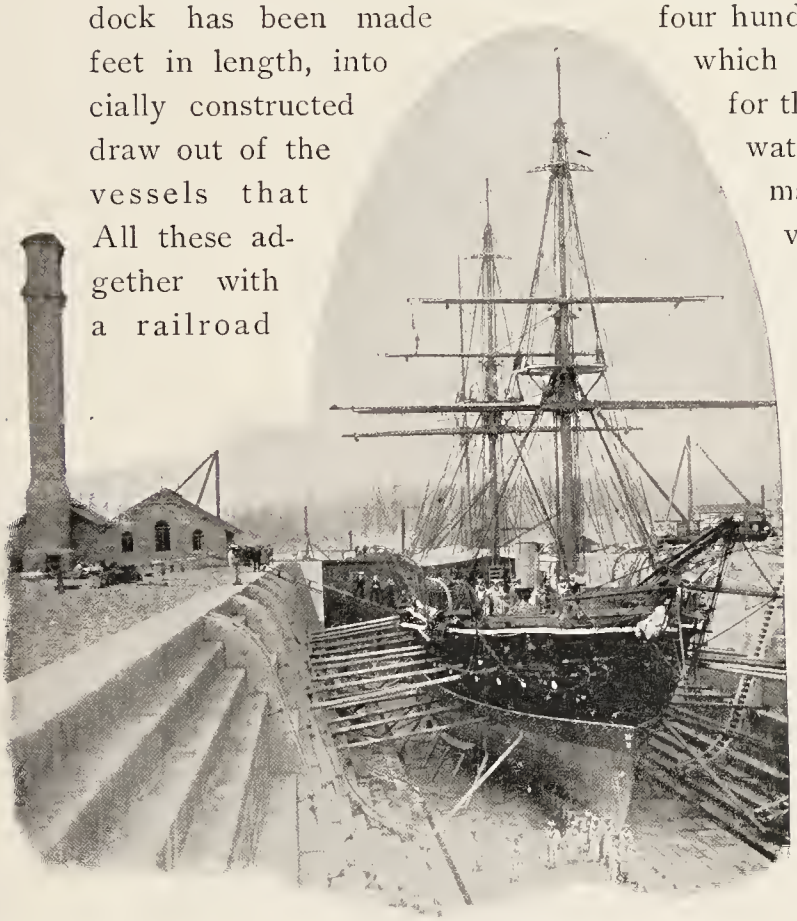
perhaps, on that account a more agreeable place of residence for those not actively engaged in business. It certainly is a paradise for lovers of flowers, as well as a health resort of almost unsurpassed advantages. The influence of the Kuro Siwo, whose power on the mainland we have already noted, renders the winter at Victoria as mild as spring in Maryland. Nor is there any sweltering, debilitating heat in summer. The maximum temperature ever reached here is eighty-four degrees,

HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, VICTORIA.

the minimum twenty-two degrees, Fahrenheit. Geraniums and roses may be gathered freely in the open air at Christmas, and flowers are blooming here the whole year round. In May and June Victoria is especially enchanting, for then its flora is in wonderful profusion. Roses and honeysuckles twine galore around the doors and porticos of pretty dwellings set in gardens; the well-made roads in the vicinity are often lined with fragrant hedges bright with bloom; while in the stately groves of conifers the air is positively delicious with the pungent per-

fume of the pine. One feels that such a land of noble trees, floral exuberance, luscious fruits, equable climate, and pure, exhilarating air from mountains and from sea must soon be recognized as one of the finest natural sanatoriums of the world.

Three miles from the capital, and connected with it by an electric railway, is Esquimalt, the station for the British navy in the Pacific. This has another of those spacious harbors, with which this remarkable coast abounds, and forms an ideal rendezvous for the imperial fleet. It is noteworthy, too, that Esquimalt and Halifax, on the Atlantic, are the only places in the Dominion where British troops are seen, and both are correspondingly important to the empire. Accordingly, the fortifications here are of enormous strength; and a huge dry-dock has been made four hundred and eighty feet in length, into which a railway, specially constructed for the purpose, can draw out of the water the largest vessels that may need repairs. All these advantages, together with the fact that a railroad brings to this station coal from the famous mines at Nanaimo, seventy miles away, make Esquimalt of almost priceless value to Great Britain as a naval base.

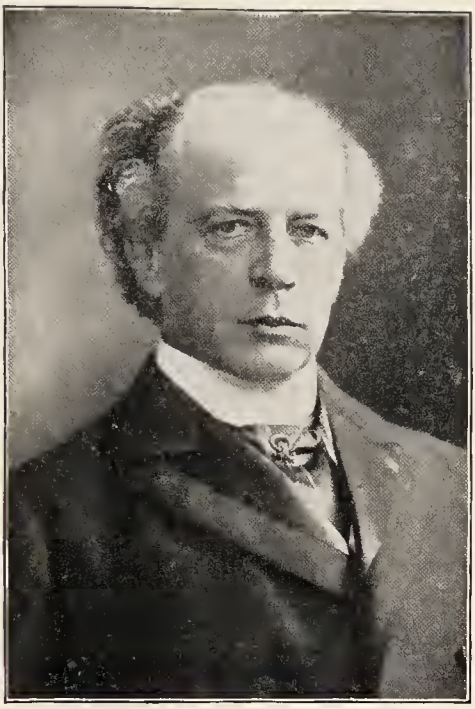


DRY DOCK AT ESQUIMALT.

Standing upon the western margin of the North American continent, whose natural treasures are so vast, and whose inhabitants both in Canada and the United States are so inventive, resolute, and daring, when one looks out upon the mighty ocean, no longer now a barrier, but a royal highway to the Orient, one wishes he could live a century longer, to see the marvelous changes sure to be evolved upon its islands and surrounding coasts. Ten years ago, in writing of Japan, the author said, "The most important dramas of the coming century will probably be enacted on the shores of the Pacific." What then seemed probable is now certain. At the time of this writing, Japan has proved herself in two campaigns to be a first-class military and naval power, and, as such, has become the ally of Great Britain. The United States have taken possession of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippine archipelago. Russia has reached her goal in Chinese waters, and dominates, if she does not own, the enormous province of Manchuria. China herself is shaking off her immemorial lethargy, and may become erelong a formidable world power. France, Germany, and England have already large possessions on the Asiatic coast, and will inevitably acquire more, although the

A TEA SHED, VANCOUVER.

process will be attended with grave complications; while the increasing strength and population of Australia and New Zealand must become potent factors in the problem of the greater East. Cables are being laid between the United States and their new colonies; and it is quite within the range of possibility that before many years the President may talk over a submarine telephone with the administration at Manila, and the Governor General of Canada converse by the same means with the Australian Parliament. Finally, most significant and wonderful of all, the two Americas will soon be separated by a waterway, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, and revolutionizing trade throughout the world. What the results will be of all this transformation of earth's greatest



SIR WILFRED LAURIER.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD STEAMSHIP "EMPRESS OF JAPAN."

ocean, and the expansion thitherward of her leading nations, none can tell; but they are sure to be more startling and epoch-making than anything that has transpired since the discovery of the western hemisphere. Canada, with her vast resources, her territory fronting on two oceans, her railway which unites them, her admirable lines of steamships, and her greater navigable nearness to Japan through her position on the shoulder of the globe, will doubtless take a prominent part in the opening drama of the Orient, and will secure a just reward. It cannot possibly be otherwise; for her inhabitants are conquerors of half a continent, and most of them are scions of the race, whose bugle-call rings round the world.

MALTA

PORTA MARSAMUSCETTO.

THE Mediterranean is unique among the waters of the globe. No other sea is comparable to it in historic interest. Its situation also is unrivaled. Three continents join hands and compass it, as if to make of it a lake; but when the circuit seems about to be completed, two of them halt abruptly at the Pillars of Hercules, and let its current sweep between them into the Atlantic. The contiguity of widely different countries, bordering on this easy medium of communication, soon made the Mediterranean a cradle of commerce, around which Europe, Africa, and Asia stood as sponsors. Hence it became inevitably the centre of civilization. Of what existed at a little distance from the murmur of its surf and shimmer of its waves the ancient world knew next to nothing. Phenicians, Jews, Egyp-

MEDITERRANEAN COAST, NEAR SIDON.

tians, Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans gemmed its shores with cities, and encircled them with colonies; but until Cæsar's legions mastered Gaul, and pushed on farther to the north and east, the countries lying only a few hundred miles away from this central sea were little more than lands of fable. In the affections of Occidental nations the Mediterranean, of all oceans, holds the foremost place. Without it human history would be for them almost a blank. It furnishes a background essential for a comprehension of all that has come down to us of social, intellectual, and spiritual struggles and achievements. In the long chain of coast line which encloses it, there is no link that is not bright with memories of a mighty past. Here architecture rose, and still endures in structures that astound the world. Here art was born, and gave to wondering posterity a standard it has never since attained. Here laws were framed which still invite the obedience of mankind. Around it also gradually grew, to sway the souls of millions, some of the oldest and most powerful religions of the race — the solemn mysteries of Isis and Osiris, the poetry of the Greek mythology, and the three kindred faiths of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Upon the shores surrounding it, as on the benches of a natural colosseum,

RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

sat all the classic nations of antiquity, spectators or participants in the drama acted here for two millenniums. Each in its turn descended into this magnificent arena, to strive for glory or supremacy, and all eventually yielded to one mighty empire, destined itself to disappear at last, like those which it had conquered.

Even to-day, although the splendor and importance of the Mediterranean have largely vanished, it still exerts a marvelous influence on the memory and imagination of mankind. All civilized nations look upon it as a sacred spot, and thousands annually come as pilgrims to its shores, to see in fancy, imaged in its shining depths, momentous scenes, the closely linked effects of which have made them what they are. For, happily, the Mediterranean is not too large to be both pictured by the imagination and retained in the affections. Unlike the enormous areas of the Atlantic and Pacific, which touch innumerable lands and heterogeneous peoples, it is sufficiently compact to be minutely studied and explored; while it is also loved, not only for what it has been, but for what it is. Still are its waves as exquisitely green and blue as when Phenician galleys furrowed them, and Trojan exiles sailed for the Lavinian shores.

IN THE TIME OF PHIDIAS.

Still are the mountains which environ it as grand, clear-cut, and awe-inspiring as when the court of Zeus assembled on Olympus; when Atlas bore the burden of the sky above the Gardens of Hesperides; or when the writhings of Enceladus caused Etna to pour forth its floods of fire. Nor are the islands scattered over its surface naturally less attractive now than when, upon the shore of Naxos, Ariadne mourned the vanished Theseus; or Scio gave to life and immortality the author of the "Iliad"; or Melos lifted toward the sky the statue now enshrined within the Louvre — sublime memorial of the goddess born from the white foam which still encircles Cyprus in its soft embrace.

CLASSIC WATERS.

Of all the islands that add interest and beauty to this classic sea, one of the most remarkable is Malta. This statement needs, however, to be amplified, for "Malta" is not solitary, as the title would imply. To be accurate, one should speak of the

RUINS OF TYRE.

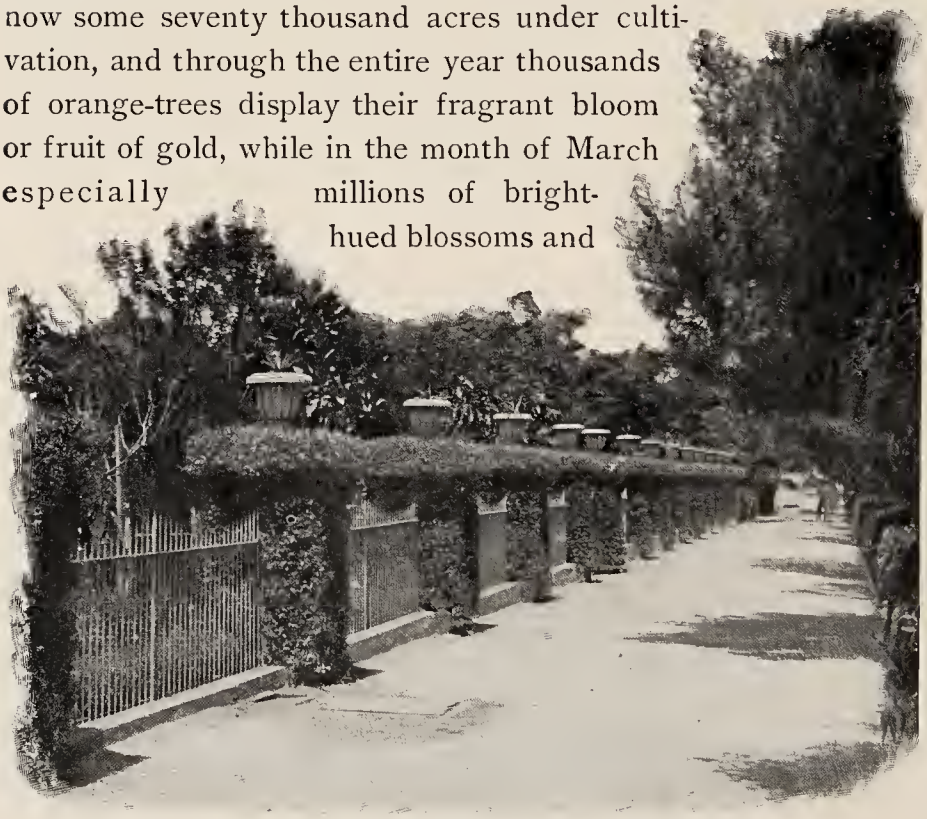
"Maltese Islands," since there are three of them, — Malta, Gozo, and Comino, the last-named lying midway in the narrow channel which divides the other two. If the Mediterranean were drained of its water, it would present the appearance of two basins, separated from each other by a ridge of land extending from the south of Italy to the north of Africa. Three points in this long ridge emerge above the surface of the sea.

APPROACHING MALTA.

They are the islands Malta, Gozo, and Comino. Not long ago they rose still higher from the waves, and were united. That such was their condition, even since the advent here of civilized man, is evident from the fact that on the opposite coasts of Malta and Gozo traces of cart-wheels in the hard stone are discernible, leading directly to the shore, and continuing toward each other for some distance under the sea. At one time, therefore, vehicles must have passed across the intervening space of four and a half miles, now covered by the waves. Malta itself is seventeen miles in length and nine in breadth; Gozo a little less than half as large. Both, left to nature, would be barren rocks; but both have been transformed by human industry into a tiny portion of our earth, supporting a larger pro-

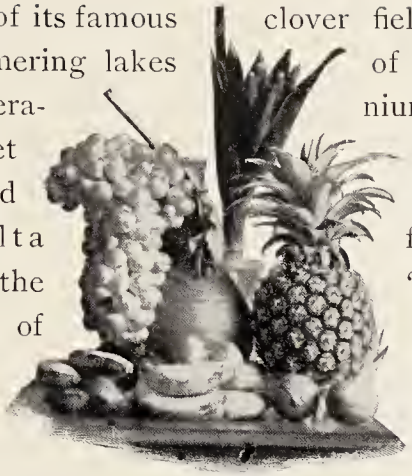
portion of inhabitants to the cultivated square mile than is maintained by almost any equal area of the globe. Upon its northern side Malta has some of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean; but on its southern shore huge, perpendicular cliffs, at one point seven hundred and fifty feet in height, scowl threateningly toward the coast of Africa.

When I first caught a glimpse of Malta from the steamer, it seemed to me a treeless, arid heap of orange-colored rocks; but subsequent investigation showed me that much of the island's vegetation is concealed behind high walls of yellow stone, built round the gardens to screen them from the winds that sometimes sweep this unprotected region with great violence. Thus sheltered, cotton is raised here in large quantities; all kinds of fruits are also plentiful; and Maltese potatoes are as much desired in Europe as are "Bermudas" in America. Malta has now some seventy thousand acres under cultivation, and through the entire year thousands of orange-trees display their fragrant bloom or fruit of gold, while in the month of March especially millions of bright-hued blossoms and



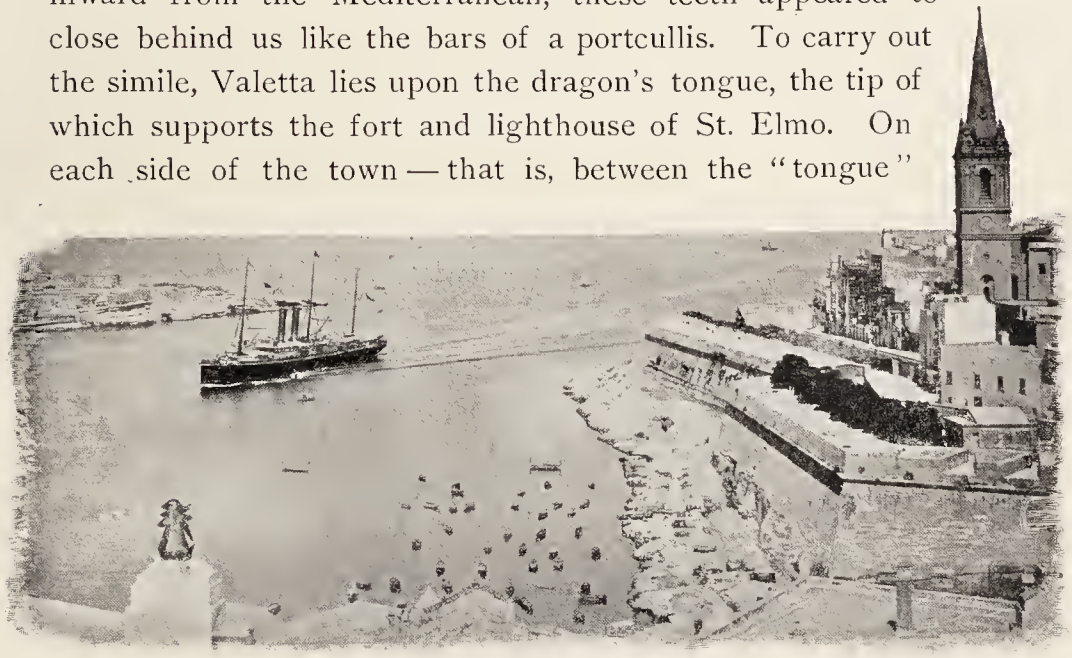
A MALTESE GARDEN.

the brilliant red of its famous clover fields, turned by the breeze to shimmering lakes of color, together with its hedges of geraniums, diversified with myriads of scarlet poppies, enabled me to understand why the inhabitants of Malta fondly name their sea-girt home the "Fior del Mondo" — the "Flower of the World."



A TEMPTING DISH.

Malta is militant. The most abiding impression which it left upon my mind is that of a magnificently furnished arsenal, securely locked and guarded in the centre of the inland sea. Its capital, Valetta, is apparently impregnable. No city in the world has given me such an idea of defensive strength. Its port may be compared to a dragon's mouth, the jaws of which are granite rocks. From these jaws long, sharp teeth project into the mouth, each crowned with an elaborate fortress; and, as our steamer glided inward from the Mediterranean, these teeth appeared to close behind us like the bars of a portcullis. To carry out the simile, Valetta lies upon the dragon's tongue, the tip of which supports the fort and lighthouse of St. Elmo. On each side of the town — that is, between the "tongue"



GLIDING INWARD FROM THE SEA.

and "teeth" — extends a long, deep channel; one called the "Grand," the other the "Quarantine," Harbor. These could, together, furnish anchorage to six hundred steamers, and are connected in the rear of Valetta by a deep moat three thousand feet in length and thirty in breadth, which makes the city virtually an island. Valetta, therefore, bears a slight resemblance to New York in form, although on a much smaller scale, being less than two miles long. Nevertheless, for purposes of

ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND HARBOR.

explanation, its lateral harbors may be said to correspond to the North and East rivers and St. Elmo to the Battery, while its main thoroughfare, the Strada Reale, extending through the centre of the town, is the Maltese Broadway. In other respects, however, Valetta is entirely unlike the American metropolis, since it is situated on a promontory, with sides so steep that one ascends to it from either of the harbors by long flights of steps. Perhaps the best idea of its ground plan may be gained

by likening it to the skeleton of a whale, of which the spinal column is represented by the Strada Reale; while the side streets, which curve abruptly to the water on the east and west, may be compared roughly to the monster's ribs. It can be well imagined, therefore, that Valetta, seated on this terraced height, and girdled by the triple belt of animated harbors, massive fortresses, and glittering sea, is wonderfully picturesque.

The impression of its power is also omnipresent. When I

THE GRAND HARBOR.

had disembarked upon the great stone staircase of the landing pier, and looked above me at the tiers of battlements which flank Valetta like immense retaining walls, and then beheld, across the harbor, the numerous forts, so skillfully constructed and strategically planned, I felt as if I were a fly crawling upon a target, at which so many batteries were aimed that, if by any chance their gunners should "let slip the dogs of war," I should be blown to atoms in an instant. Nor is Valetta defended

THE LANDING STAGE.

merely on the water side.

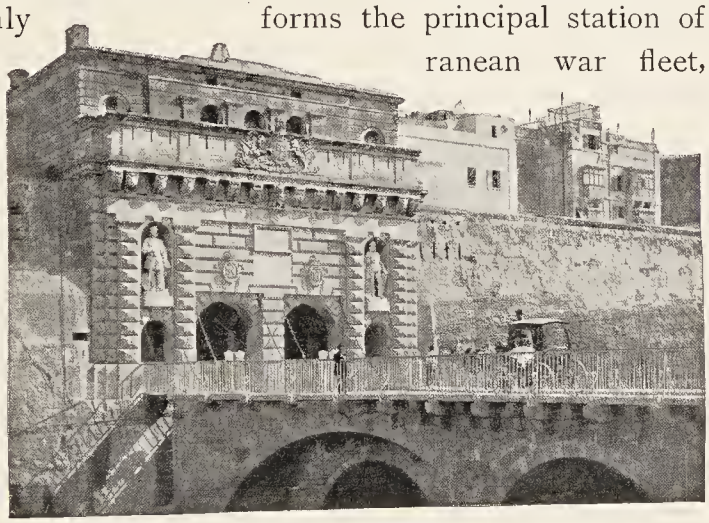
When the great drawbridge, spanning the moat in the rear of the city, is raised, the isolation of Valetta is complete; but even beyond this trench, in the adjoining suburb, Floriana, one finds an intricate network of fortified ditches, walls, and parapets, the greater part of which have been hewn out of solid rock; while to prevent a paucity of provisions, in case of siege, immense stone caverns have been excavated to be used as granaries. These subterranean storehouses can be hermetically sealed, and it is claimed that grain can be preserved in them without the slightest injury for years. Even in times of peace

VALETTA, FROM THE GRAND HARBOR.

ON ONE SIDE OF VALETTA.

THE GRANARIES AT FLORIANA.

a certain quantity of food is always kept in them, for Malta is prepared for all emergencies. It is not strange, however, that these precautions are adopted, and that the island has defenses of prodigious strength. Napoleon, who once possessed it, rightly called it the Key of the Mediterranean; and a remark ascribed to him is often quoted, to the effect that if he conquered England, he would make his residence here, controlling Europe with one hand, and India with the other. Great Britain, which has held it now for more than a century, maintains a garrison here of rarely less than eight thousand men; for this not only forms the principal station of her Mediterranean war fleet, but is a halfway halting-place between Gibraltar and Port Said, an ever watchful guardian of the route to India, and one of the



THE GATE TO FLORIANA.

CUSTOM HOUSE, VALETTA.

most essential links in England's chain of fortifications round the globe.

Yet Malta has a more than military value. One is too apt to think of it as useful only to the British government and of comparatively little interest to the outside world. It has, however, a commerce not to be ignored. The imports of Valetta average more than one hundred million dollars annually, and even its exports seldom fall below the same amount. To mention but one item, more than half a million tons of coal are yearly brought to this great coaling station; and in addition to occasional war-ships, about a dozen steamers enter or leave the parallel harbors of Valetta daily.

Valetta is not old, as European cities go. In fact, it owes its origin, as well as name, to John de la Valette, the fortieth Grand Master of the Knights of St. John and hero of the siege of Malta in 1565. Accordingly it is, par excellence, the capital of the Knights of Malta, built o'er their bones and consecrated by their blood. As such, it would be quite incomprehensible without some previous knowledge of those famous Chevaliers

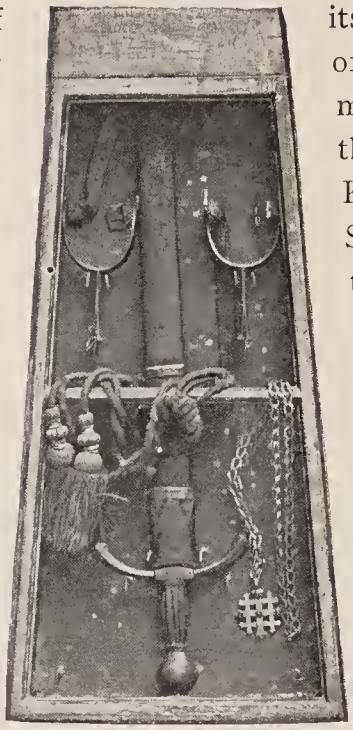
of the Cross; and, if the tourist be wise, he will refresh his memory on the subject ere he disembarks, as one would read the argument of a libretto before the curtain rises on the opera.

The Maltese Islands have had many masters. The waves of conquest, which have often swept between the shores of Syria and Spain, have never failed to break against these isolated rocks, and hold them temporarily as their own. Their earliest colonists were Phenicians (where, indeed, do we *not* find traces of those daring merchant-

GATE OF THE BOMBS.

navigators?) and it is thought that fifteen centuries before the Christian era they had established here a government which lasted seven hundred years. Then came the Greeks, who called the largest of the islands, Mélita; and after them a long array of Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Spaniards, French, and English, the records of whose sovereignties follow one another on these headlands like the writings of a palimpsest. But in the whole long list of Malta's monarchies, none ever raised it to so great a height of splendor and renown, or left such

grand memorials of its magnificence, as the illustrious Order of mediæval chivalry which for a little more than two and a half centuries ruled these islands under the title of the Knights of Malta, or the Knights of St. John.



SWORD AND SPURS OF GODFREY DE BOUILLON. IN CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

The origin of this brotherhood was humble, peaceful, and self-sacrificing; for, early in the eleventh century, it started in Jerusalem as a society of guardians and nurses for sick and needy pilgrims to the Tomb of Christ, its members taking the most solemn vows of poverty, fraternity, and chastity. It was established as an Order in 1048, and after the conquest of the holy city by Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099, it was remodeled on a military basis, and soon developed into a brotherhood of warrior-monks, who, while still pledged to be "hospitalers" in the strict sense of the term, formed such a branch of the church militant as the world had never seen. There was good reason at the outset for this transformation. The brothers found it necessary to defend their hospital and chapel from their Moslem foes, and to protect the pilgrims who now came to

RUINS OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN.

Palestine in constantly increasing numbers, and needed an armed escort to such holy places as the Jordan, Bethlehem, and Hebron. Hence, in that age of chivalry and the crusades, a combination of the saint and soldier was soon made, the meekness of the one being quickly superseded by the militancy of the other.

The subsequent history of these Knights forms one of the most romantic pages in the annals of the last millennium. Driven, in the twelfth century, from their original quarters in Jerusalem, the interesting ruins of which may still be seen, they were, in 1191, established by Richard the Lion-hearted in the redoubtable Syrian stronghold, St. Jean d'Acre, which, six hundred years later, was to prove an insurmountable barrier to the progress of Napoleon. Here they remained for nearly a century. Expelled at length entirely from Syria by the Mohammedans, they sailed to the neighboring island of Cyprus, which Richard Cœur de Lion had taken from the Saracens, and which they made their home for twenty years. In 1310, however, after a long and memorable struggle, they gained possession of the beautiful and fertile island of Rhodes, just off the coast of Asia Minor, and there intrenched themselves

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED IN COMBAT WITH SALADIN

so strongly that they retained it for two centuries despite the repeated efforts of Sultans to dislodge them. At last, however, in 1522, Solyman the Magnificent, eager to do what even the famous conqueror of Constantinople, Mohammed II., had failed to accomplish, besieged this sea-girt fortress with such an overwhelming force of Turks, that after an heroic resistance of six months, the leader of the brotherhood, L'Isle d'Adam, and his garrison of seven hundred Knights and six thousand men-at-arms, were compelled to capitulate, and, two weeks later, to

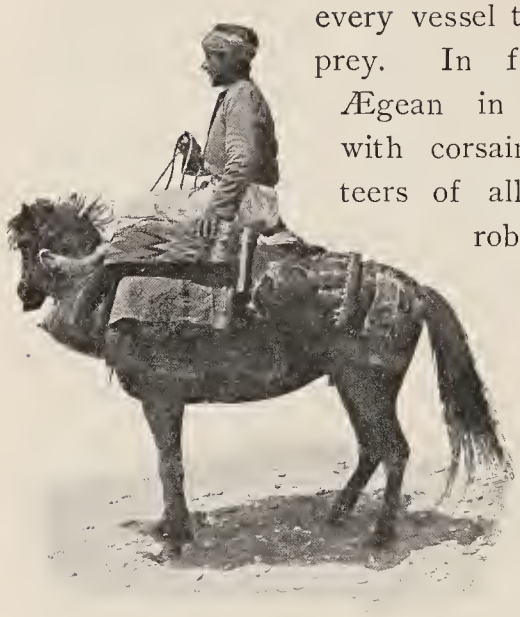
THE ISLAND OF RHODES.

depart forever from the "Island of Roses," which for so long a time had been their home.

Nevertheless, in spite of this misfortune, the prestige of the soldier-monks was scarcely dimmed, so nobly had their valor been displayed in fighting to the last against such overpowering odds. The emperor, Charles V., was especially impressed by their superb defense. "There has been nothing in the world so well lost as Rhodes," he exclaimed enthusiastically. Nor did his admiration limit itself to words; for, not long after, in a royal grant that any one may see to-day in the old armory at Malta, he gave to the Fraternity for its perpetual use and

BATTLE OF ASCALON.

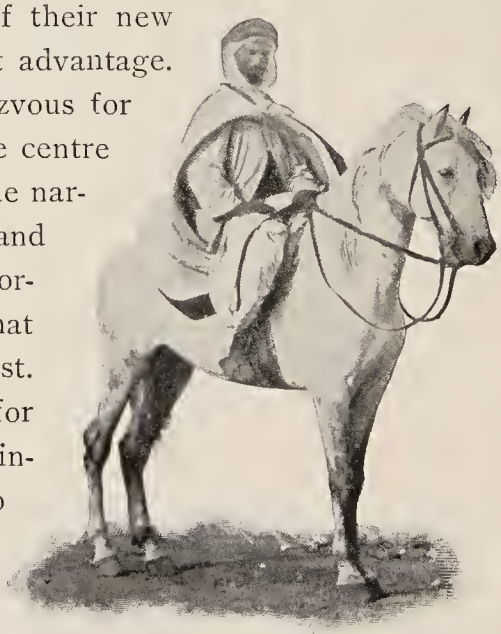
sovereignty the Maltese Islands, which formed part of his possessions. The phrase "perpetual use and sovereignty" means sometimes very little, as the world's records plainly show; but the Knights' ownership of Malta lasted from 1530 till the arrival of Bonaparte in 1798, a period of two hundred and sixty-eight years. This is considered the Golden Age of Maltese history. It was, however, largely one of warfare. The Knights had now become the most aggressive warriors in the Levant, their charitable and religious characteristics being much less prominent than their military prowess. The Turks were naturally the especial objects of their onslaughts; but they waged war, too, more or less openly, against the Greeks, who had incurred their wrath by secretly opposing the crusaders, and who, moreover, were themselves a race of pirates, plundering



SYRIAN MULETEER, NEAR ACRE.

every vessel they encountered as legitimate prey. In fact, the Mediterranean and Ægean in those days fairly swarmed with corsairs of all creeds and privateers of all complexions. Of these sea robbers, two, the Turks and Algerines, were to a certain extent united by the same religious faith, and usually helped each other in harassing their common enemy, the Knights. The latter strove, on their side, to surpass them in every bold and desperate deed that pirates can perform, and thus, year after year, and generation after generation, these sanguinary champions of the Cross and Crescent contended for supremacy and spoils, claiming religious zeal as their chief motive, but actuated largely by a lust for booty and revenge.

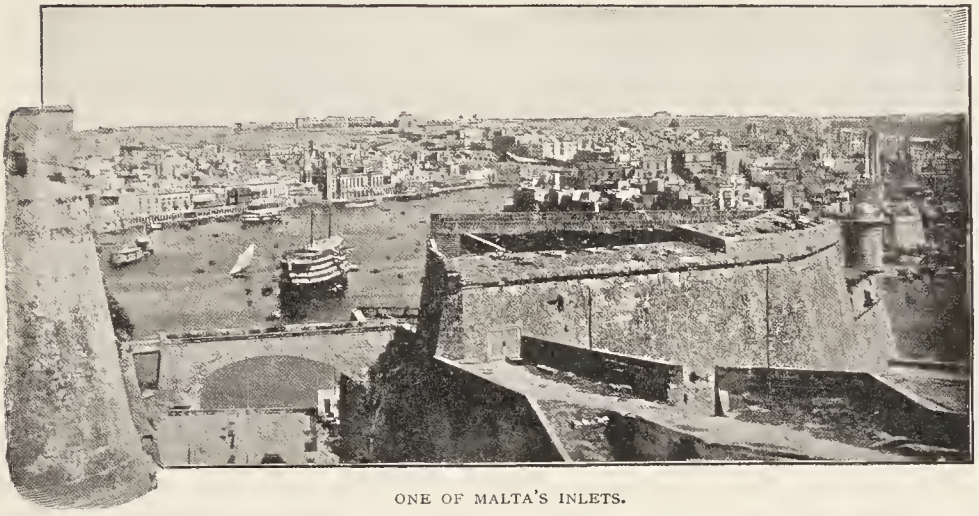
For such a life the situation of their new home gave the Knights a great advantage. Malta is almost an ideal rendezvous for corsairs. Lying not only in the centre of the inland sea, but also in the narrow roadstead between Italy and Africa, its owners have an opportunity to intercept all ships that pass between the East and West. Its coast is also well adapted for such enterprises. Numerous inlets run like slender fingers into the interior, as if to hide away the articles secured upon the



A MOSLEM WARRIOR.

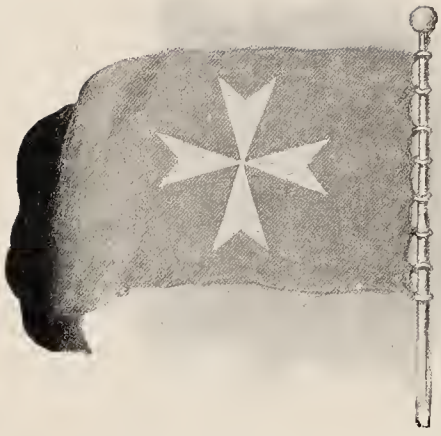
main. Many small coves lie open to the sea, like empty purses waiting to be filled with gold. Scores of deep caverns also, fashioned by the waves, seem specially designed to serve as hiding-places for belligerent galleys, or secret storehouses for plunder.

The physical geography of a country determines to some extent its morals. The people of a maritime region are naturally neither better nor worse than those who dwell in the interior of a continent. Each portion of the planet has its own temptations, due to its environment; and opportunity is always



ONE OF MALTA'S INLETS.

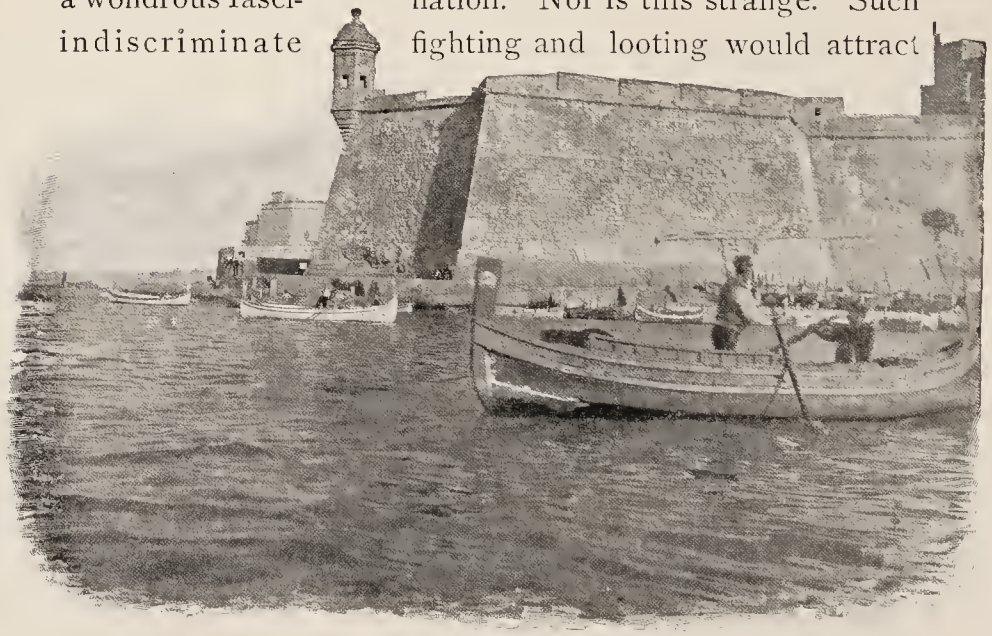
the best test of virtue. Moreover, it must be remembered that at that time hostilities of any kind against the followers of Mohammed were deemed by Christians not only justifiable, but a pious duty. In fact, the solemn vows of the Fraternity obliged it to wage ceaseless war against the "infidels." For all these reasons, therefore, the predatory monks of Malta were tireless in their attacks on Turkish territory and treasure. They pillaged unprotected villages along the Moslem coasts, seizing and selling into slavery, without the least compunction, men, women, and children by the hundreds, or else condemning them to the most horrible of lives, — whose one redeeming feature was



DIEU LE VEUT!

its brevity, — that of chained oarsmen in their galleys. By these means, and by capturing Turkish vessels and exacting ransoms, the increase of their wealth and power was equaled only by the progress of their fame. Their chosen banner, with its white, eight-pointed "Maltese" cross, and their far-resounding war cry "*Dieu le veut*," became renowned throughout the world.

Their ruler, who was elected by the Knights from their own ranks for life, had absolute authority, and ranked in state assemblies next to royalty itself. His title was "Grand Master," and every Christian country had "commanderies," whose duty was to furnish the Fraternity with funds and fighting men. This was not difficult. The more successful were the Order's expeditions, the more it was endowed by pious peers and princes; and when its ranks became depleted, the vacant places were soon filled by volunteers from Europe, for whom the stories of the brothers' reckless conquests, splendid spoils, and island paradise possessed a wondrous fascination. Nor is this strange. Such indiscriminate fighting and looting would attract



AN ANCIENT WATCH-TOWER.

thousands even now. On one occasion, for example, these Chevaliers of St. John captured the Moslem city of Mondon, from which they brought away eight hundred Turkish girls and women, many of whom they sold as slaves, while others they retained as their own property. Some of these female captives were extremely beautiful, and one of them presently gave birth to a boy to whom his Christian father gave the name of Scipio. Far from being reconciled, however, to her new surroundings, the mother of this lad, when he had grown to manhood, made

ONE OF THE OLD FORTS.

him take a solemn vow to avenge her wrongs. Accordingly, he made his escape from Malta, went to Constantinople, and enlisted in the army of the Sultan. So bitter was his hatred toward the Knights who had enslaved his mother, and so energetically did he express that hatred in heroic deeds, that in a few years he became the leader of the Turkish forces, and proved himself a dangerous and destructive foe. His battle-cry, when contending with the Christians, was, "Remember Mondon!"

From this it will be seen that, in the life now led by them, the Knights' original vows of poverty and chastity were utterly

ignored: and their career, when they were not actually engaged in war, was one of profligacy, luxury, and debauchery. Nevertheless, when all that should be said in condemnation of their lust and lawlessness has been conceded, it must be acknowleged that they formed for centuries a mighty bulwark against the encroachments of the Moslems, who had but lately been expelled from Spain, had overrun southwestern Europe, and twice appeared before the battlements of Vienna. Hence, to these men of questionable morals but unquestioned courage, Christendom owes a debt that should not be forgotten.

On settling in Malta, the Knights well knew that it would not be long before the Turks,

A STRATEGIC POINT.

against whom they still waged incessant war, would try to force them out of their new home, as they had driven them successively from Jerusalem, Acre, and the "Garden of the Levant." Accordingly, they at once began here the elaborate fortifications which still excite the wonder of the world. These were, however, far from complete when, in May, 1565, the Turks appeared upon the scene, and ushered in the famous four months' siege of Malta, which in respect to courage, hand-to-hand combats,

loss of life and desperate endurance will always rank among the most remarkable events in military history. Only the salient points of this great conflict can be mentioned here. If thoroughly described, the story would require a volume. John de la Valette, for whom, as has been said, the present Maltese capital was subsequently built and named, was then Grand Master. Though seventy years of age, he was a splendid specimen of a gallant soldier and experienced general, the idol of his troops, and the hero of a hundred battles. So vigorous was he in his virile threescore years and ten, that he often fought in the front ranks with his men, wielding

FORT MANOEL, VALETTA.

his battle-ax with an effect as deadly as that produced by any of his followers. The numbers of the combatants were unequal. La Valette had at his disposal only about nine thousand fighting men, seven hundred of whom were members of the Order. The Turks, commanded by the veteran, Mustapha, numbered forty thousand. In skill and courage, too, the Moslems certainly were not inferior to their opponents; for it must be remembered that the Christians fought in this case from behind strong fortifications, and were protected by their suits of armor, while the Mohammedans sprang to the assault with only turbans for their helmets, and, for their corselets, loosely folded robes. Under these circumstances the very numbers of the invaders often placed them at a disadvantage,

since in the serried ranks of those who rushed *en masse* into the breach, the battle-axes made appalling gaps, encountering only flesh and blood; while the Turks' spears and swords struck harmlessly against steel casques and coats of mail.

The first and principal point of attack in this momentous siege was Fort St. Elmo, which then, as now, stood at the entrance of the harbor. This was for four weeks stormed by the Moslems, regularly every day, in desperate, hand-to-hand assaults, after a fierce artillery fire which would have certainly destroyed it, had it not been to a great extent composed of the solid rock of the hillside. The garrison of this stronghold was isolated from the rest of the Christian forces, and finally, through the losses which it steadily experienced, was reduced to sixty men. An expert swimmer thereupon managed to elude the Turks, and report the desperate condi-

FORT ST. ELMO.

FORT LASCARIS.

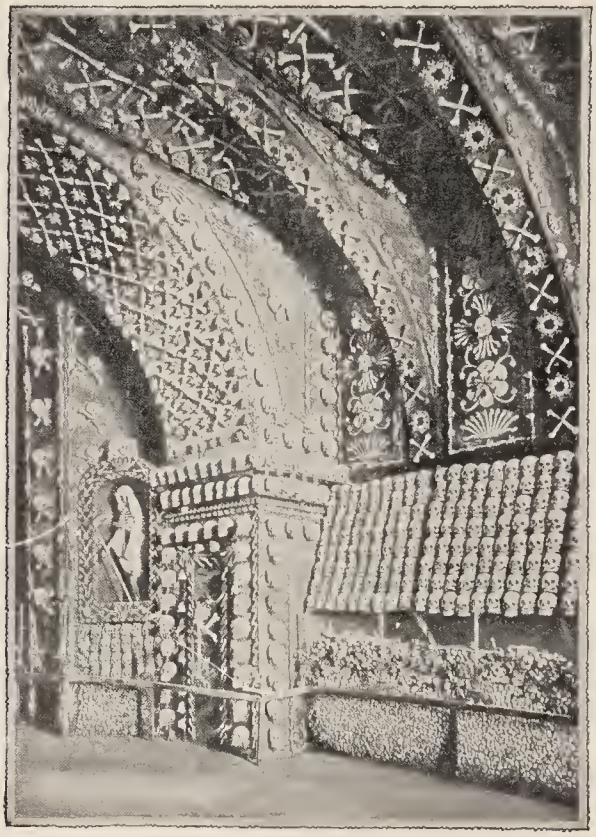
WHERE KNIGHTS AND MOSLEMS FOUGHT.

tion of affairs to La Valette. The Grand Master responded by immediately dispatching boats to their assistance, but it was utterly impossible for them to break through the cordon of the enemy, and rescue the exhausted heroes. The latter, therefore, recognizing the fact that they could not escape, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. First, they repaired to the little chapel of the fortress, and there partook of the sacrament. Then they went forth to die. No one held back. Even those, who from wounds or sickness were too weak to stand, were placed in chairs upon the walls, their faces toward the foe. Thus for four hours they kept the Turks at bay. At last, however, the irresistible numbers of the enemy prevailed; and, mounting over the parapet like a tidal wave, completely swept the brave defenders out of existence. Then Mustapha caused the heads of the heroic Knights to be exhibited to their fellow-Christians on the ends of poles, and their bodies, with the figure of the cross gashed rudely on their breasts, to be attached to planks, and thrown into the

JOHN DE LA VALETTE.

harbor. Infuriated by these deeds, the Knights in the other fortresses retaliated by firing from their mortars the gory heads of Turkish prisoners.

Nevertheless, although St. Elmo had thus fallen, Malta itself was far from being subdued. "If the child has been purchased at so terrible a price," exclaimed the Turkish commander, "what will the parent cost us?" For, in fact, in the siege of St. Elmo alone the Turks had lost eight thousand men, while of the Christians only fifteen hundred had been slain, one hundred and thirty of whom were members of the Order. The story of the conflicts which thenceforth occurred is one of the most exciting ever chronicled. Each day gave rise to some new tragedy. Now it would be a poisoned water supply, whereby eight hundred Moslems died in agony, or a terrific struggle between Mohammedan and Christian swimmers; the former, armed with axes, trying to cut the chain stretched by the Knights across the upper harbor, the latter defending it with daggers — a strange amphibian combat, as of sea monsters, the water meantime being dyed with blood. Or now all eyes would turn with mingled horror



THE TROPHIES OF DEATH, VALETTA.

and excitement to where the Turks were making one of their assaults with scaling ladders; while, to repel them, the defenders pushed off from the parapets enormous sharp-edged stones, which struck the assailants struggling to ascend, and crushed them to the earth, bruised, bleeding, often killed outright. Still worse than this was the effect produced by pouring on the climbing Moslems boiling pitch, which caused excruciating agony in those on whom it fell; while yet another hideous device for beating back the foe was casting down upon them iron hoops, which had been previously wrapped in cotton soaked in oil and sprinkled with gunpowder, and were ignited at the moment of their fall. These were thrown down in such a way as to enclose two or three men together in a blazing belt, which, ere it could be thrown off or extinguished, often burned them fatally. Such were the fearful scenes continually enacted during this memorable struggle.

THE VICTORIA GATE.

As tidings of the siege reached Europe, all Christendom became intensely interested in the issue, and prayers were offered in the churches everywhere for the deliverance of Malta. So great, however, was the discord in the "Concert of Nations" that it was only in the month of September that a small relieving force of Europeans reached the islands. Yet,

A FESTIVAL IN VALETTA.

though the long delay of its arrival had almost proved fatal to the enterprise, its coming really turned the scale, and caused the Turks, already weary and disheartened, to retreat precipitately to their ships and sail away. They were a miserable company of barely fifteen thousand, out of the forty thousand men who had originally left the Sultan's capital to subdue the Knights. Of the nine thousand Christian combatants who had seen the opening of the conflict, only six hundred stood unwounded at its close.

Valetta is vivacious. Despite much poverty, it shows more smiles than tears. On Maltese faces seems to shine a bright reflection of the omnipresent sea, which in this clime is rarely sad; but, on the contrary, as if rejoicing to possess these islands, which it holds so lovingly upon its breast, forever sparkles in the sunlight, dimples with the breeze, laughs with the rippling surf, or shouts among the breakers romping on the shore.

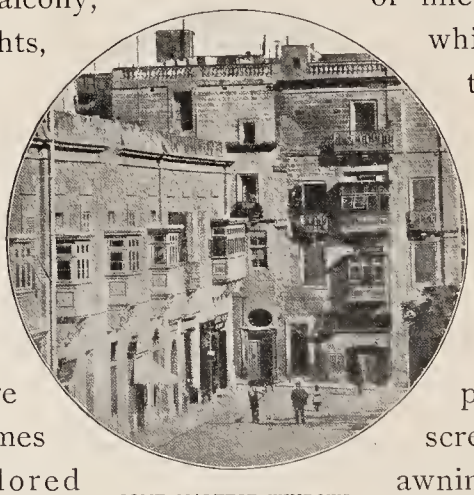
IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Malta has been called arid, but fifty fountains make Valetta musical, and quench its thirst. Moreover, in the springtime, it might well be named the home of Flora. Then all the second stories of its yellow houses are ablaze with color. Pinks, tulips, pansies, violets, and roses decorate the balconies, as if the latter were proscenium boxes at a floral carnival. Have you a button-hole bouquet? If not, you will be out of fashion. Patronize, therefore, at the first street corner one of the gaily tinted kiosques, whose pretty tenants offer flowers and fruits, as well as newspapers. I found it best to buy a boutonnière at once, when starting for a morning stroll, since it was never more than half an hour before my coat was thus adorned. I could not go a block from the hotel before a Maltese flower girl would beg me not to pass her by; and even if I steeled my heart against the first six suppliants, I would surrender to the seventh, perhaps too hypnotized by her appealing eyes to count my change.

The Strada Reale is a street of surprises. I envy one's sensations who first confronts its picturesque perspective. In the mere matter of light and shade it gave me an impression

THE STRADA REALE.

I had never elsewhere gained. The street runs very nearly north and south, and is at regular intervals intersected by side thoroughfares, through which the rising or declining sun pours parallel streams of yellow splendor. Hence, as I looked along this royal highway, it seemed to be divided into sections by a series of transparent curtains, whose solar tissues were so fine that they hid nothing back of them, but stretched across the street like screens of volatilized gold. So rich and varied is the architecture of the Strada Reale that, even after several tours of inspection, I never failed to find there some historic portal, graceful balcony, or fine armorial bearing of the Knights, which had till then escaped my notice. The color of the buildings is a delicate cream, which rims, in beautiful relief, the long and narrow roof of cloudless blue surmounting every street. Each house has one or more projecting balconies, sometimes screened temporarily by a colored awning, as in Spain; sometimes enclosed and pierced with windows, the blinds of which are usually left slightly open, reminding me of Spanish *jalousies*, or still more of the Cairene *mushrebiyehs*, behind which one is always fancying that bright eyes flash and jewels gleam. These houses, too, resemble those of the Orient in having flat roofs, paved with stone or concrete and enclosed with parapets. On these the Maltese families like to sit in summer, to enjoy the evening breeze.



SOME MALTESE WINDOWS.

Malta is massive. Not only are its fortifications of stupendous strength, but even its dwellings are of solid stone, which, being soft when quarried, can be chiseled into graceful forms that with exposure grow as hard as marble. As little wood as

possible is used in the construction of these houses, both within and without, not merely because masonry is fireproof and far more durable, but because wood is actually dearer here than stone. To the scarcity of the former material, also, is due the fact that coal and charcoal are universally used by the islanders for cooking. The ground floor of most of the edifices of Valetta is occupied by shops, which, in the Strada Reale especially, present an irresistible display of fancy goods, — fine filigree work in

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

gold and silver, jewelry, silks, and, above all, elaborate specimens of Maltese lace, which has been famous for five hundred years.

The side streets of Valetta, leading from the Strada Reale eastward and westward to the water's edge, although less rich and brilliant, are still more picturesque and curious than the central thoroughfare. They are impassable for vehicles, being literally staircases, whose broad stone steps are of necessity reserved for foot-passengers. Yet flocks of goats perambulate

STREET OF SANTA LUCIA

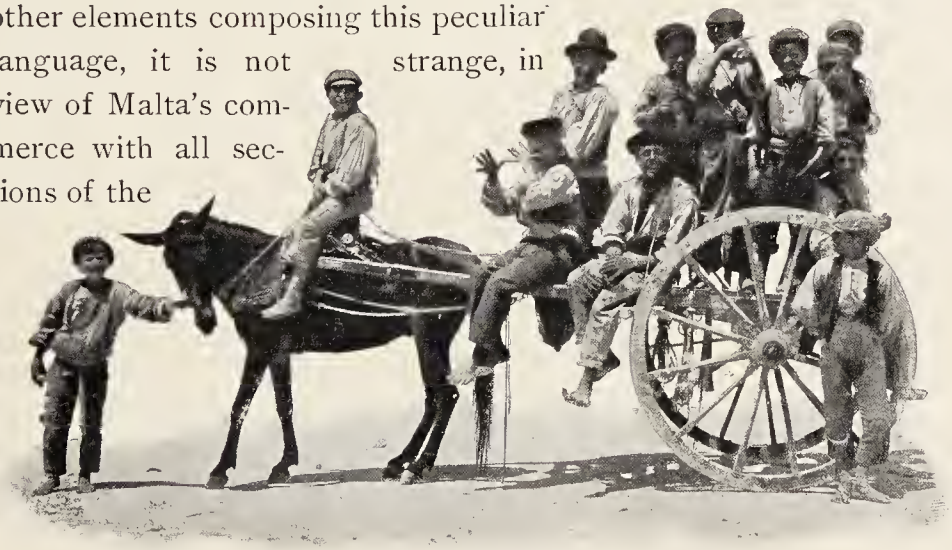
them, as they do the streets of Naples, their drivers milking them before the doorways with astonishing dexterity, while servant girls of the mansions nonchalantly wait until their cans or bowls are filled. All kinds of trades go on here in the open air, and in the space of half a block you may behold a barber lathering a dusky face, a cobbler soling shoes, a tailor mending clothes, and an old scrivener writing letters for illiterate lovers,—their shops the street, their roof the sky, their only luxury the shade. Valetta, therefore, does not lack variety. Upon its streets of stairs, along the wharves, and in the market-place mingles a motley crowd of Arabs, Negroes, Greeks, Italians, and Maltese, whose dark complexions are enlivened by a liberal sprinkling of blond Britons and the scarlet uniforms of English soldiers.

FRESH MILK IN VALETTA

One hears of course a babel of strange tongues. All ports are polyglot, but to my mind Valetta

holds the palm for number and variety of idioms. The Maltese dragon seems to speak all dialects. Within its mouth all languages of the Levant are mixed like metals in a crucible. The basic speech of Malta is "Maltese," which is by some considered an offspring of the old Phenician, by others a patois of the Arabic. Undoubtedly it is derived from both, and many of its sentences are ineffaceable signs of Syrian and Saracenic rule; for though we speak of "winged words," they frequently outlive the mightiest monuments, and are among the surest indications of the origin and history of races long since passed away. As for the other elements composing this peculiar language, it is not strange, in view of Malta's commerce with all sections of the

STREET OF SAN GIOVANNI.



A MALTESE GROUP.

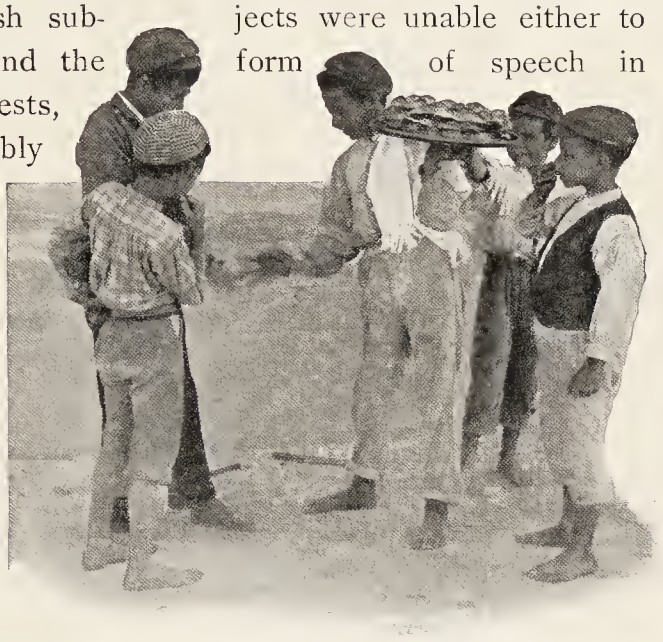
Mediterranean littoral, and her proximity to Sicily, that the vernacular of her inhabitants should have absorbed a multitude of Levantine and Italian words, which make of it a curious conglomerate. It is, in fact, such a singular medley of oriental and occidental sounds, that it cannot be expressed by the Roman alphabet alone, but must use Arabic characters as well. Hence, it is neither read nor written, and Maltese children must learn English or Italian in order to obtain

A POLYGLOT PORT, VALETTA.

from books the slightest information. This is indeed a remarkable state of things to find existing in an English colony, almost within sight of Europe, and it undoubtedly accounts to a great extent for the deplorable ignorance of the immense majority of the common people, who speak nothing but Maltese. The education of the higher classes is, however, of necessity trilingual, for English is the language of the government, and the linguistic medium of the law courts has for centuries been Italian. The latter fact

PORTA MARSAMUSCETTO.

has often been a serious detriment to foreigners, and even to residents unfamiliar with Italian, since in all trials judges pronounce sentences, lawyers cross-examine, and witnesses give testimony, solely in the tongue of Dante, or else must trust entirely to the honesty and accuracy of interpreters. So many cases of injustice have resulted from this system, especially where British subjects were unable either to speak or understand the form of speech in which their interests, honor, and possibly even their lives, were at stake, that the government has just decided that henceforth English shall be used officially in the courts as well as Italian, and that from 1915 on the latter shall be superseded, and English employed exclusively.



THE MALTESE OF THE FUTURE.

Unfortunately, poverty in Malta goes hand in hand with her twin sister, ignorance. The Maltese are prolific, and the islands are already overpopulated. The census of 1892 placed the number of inhabitants at about one hundred and sixty-seven thousand, and the yearly increase averages eleven hundred. This rapid growth of population on a very limited area will soon present a serious problem for political economists. That thousands are already pinched with penury is only too apparent to any one who ascends the stairways of Valetta; for beggars swarm on these "Starvation Steps," as they are called, to take him at a disadvantage as he climbs. Maltese mendicants are,

however, easily satisfied, and thankfully receive one of the tiniest coins in the world, known as a "grain," and worth one tenth of a penny. The only consolation that the sympathetic traveler finds in looking on these wretched paupers is the fact that in this genial climate, where frost and snow are quite unknown, suffering from cold is rare. What makes the misery of the poor in northern lands so terrible is that a lack of warmth is added to an insufficiency of clothing and the pangs of hunger. Nevertheless, as I have said, the dominant note of

CITTÀ VECCHIA, MALTA.

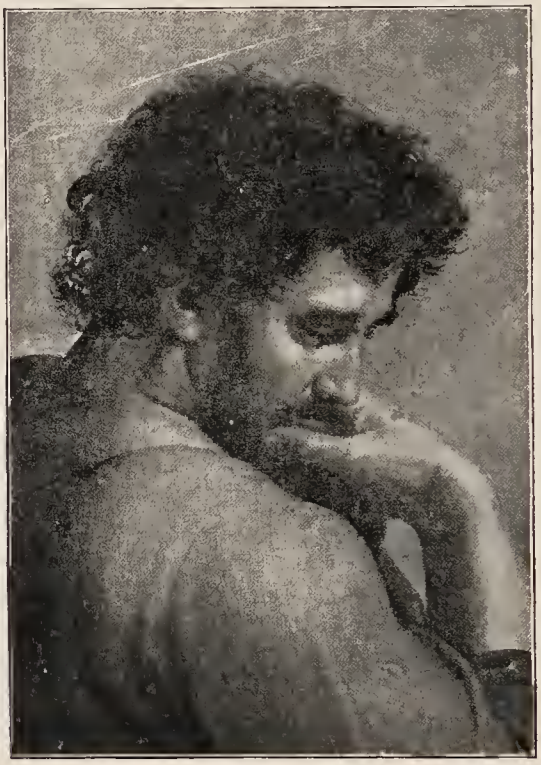
Malta is not melancholy, but mirth. These children of the sun are seldom sad, because their wants are few, and they have time to interest themselves in every incident, however trivial, thoughtless as schoolboys who have never known a care. Many are said to maintain life on a daily diet of one or two raw onions and a bit of bread, their beds at night being the pavement of the sloping streets, their pillows the stone steps, their only residence the "Grand Hotel of the Stars."

Malta's chief source of interest is Valetta, but this is rela-

tively modern. To go behind the dazzling curtain which the Knights of St. John drew between their own age and the ancient history of Malta, one must journey six miles inland to its former capital, Città Vecchia. Not that this has a thousandth part of the vivacity and novelty of Valetta. On the contrary, except for the presence of its sumptuous Cathedral of St. Paul, the old Maltese metropolis seems moribund. Yet who can wonder that it is decrepit? Its dark, disintegrating walls date from an age compared to which Valetta's birthday is but yesterday. It is believed by all to have been founded seven centuries before the Christian era, and there are those who trace its origin to an antiquity still more remote. Its inland situation on a rocky height was doubtless chosen for security. In Cicero's time it was already famous for its cotton fabrics, which he mentions, calling the city also "Mélita," from which the present name of the island is derived. For more than two thousand years this was in turn the capital of all the different sovereignties which ruled the island until the building of Valetta by the Knights. Hence, on account of its associations, as well as for the noble view of land and sea which it commands, I was abundantly repaid for visiting its quaint and narrow streets. But memories and mendicants were my sole companions. The pavements echoed to my footsteps. I do not know an inhabited city in the world whose ancient glory

A VALETTA CAB.

has so thoroughly vanished. I had a feeling that the place was haunted. Silence has here succeeded sound, and spirit substance. Its grandeur, once material, is now only ghostly. We feel its presence, but we cannot see it. Its old intrinsic fire is gone, and turning its face sadly toward its brilliant past it now shines only by reflected light. Pathetic efforts have been made occasionally to revivify it, but in vain. Exceptional privileges have been offered to its citizens, in the hope of inducing people to reside here, but the islanders generally avoid it as if it were a tomb. It follows, after all, the law of life. The younger city by the sea has steadily supplanted it, absorbing all its vigor and vitality, and finally, leaving it seated solitary on the hillside, like a withered crone, peering through bleared eyes at her pretty grandchild playing on the shore.



Raphael.

HEAD OF ST. PAUL.

Two famous men are said to have been shipwrecked on the coast of Malta, — Ulysses and St. Paul. The "Odyssey" tell us of the one, the Bible of the other. Poetry describes the Grecian hero as having been detained here by the nymph, Calypso, seven years. Scripture asserts that the Apostle to the Gentiles lived here for three months. Tradition adds that both resided here in grottoes; the first upon the island of Gozo, the second on Malta itself. The authenticity of Calypso's grotto is con-

"AND HE SHOOK OFF THE BEAST INTO THE FIRE AND FELT NO HARM."—Acts 28, 5.

tested, several caverns claiming to have been the siren's home. The grotto of St. Paul, however, has no rival, and of its genuineness Maltese natives entertain no doubt. Accordingly, they have built above it a chapel dedicated to St. Paul, and have erected in the centre of the cave his statue. Moreover, the stone of which this wave-worn crypt is formed is held to be an effective cure for snake bites — a belief originating doubtless in the Scriptural story of St. Paul, unharmed, shaking off into the fire the viper which had fastened on his hand. Hence fragments of the cavern's walls are sold to the natives, who credulously cherish them for their medicinal value. They cannot, however, need them as an antidote to the venom of serpents, for Malta now, like Ireland, has no vipers; and the Maltese attribute this immunity to the action of St. Paul, as confidently as the Irish gratefully ascribe a similar blessing to St. Patrick. What are the real facts underlying this rank overgrowth of popular tradition? Calypso and Ulysses belong to the roman-

ST. PAUL'S BAY.

tic epoch of mythology; and if the wanderings and adventures of the hero of the "Odyssey" had any actual basis of reality, we have to-day no means of knowing what it was. In the case of St. Paul, however, we have to deal with an historic period and a narrative nearer to us by about a thousand years. There can, indeed, be little ground for questioning the almost universal belief that in the fifty-eighth year of the Christian era, when on his way to Rome to plead his cause before the Emperor Nero, St. Paul was shipwrecked on this coast, as chronicled in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It is even probable that the exact scene of the catastrophe has been identified. Malta is small, and places corresponding to the spot depicted in the Biblical account are very few in number The "Bay of St. Paul" is, therefore, believed to be the genuine locality, and certainly no other inlet on the island so well agrees with the description of the "creek, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship." This little bay, a few miles northwest of Valetta, is an arm of the sea about three miles in length, having an island near the entrance which may be fairly said to make of it "a place where two seas met." Upon this island stands a colossal statue of St. Paul, and near it

NEAR CALYPSO'S GROTTO.

is the ledge of rocks on which, it is conjectured, the master of the vessel "ran the ship aground; and the forepart stuck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves." When I beheld this savage-looking reef, its crest was delicately carding the advancing swell of the Mediterranean into threads of sunlit spray; and I can well believe that, under the impulse of the strong north wind (the "Euroclydon" of Scripture) which often blows here, the waves must rush into this harbor with great violence, and break with fury on its rocks. I felt, therefore, no reasonable doubt that I was looking on the very spot where, nearly nineteen hundred years before, the sailors of the shipwrecked vessel, together with the soldiers, passengers, and St. Paul himself, "some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship, escaped all safe to land."

INTO THREADS OF SUNLIT SPRAY.

How the exact date of this occurrence was determined, I do not understand, but the 10th of February is the accepted day, and every year an imposing festival is then celebrated here in honor of the apostle's advent. The homage rendered to St. Paul is not, however, restricted to this one occasion. He is the spiritual patron of the people, and among all the prominent names associated with the history of Malta none holds a higher place

in the esteem and reverence of the inhabitants than his. In fact, at almost every turn one meets some proof of the regard in which his memory is held; for the cathedral of the ancient capital is called after him; his name has also been bestowed on several shrines and fountains, as well as on one of the most important thoroughfares of Valetta; and in the churches, streets, and squares, statues and pictures in great numbers recall his personality to passers by.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, VALETTA.

More numerous, however, than the souvenirs of saints, and more impressive even than the bolts and bars drawn by Great Britain round this island citadel, are the memorials here of Malta's warrior monks. We come upon them everywhere. The most imposing edifices are of their construction; and though they serve at present as the English government buildings, law courts, barracks, libraries, and clubs, such uses for these stately palaces seem anachronous, and we involuntarily associate them with the famous Order of the past, rather than with their actual occupants. It is impossible to mention, in the limits of a single lecture, all the splendid architectural monuments commemorative of the Knights at Malta, but to my mind the grandest and most typical relic of their glory is the church

which they erected to the honor of their patron, St. John the Baptist. Remembering Sir Walter Scott's avowal that he considered this the most magnificent church he had ever seen, I knew that I should find here a superbly decorated sanctuary; but the reality far surpassed my expectations. Its sumptuous ornamentation is easily explained.

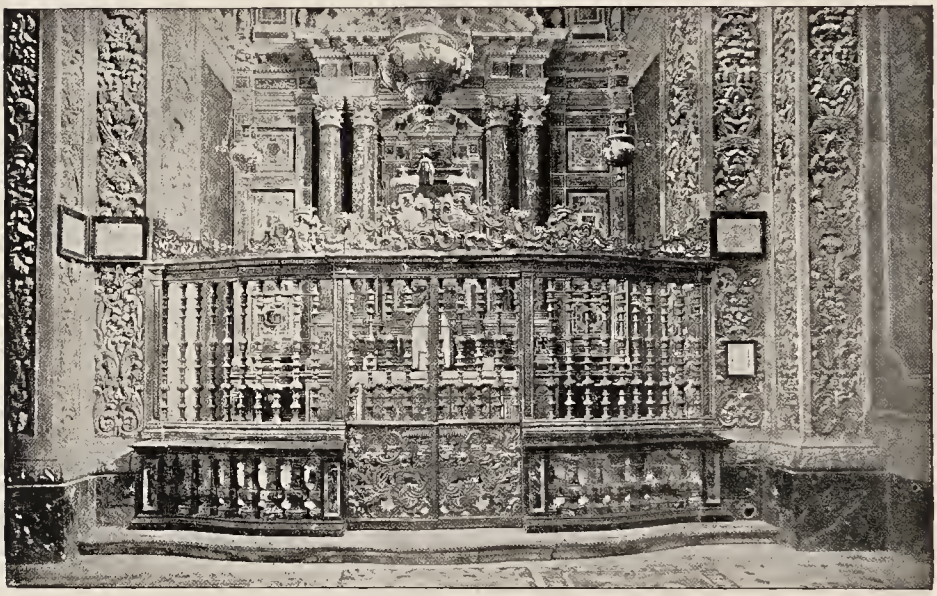
Caravaggio.

THE YOUTHFUL ST. JOHN.

The Chevaliers of St. John had all the fondness for display and carelessness of cost proverbially characteristic of the corsair, combined with chivalrous devotion to their church and creed. Accordingly, it was to them a matter of pride as well as piety to make their principal sacred edifice as rich and beautiful as possible. They certainly succeeded. To them this church was what St. Mark's had been to the Venetians — a treasury for Turkish trophies, a consecrated storehouse for the spoils brought back by them from conflicts upon sea and land. To add to its embellishment, or fill its coffers, was their chief ambition; and in accordance with the rules of the Fraternity, every Grand Master, when elected to his office, and every Knight, on being promoted to a higher rank, was bound to increase in some distinguished way its wealth or splendor.

Yet, as is often the case in the Orient, the exterior of this famous structure gives no suggestion of the gorgeousness within.

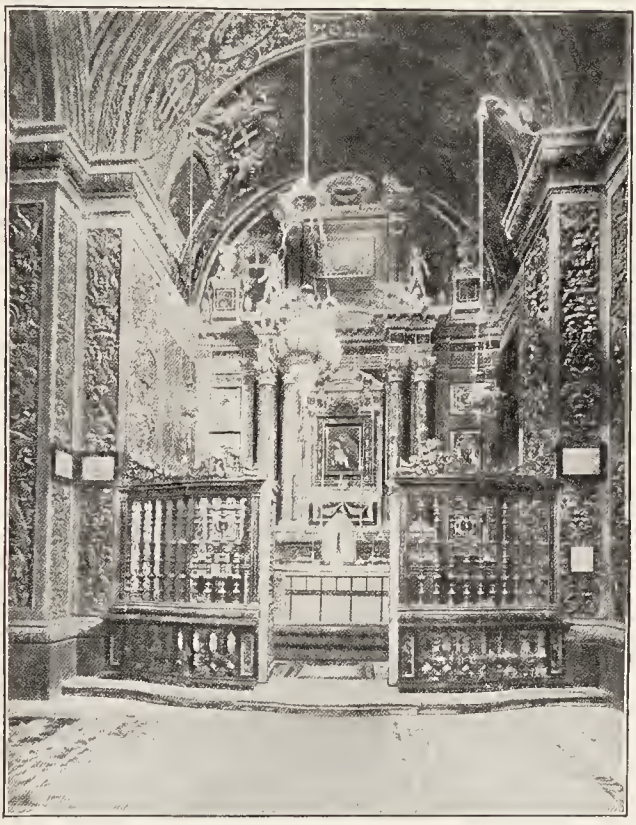
Despite the beautiful figure of the Prince of Peace above its portal, its massive walls resemble those of a fortress, and call to mind the facts that it was built in troublous times, and that the men who founded it were warriors, as well as worshipers. But when I had passed beyond the heavy curtain at the doorway, I felt as if I had stepped into a gigantic cavern lined with precious marbles and mosaics — a marvelous combination of minster, mausoleum, and art museum, presenting a bewildering



SILVER GATE IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

number of chapels, altars, paintings, statues, columns, shrines, and tapestries, as well as many imposing mortuary monuments. A full examination of its treasures seemed impossible. I halted at one end of the long nave, uncertain upon what I should fix my attention first. Before me stretched away a glittering plain of variegated marble, divided into more than four hundred rectangles, about six feet in length and three in breadth. At the first glance these looked to me like spaces for Mohammedan prayer rugs, such as I had seen marked on the floors of mosques in India. A moment's scrutiny, however, revealed the fact that

they were richly decorated coverings for tombs. In truth, this splendid nave is a long, stately avenue paved with multi-colored and emblazoned gravestones, fitted together like a beautiful mosaic, and worn continually smoother and more glistening by the worshipers who walk or kneel upon the sculptured titles and armorial bearings, now almost as unheeded as the men who cherished them. Beneath each finely carved and exquisitely tinted slab reposes some brave Knight, who, when instinct with life, achieved heroic deeds, and, with his comrades, was the cynosure of half the world. Where is to-day the vital force that animated all this crumbling dust three centuries ago, and made it clever, eloquent, and bold? Dwells it as spirit only in another world? Has it become incarnated in other shapes that walk the earth, unconscious of their past? Or is it working out a different destiny in budding flower, ardent flame, or tossing wave? The question, as I breathed it half involuntarily, stirred for a moment the dull, incense-laden air, and died away in silence. But the unanswered query haunted me persistently, as I walked on above the mailèd forms now resting,



CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF PHILERMOS IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

as they once fought, side by side, sharing the universal fate, yielding at last to a Grand Master mightier than them all.

Looking at length above me, I discovered that the ceiling of this church was as remarkable as its pavement. The curv-

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

ing roof of the main aisle is separated by moldings of gilded palm branches into seven zones, all radiant with brilliant colors, and peopled with a multitude of life-like forms. These large pictorial panels, which portray the most important scenes in the career of John the Baptist, span the broad nave like a suc-

cession of magnificent bridges, filled with animated life; while grouped around them is a kind of portrait framework of martyrs, saints, and knightly heroes, recalling prominent episodes and persons in the Order's history. Even if one had not already bared his head in reverence for the sanctuary, he would assuredly remove his hat in presence of this masterpiece. What is the secret of its wonderful impressiveness? A hundred connoisseurs may possibly explain, but who can equal it? The fact remains that, though the artist merely painted on the stone with oil colors, such were his skill and judgment of perspective that his figures seem to stand out from the roof, as if they had been sculptured there in bold relief. This could have been no easy task, for it commemorates the labor of a lifetime. Thirty-nine years of one man's patient toil were necessary to produce it; and, what is still more marvelous, it was a work of love. The Italian artist, Mattia Preti, refused pecuniary compensation for this masterpiece, content and proud to have created it; and when he died, a poor, but honored and beloved old man, the Order buried him among the Knights, whom he had served so faithfully, and under the resplendent roof which in his thoughts and love had almost rivaled Heaven.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, VALETTA.

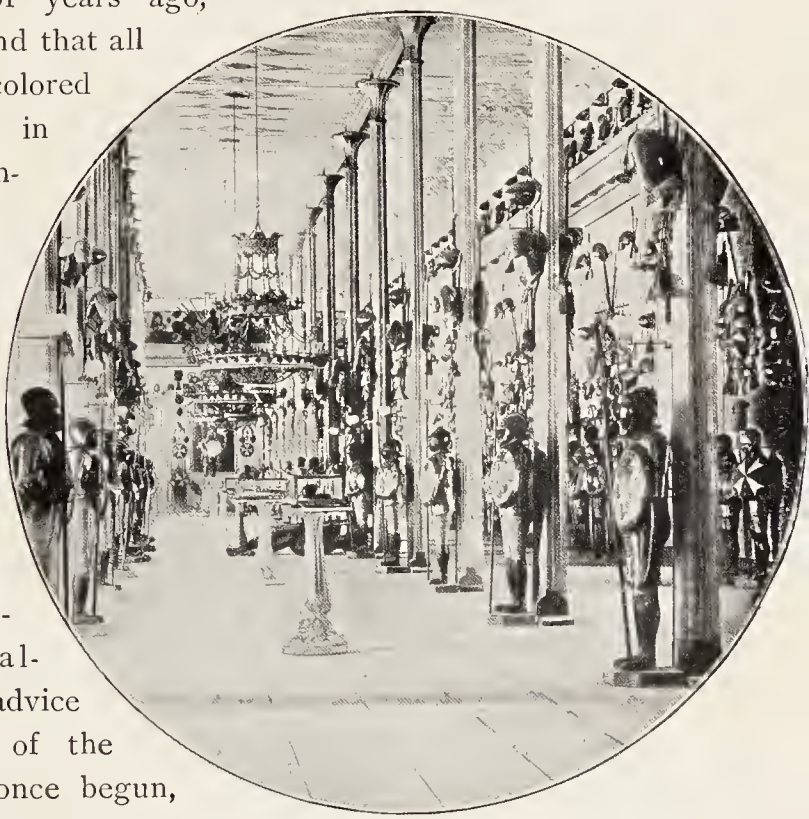
It is not only on the ceiling that we are here reminded of the saint whose name this temple bears. Behind the great high altar, which is rich with silver, gold, carved lapis-lazuli,

and precious marbles, hangs the famous painting by Caravaggio, portraying the beheading of the Baptist; and near it stands an admirable marble group, which represents the Baptism of Christ by St. John at the Jordan. Here, too, was formerly kept the relic most revered and valued by the Knights — the right hand of their patron, originally brought from Antioch, where John had been decapitated, to Constantinople, when that city had become the capital of the Eastern church. Many years later, when the Turks had gained possession of this relic, it was sent by the Sultan Bajazet to the Grand Master as a bribe to induce the latter to surrender to him his brother, who, as a rival claimant to the Turkish throne, had fled to Rhodes to seek assistance from the Christians. Although the prince was not surrendered by the Knights, the saint's hand was retained by them; and when they changed their residence to Malta, it was brought hither with the greatest care. Then for two centuries and a half it lay upon the altar of this church in a magnificent gauntlet of pure gold, adorned with costly gems, and in particular with a ring clasping a diamond of remarkable beauty. The diamond was confiscated by Napoleon; but the saintly relic was conveyed to St.

INTERIOR OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Petersburg and presented to the Tsar Paul I., who had been made the nominal Grand Master of the moribund Fraternity. There any tourist may see it in the Winter Palace of the Romanoffs beside the Neva.

One of the most renowned and sumptuous features of this church is its collection of tapestries, the gift of the Grand Master, Perellos, in 1701, and specially manufactured for the Order by the finest Flemish artists. A strange fatality has followed these rare pieces of embroidery. On their way out to Malta, they were captured by Mohammedan pirates; and for their ransom the munificent donor was compelled to pay exactly the same sum which they had cost him at Brussels; so that, instead of merely the original price of thirty thousand dollars, the actual amount expended for them was sixty thousand. Still worse than this, however, was the calamity that befell them less than a score of years ago, when it was found that all their lighter colored portions, woven in silk, were so completely ruined that they crumbled into powder at a touch. Such experts as the director of the Gobelins factory in France were immediately consulted; and, although by their advice the restoration of the fabrics was at once begun,



THE ARMORY OF THE KNIGHTS.

the repairs required seven years for their completion, and cost the government fifteen thousand dollars. Through fear of further damage therefore, these beautiful embroideries are now displayed to the public for only a few days once a year, the time selected for the exhibition being unfortunately in the month of June, when all the tourists have departed, and even most of the wealthy residents have left the island. Hence, as the law now stands, but few spectators have an opportunity of seeing these elaborate specimens of Flemish art, during their annual, brief exposure to the light of day.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE OLD SPANISH KNIGHTS.

Repeated visits must be made to this magnificent structure, if one would carry away from it any clear idea of its pictorial and plastic, as well as its architectural, embellishment. One walks astonished and bewildered from one chapel to another, each decorated differently according to the insignia of that section of the Order to which the shrine especially belonged, but all most lavishly adorned with beautiful mosaic pavements, marble columns, statues, paintings, and resplendent lamps. Moreover, all the doorways, pedestals, pilasters, and even great expanses of wall surface are wonderfully ornamented with finely sculptured scrolls, wreaths, flowers, cherubs, coats-of-arms, swords, trumpets, suits of armor, and all else that can

by any possibility reveal the pomp of war and pride of pedigree; while everywhere, from the exalted apex of the exterior to the dome of the sepulchral vault, we see displayed the cherished symbol of the Knights — the well-defined, eight-pointed cross. A flight of steps leads downward to the solemn crypt, where, in the place reserved for those whom the Fraternity desired to honor most in death, lie twelve of the Grand Masters. Among them are L'Isle d'Adam, who brought the Order hither, and La Valette, the hero of the siege. The latter rests beneath a grand sarcophagus of bronze, surmounted by his recumbent statue, clad in the armor of the Brotherhood which he so wisely governed and so well preserved. His was, indeed, an enviable fate. Beloved by all, renowned throughout the world, he lived to see with justifiable pride and pleasure the laying of the first stone of the city that now bears his name, and for which contributions had been made, under the impulse of a special proclamation of Pope Pius IV., by Catholics of every land.

It was at the close of an afternoon devoted to a final inspection of this noble shrine that I sailed away from Malta toward the coast of Sicily. It was the hour of sunset. Valetta lay

LEAVING VALETTA.

behind me, glittering in the glory of the dying day. The atmosphere surrounding it appeared to be composed of an impalpable dust of gold and precious stones, which filled the city with ineffable splendor, and turned its parallel harbors into reservoirs of amber wine. Some fleecy cloudlets, floating over the bright domes and towers, seemed a soft shower of petals from a rose of paradise. The indented shore gleamed, as if made of fretted ivory; and in the lambent haze Malta, Gozo, and Comino looked no longer like material objects, but rather like their luminous wraiths emerging from the sea. An hour later, the mantle of the night had fallen, hiding their fading outlines in its dusky folds; but far above them, in the east, flashed the three jewels of Orion's belt, as if the astral spirits of the islands had ascended, and formed a radiant triad in the sky.

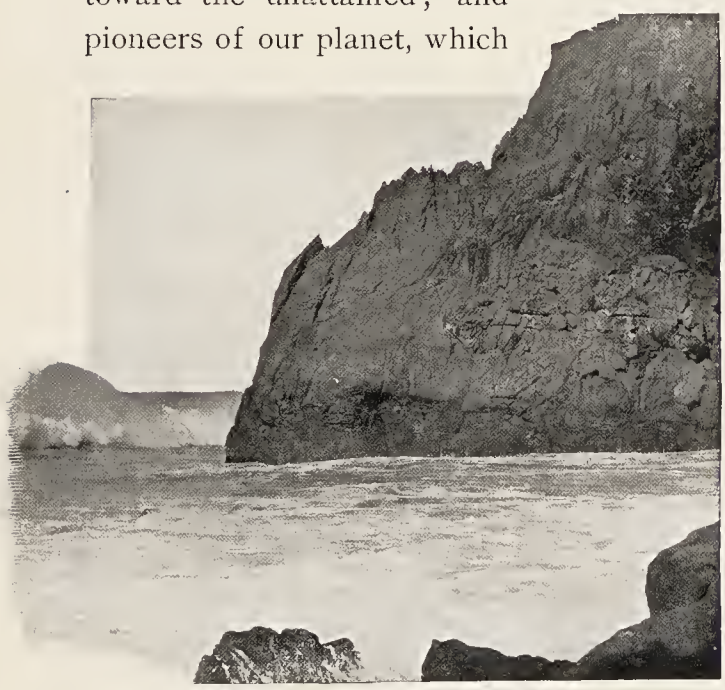
HOMEWARD BOUND.

GIBRALTAR

A DESCENDANT OF THE CONQUERORS.

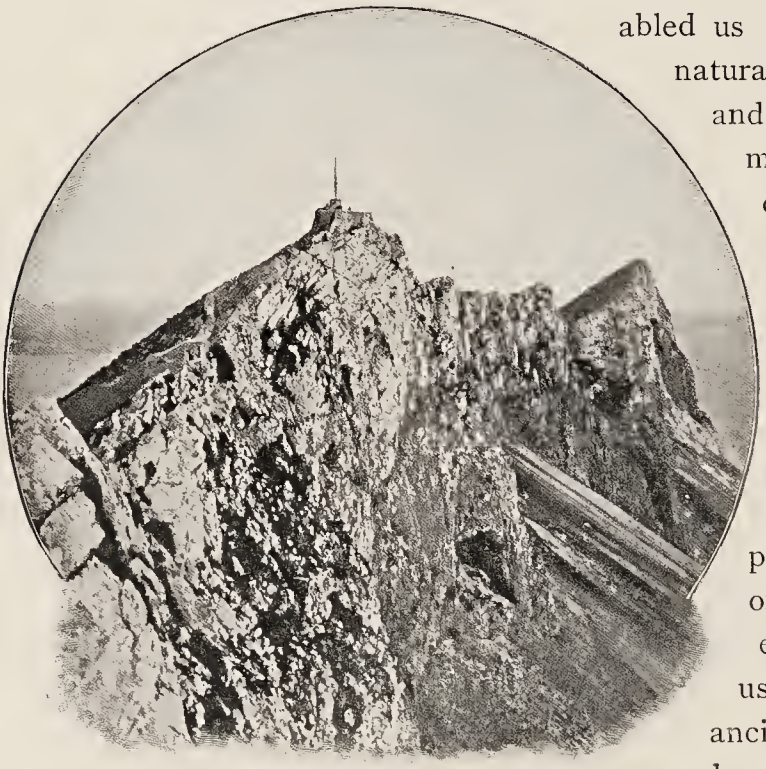
GIBRALTAR

ISOLATED points of the earth's surface, whether they project as promontories into the ocean, or pierce as mountains the incomparably vaster sea of space, possess an element of mystery that fascinates the human mind. The North Cape, standing in majestic solitude, and as the farthest sentinel of northern Europe beating back the billows of the Polar Sea; Cape Horn, the tempest-riven terminus of South America, dividing the Atlantic and Pacific, and like its Arctic rival pointing ever toward the unattained; and those sublimest pioneers of our planet, which cleave the empyrean in the inaccessible crests of the Himalayas — who can behold any or all of these without emotions widely different from those awakened by an ordinary coast line or a range of foothills? Nor was there ever prob-



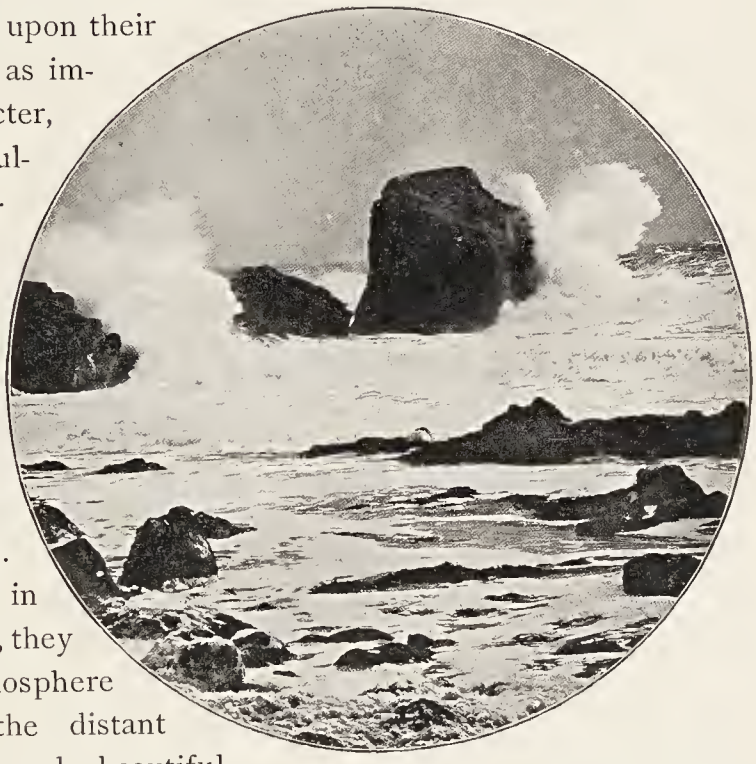
CAPE SPARTEL, ON THE AFRICAN SHORE.

ably a time when such localities did not produce a powerful impression on the race. Remote, conspicuous, comparatively few, and, from their very situations, swept by violent storms, the capes and mountains of the globe must always have been grand or gruesome to mankind, according to the sunshine or the shadows which enveloped them. So far as we can judge, the ancients felt in presence of such objects far more fear than pleasure, because what lay beyond those prominent terrestrial limits was usually unexplored and filled with nameless terrors. In our case science has enabled us to look upon all natural phenomena, and even on the outermost boundaries of our whirling orb, not only without fear, but with the keenest interest. Yet, although dread has been dispelled, a sentiment of awe and reverence abides with us, such as the ancients never felt, because we know, as they did not, the countless eons necessary to evolve our world and the immeasurable firmament in which it floats. Nevertheless, so much of the great realm of the Unknown still lies about us that under its mysterious influence we do poetically what the Greeks and Romans did religiously; and in our simple moments, when we



THE SIGNAL STATION.

no longer study Nature but enjoy her, we drift instinctively again toward paganism. In such moods, moved by impulses perhaps inherited from our remotest ancestors, we half unconsciously invest material things with human attributes. An isolated promontory buffeting the winds and waves, a solitary island on a trackless sea, or a forbidding mountain peak as yet untrodden by the foot of man, then seem to us like sentient beings. We think of them as lonely, because we know that in their places *we* should feel companionless; as cruel, because they strew the coast with wrecks and lure men to a fearful death upon their jagged cliffs; or as immaculate in character, because their shoulders bear a chasuble of virgin snow. Such fancies are not blameworthy, if not allowed to influence our recognition of established facts. Frankly indulged in as pure sentiment, they are like the atmosphere which makes the distant mountain soft and beautiful. Indeed, from pantheism and mythology has sprung the poetry of the world.



A CRUEL COAST.

Few natural objects appealed so powerfully to the imagination of the ancients as the western boundary of the Mediterranean. To them that inland sea appeared the centre of the universe, its terminus the limit of the world. How solemn and

suggestive, therefore, must have seemed its solitary outlet! How awe-inspiring the space beyond! Although impressive in itself, Nature had made this portal of two seas and meeting place of two great continents still more imposing by two giant promontories, — Mount Calpe (now known as Gibraltar) on the European shore, Mount Ábyla (the Mount of God) in Africa. These were believed to be the Pillars of Hercules, left by that god of strength as proofs of his prodigious prowess when he

THE NORTHERN PILLAR OF HERCULES.

rent the continents asunder. Hence, since the fabled Hercules was but the Greek and Roman incarnation of the Sun God of the old Phenicians, his mythical adventures with the golden apples in the Garden of the Hesperides may well have had their origin in the saffron-colored sunsets of this ocean gateway. Beyond these cliffs the most adventurous navigators for many centuries dared not go, regarding them as the divinely stationed termini of travel. Westward of Ábyla and Calpe stretched away to the horizon the mysterious expanse into whose depths men saw with mingled curiosity and fear the glittering car of Phaethon every night descend, to be submerged apparently in

a waste of waters vast enough to quench its fires. What this might mean, whither it went, whether it would remain forever in the nether world, and by what miracle of resurrection it appeared again with undiminished fervor every morning over the Mediterranean's Syrian shore — all this was to their minds inexplicable. How many fleets came bravely to the threshold of this narrow vestibule, but at the sight of the appalling area beyond turned timorously back! Even as late as the Augustan Age how few the ships that dared to leave the shadow of the northern rock, and creep along the sunset side of Spain! As for sailing out of sight of land upon the terrible Atlantic, that was not thought of; or, if occasionally attempted by some bolder spirits, the result was ominous, since the bewildered navigators either nevermore returned or else came back with such a horror of the trackless main that no one cared to follow their example.

Owing perhaps to its inhospitable aspect, as well as to the awe inspired by its situation and reputed origin, Gibraltar never was inhabited in classic times. Its massive form looms lifeless through the whole millennium of Rome's rise and fall, belonging less to man than to the gods. At last, however, in

MOUNT CALPE, NOW GIBRALTAR.

the dawn of the eighth century of the Christian era, it suddenly emerges clearly into view, to hold thenceforth a prominent place in the affairs of men. Its advent is associated with that wonderful phenomenon of history — the rapid spread of Islam, when, having conquered Asia Minor, Persia, Palestine, and Egypt, the followers of Mohammed had swept resistlessly along the northern coast of Africa and reached the shore of the Atlantic. There, pausing by the southern Pillar of Hercules, they looked across the Straits at its companion, Calpe. Beyond that frowning headland Europe lay before them ripe for conquest. Hence, flushed with victory and burning with religious zeal, they crossed the narrow channel on the 30th of April, 711, and landed in that lovely portion of our earth whose natural charms they were so wonderfully to increase by irrigation, art, and agriculture, and in which the fine flower of Arabic civilization was to flourish seven hundred years. Gibraltar, therefore, which then passed from the realm of myths to that of Moorish history, commemorates at once their landing and their leader, for its modern name is but a modification of "Gebel-al-Tarik," or the "Mountain of Tarik" — its Mohammedan conqueror.

A FOLLOWER OF MOHAMMED.

A DESCENDANT OF THE CONQUERORS.

This was no short-lived conquest. The grand old vantage-point remained in Moslem hands for more than seven centuries, and (hard as it may be for us to realize it) it was not until 1462 that it became a permanent part of Christendom. By that time the long struggle between Moors and Christians in the south of Spain was gradually nearing its conclusion, and the Spanish territory of the Saracens grew steadily more restricted, as the advancing Cross forced back the waning Crescent toward the sea. Gibraltar held out nearly to the end, and its surrender to the Christians preceded by only thirty years the capture of Granada and the departure of the Moorish King Boabdil into Africa. Then for two centuries the government of Spain was its possessor, and on the shore which it so grandly dominated was focused for a time the attention of the civilized world. For then it was that the old promontory saw the little fleet of

THE OLD MOORISH CASTLE.

Columbus sail away on its immortal voyage, and first descried its happy home-coming with the astounding tidings of the discovery of a new continent. Thereafter, too, for many years it watched the ships of other heroes and adventurers, as they started forth upon the path of conquest, and grimly looked upon them as they came again, laden with that ill-gotten gold, whose weight was finally to paralyze the nation's energies and drag it downward to a gilded tomb. Yet Spain in her decadence did not place a proper estimate on this outer key of the Mediterranean, but left it to rust idly in the lock, guarded at last by only eighty men. The world being what it is, what followed was inevitable. In 1704, a sudden, unexpected attack on the part of England changed again the fortunes of Gibraltar; and with a trifling loss of life, and almost with the swiftness of a prestidigitator's legerdemain, it passed into Great Britain's unrelaxing grip. There it remains to-day, perhaps the strangest geographical anomaly in the world, — the natural terminus and bulwark of the great Iberian peninsula held by a foreign nation, — a fact as irritating doubtless to the Spaniards as the possession of the Isle of Wight by France would be to England,

THE DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS FROM SPAIN.

or the occupation of Long Island by the British would be to the United States.

It was about five o'clock in the morning, at the end of a transatlantic voyage, that I first saw Gibraltar. Called by the steward half an hour before, I hastened to the steamer's deck, to find the ocean covered with a tantalizing fog, beneath which only the edge of the Spanish coast was visible. But soon, as if by a magician's spell, the soft gray curtain which surrounded us rose gradually from the rim of the horizon, and a bright spot of gold upon the Mediterranean's eastern verge foretold the coming of the god of day. The effect that followed will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it; for, as if that first sign of the approaching luminary were a preconcerted signal, the sombre drapery of clouds, which had till then enveloped the stupendous rock, was slowly rolled up like a scroll, revealing first the feet and left flank, then the side and shoulder, and finally the majestic head of a couchant monster,

UNDER THE CLIFFS.

LANDING IN THE TENDER.

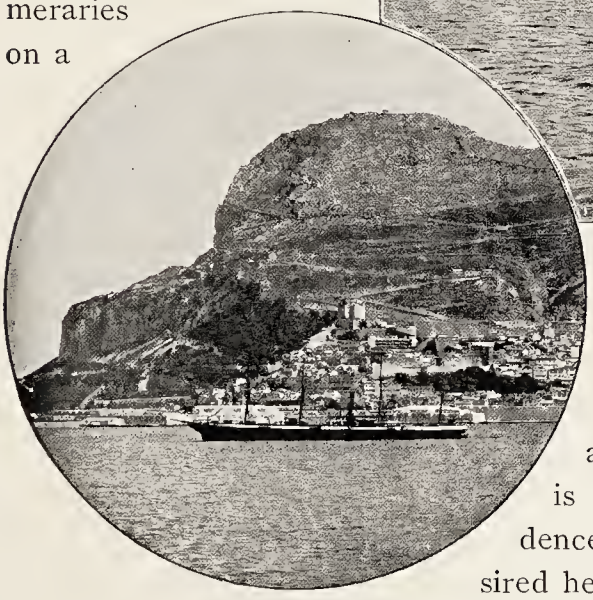
three miles long and fourteen hundred feet in height, turned by a fiat of the gods to stone. Whether its form resembles most a lion or a sphinx, it is, at all events, sublime. I had supposed that it lay headed toward the sea; but its stern, awful face is turned toward Europe, as though at one time it had been the guardian of a narrow isthmus connecting the two continents, and had been stationed here to keep inviolate the northern limit of the causeway and check all European inroads into Africa.

Meantime, our steamer had dropped anchor in Gibraltar's pretty harbor, sheltered by its western side. Across this stretch of animated water, sparkling with the dawn, I could

THE COUCHANT MONSTER.

discern a group of stuccoed buildings, most of which were painted yellow. These proved the existence of a town; but, when compared with the great cliff to which they clung, they seemed as insignificant as barnacles upon a vessel's keel. In fact, we do not think of this huge promontory as a residence, but as a fortress. True, it supports, besides the garrison of five thousand soldiers, a population of some twenty thousand souls; but these appear like supernumeraries on a stage, useful no doubt, but not essential to the performance of the play. Nor is there any special evidence that civilians are desired here. No foreigner may reside at Gibraltar unless his consul or a householder becomes security for him, and even then permits for such a privilege are rarely granted for more than twenty days. Moreover, the rock is ruled by martial law. At sunset all the entrances are closed inexorably for the night; and even transient visitors from steamers halting a few hours in the harbor are not allowed to pass within the settlement until

A HARBOR VIEW.



A PROTECTED ANCHORAGE.

they have obtained at the Marine Gate tickets of admission, whose value ceases when the stern voice of the evening gun proclaims the passing of another day.

The town presents a curious medley of Great Britain and the Orient. Over the doors of shops and on the corners of the streets are English names, and one hears everywhere the English tongue. Vehicles turn to the left, in meeting, as in England; and scores of British soldiers, dressed in khaki, stroll

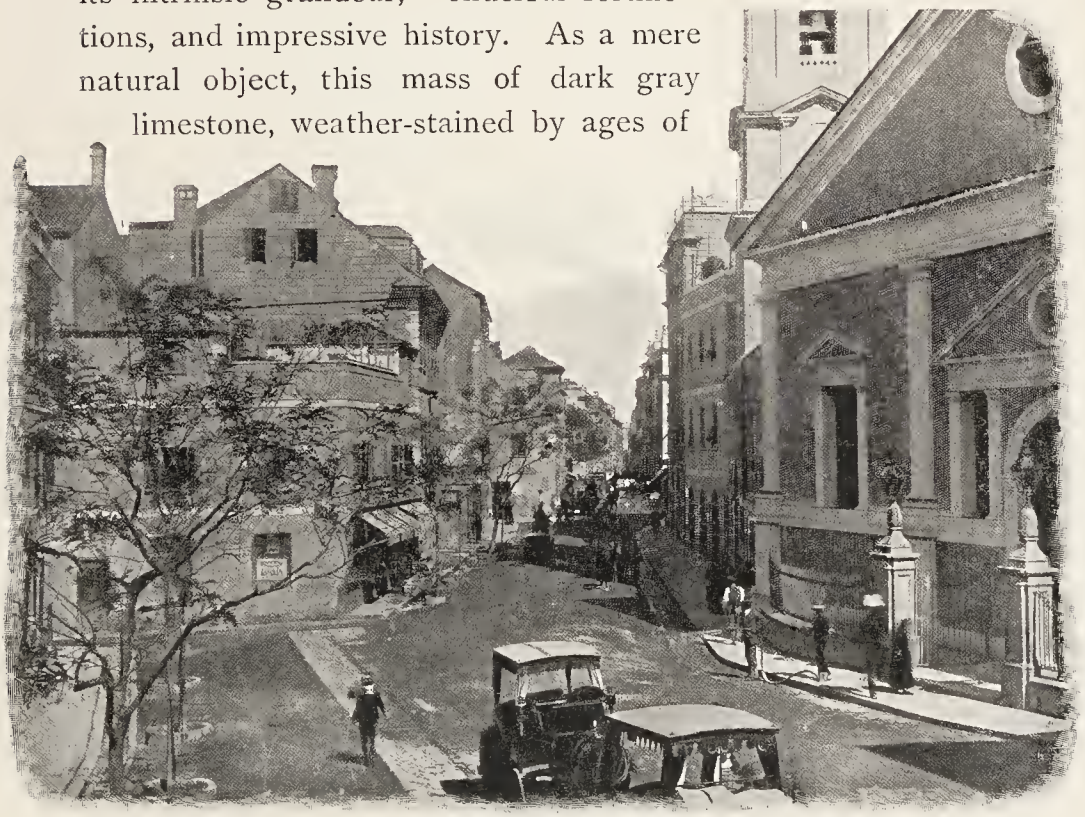
THE TOWN.

about the streets or march with swinging step from point to point. But the small shops, low doors, and walls of brightly colored stucco, together with a large proportion of African, East Indian, and Moorish traders, as well as the presence of the patient donkey — all give to this peculiar corner of the world an unmistakable flavor of the East.

The prettiest portion of the settlement is undeniably the Alameda, a public garden tastefully designed and rich in semi-tropical vegetation. On one occasion, when I saw it in mid-summer, — the most unfavorable season, — scarlet geraniums

ten feet high were massed with other plants into luxuriant hedges. Heliotropes, too, were growing there like shrubs; and I observed a beautiful variety of morning-glory, whose delicate corollas of a deep, pure blue, when fading, turned to pink. Aloes and palms were also visible; and pepper, coffee, olive, almond, myrtle, and fig-trees, although exotics, did credit to their native soil in bravely holding up to view, in contrast to the arid cliffs, their aromatic blossoms or their ripening fruit. Here, at the close of the afternoon, the inhabitants love to assemble, to listen to the music of a military band; and as they stroll along the flower-bordered paths, their gaze is often drawn toward the enchanting prospect of the neighboring Straits, whose dimpled surface stretches in the sunset glory to the shore of Africa, like a broad bridge of beaten gold.

What most concerns the traveler here, however, is not the settlement, the garden, or the people, but the rock itself, with its intrinsic grandeur, wonderful fortifications, and impressive history. As a mere natural object, this mass of dark gray limestone, weather-stained by ages of



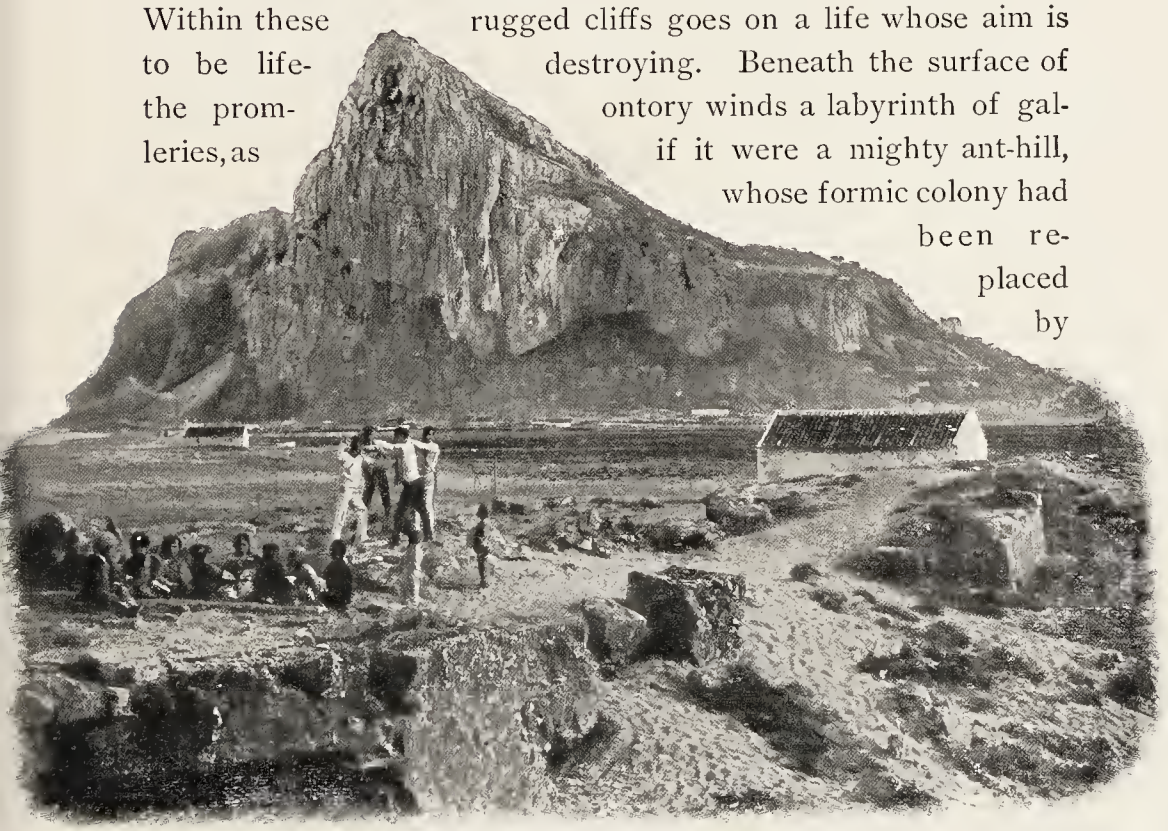
GIBRALTAR'S PRINCIPAL STREET.

exposure, is awe-inspiring. For since the land adjoining it is nearly as level as the sea, it seems so totally different from its flat surroundings that one could easily imagine it a monster meteorite, the fallen chief of all the aërolitic waifs that circle round our earth, like the poor, wind-swept souls which Dante saw, forever driven on through space in punishment for guilty love. The most imposing view of Gibraltar is, in my opinion, gained from the little isthmus which unites it with the mainland. This narrow zone, one-half of which belongs to Spain, the other half to England, is named appropriately the Neutral Ground. In case of war, however, it might become in a moment No Man's Land, since it is undermined, and could be instantly submerged.

BUST OF "OLD ELIOT" IN THE ALAMEDA.

THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

Here one is able best to comprehend the promontory's vast proportions; for this side, fronting Europe, reaches an altitude of more than fourteen hundred feet, and forms a precipice so steep and bare, that were a boulder pushed off from the summit, it would be uninterrupted in its fearful fall until it reached the base. No photograph can possibly do justice to the solemn grandeur of this cliff; but could I carry away with me only one memory of Gibraltar, I would prefer the recollection of its northern face, inviolable as the Matterhorn, inscrutable as the Sphinx, and as invincible as the demi-god whose pillar it was thought to be, when its portentous form kept, century after century, the ancient world a prisoner in the inland sea. Unlike most other mountains in the world, however, it is not merely the exterior of this famous rock that is impressive. What also thrills one, as he looks upon it, is the realization that behind this monster mask, stare, Gorgon-like, the features of grim-visaged War. Within these rugged cliffs goes on a life whose aim is to be life-destroying. Beneath the surface of the promontory winds a labyrinth of galleries, as if it were a mighty ant-hill, whose formic colony had been replaced by



THE LION'S FACE.

one of men. At intervals, these corridors, all hewn and blasted out of solid rock at an incredible expenditure of labor and of gold, are pierced with loopholes, through each of which, half hidden by a dull gray boulder or a clump of spiny cactus, peers forth the muzzle of a cannon, capable of hurling shot or shell for miles upon their errand of destruction.

I cannot tell which seemed to me the more astonishing, the excavation of these miles of tunnels, or the herculean task of dragging up to their positions, hundreds of feet above the town, this multitude of heavy guns. To aid in the latter work, huge iron rings were sunk in the rock at the most difficult points, and still remain memorials of the energy and effort necessary to haul such cannon to their present places. Moreover, in addition to these tiers of rock-hewn chambers, the British government has erected lines of formidable batteries along

CLIFFS WITH ROCK-HEWN GALLERIES.

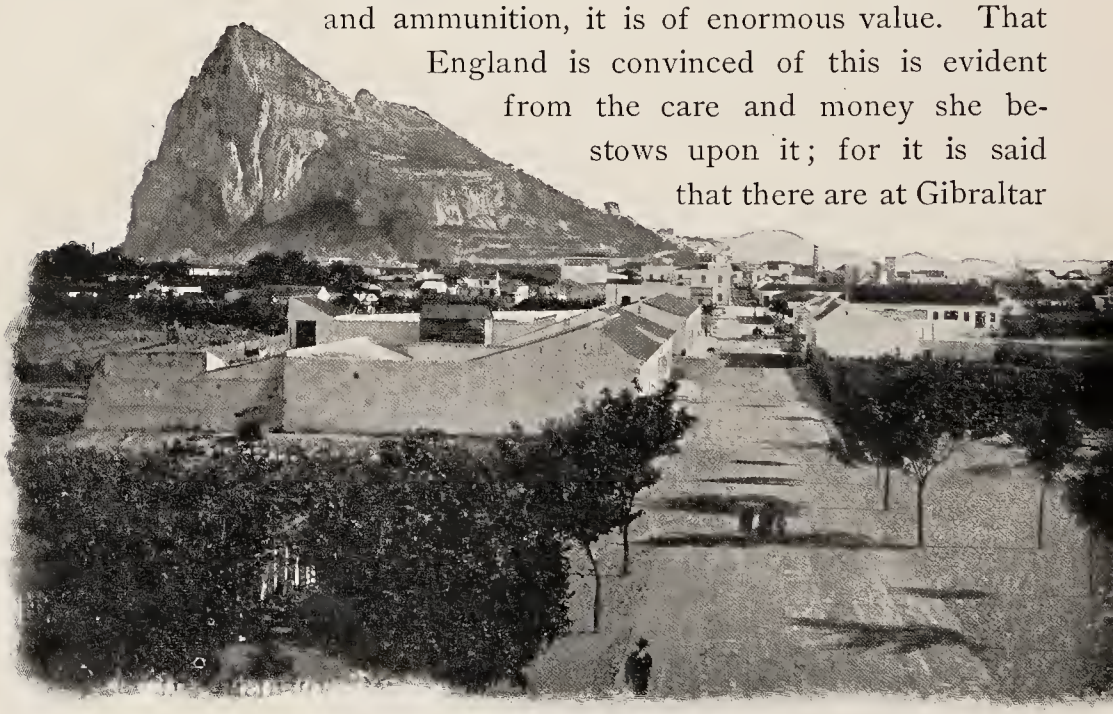
the base of the great headland, all planned and finished with the utmost skill and accuracy known to science. Gibraltar, therefore, has been made by man a military volcano, ready at any moment to burst forth in a devastation far swifter than a stream of lava, and deadlier than Etna's rain of red-hot stones. In fact, all other strongholds in the world are ranked in excellence, as they approach or recede from this ideal. Accordingly, one cannot be surprised to learn

THE LINE-WALL OF DIVISION.

that more than two hundred and fifty million dollars has been spent on its defenses, and that the maintenance of Gibraltar costs Great Britain a million dollars annually, even in times of peace.

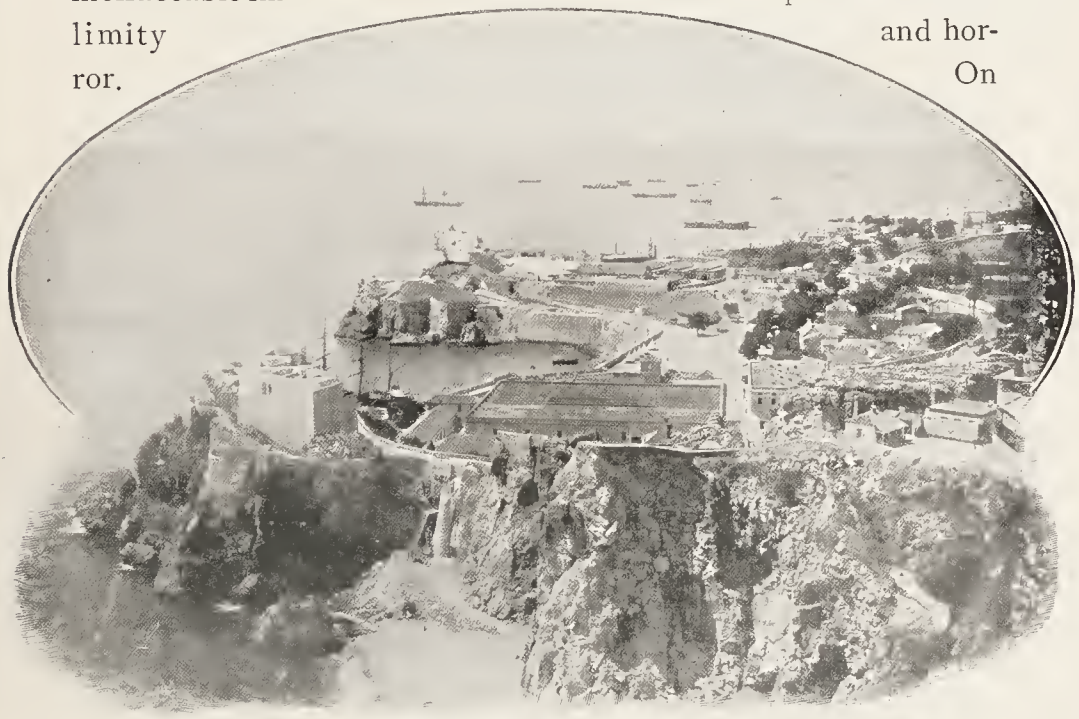
Some British statesmen, like John Bright, have therefore urged the restoration of the fortress to the Spaniards, claiming that its advantages are not worth its cost; but after all her lavish outlay for so many years, it is improbable that England ever will retire from Gibraltar, and give it back to Spain for any equivalent which it is in the latter's power to furnish. It is,

indeed, generally conceded that such an act on the part of Great Britain would be disastrous to her power and prestige. The guardianship of the route to India via the Mediterranean and Suez Canal is absolutely essential to the government which at present dominates Hindustan; and Aden, Egypt, Malta, and Gibraltar are four indissoluble links in the long chain which binds the Asian peninsula of three hundred millions to the small European island of thirty-three millions, much as the spinal cord connects the body with the brain. It is undoubtedly true that now, when steam has obviated the delays and difficulties formerly caused here by head winds, Gibraltar is less capable of hindering the passage of a hostile fleet, and armored cruisers could to-day without much trouble enter or leave the Mediterranean, so far as actual opposition from this fortress is concerned. But as a wonderfully defended base of supplies, beneath the shelter of whose guns Great Britain's war-ships could assemble, coal, repair their damages, and take on fresh troops, food, and ammunition, it is of enormous value. That England is convinced of this is evident from the care and money she bestows upon it; for it is said that there are at Gibraltar



INSIDE THE SPANISH LINES.

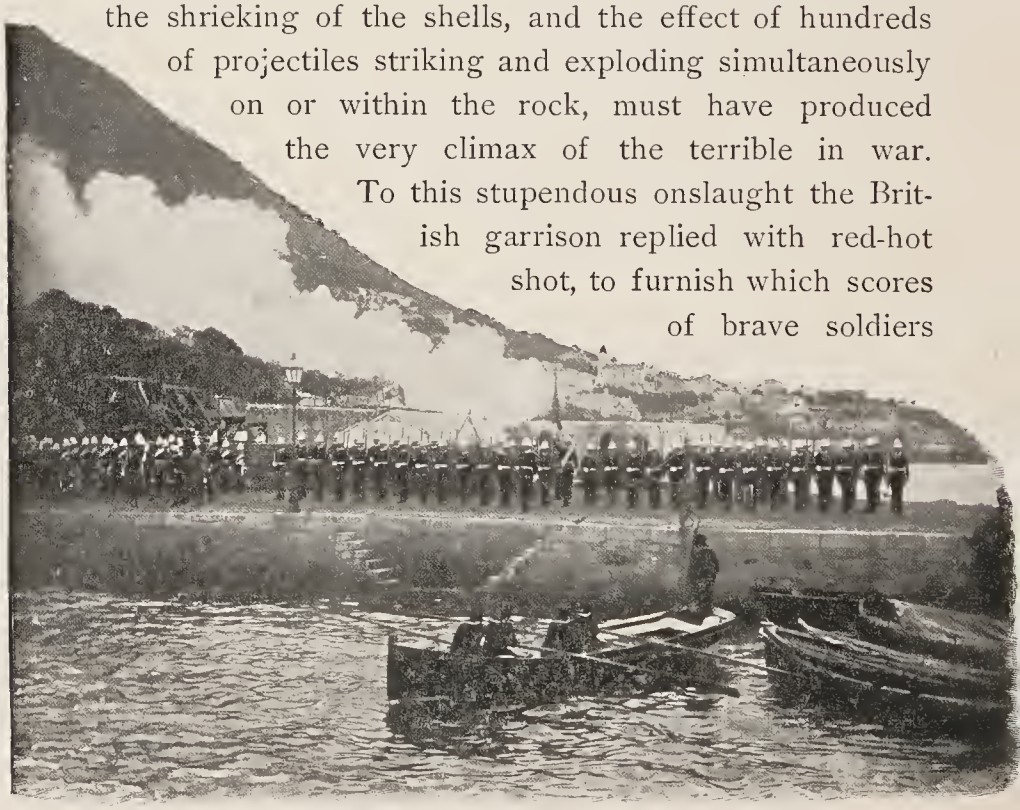
provisions and water tanks sufficient to maintain a beleaguered garrison of one hundred and fifty thousand men two years. Experience has, however, demonstrated the need of these elaborate defenses, combined with thorough preparation and eternal vigilance. The present masters of Gibraltar have not held it for two centuries without desperate fighting. Repeated efforts have been made by England's enemies to wrest it from her hands, and Spain at one time put forth practically all the treasure of the nation and her entire military and naval strength in a tremendous struggle to recover this undeniably integral portion of her territory. But the defenders of the rock from their incomparable position steadily beat back all assailants. On the remarkable siege of Gibraltar, which lasted from 1779 to 1783, at least one special volume has been written, possibly more. It forms a thrilling history, and one of the many conflicts which occurred here during those four years leaves on the reader's mind an ineffaceable impression of sublimity and horror. On



FORTIFICATIONS ALONG THE SHORE.

that occasion the united fleets of France and Spain, consisting of more than fifty line-of-battle ships and many small vessels, made an attempt to take the fortress, the ultimate success of which seemed to them certain. For this imposing combination — the largest naval display since the Spanish Armada — was commanded by ten admirals, and was supported by an army on land numbering forty thousand men, with heavy batteries.

Opposed to this enormous force, "Old Eliot," the commander of the British garrison, had only ninety-six pieces of artillery and seven thousand men. The character of the combat which ensued can be in part conceived, when one considers that sometimes during its continuance four hundred pieces of the heaviest caliber were in action at the same moment, and at comparatively short range! The combined thunder of these guns, redoubled by reverberations from the cliffs, the shrieking of the shells, and the effect of hundreds of projectiles striking and exploding simultaneously on or within the rock, must have produced the very climax of the terrible in war. To this stupendous onslaught the British garrison replied with red-hot shot, to furnish which scores of brave soldiers



SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

worked like demons, not only at the portable furnaces and gratings provided for the purpose, but also, since these regular means were insufficient for the great demand, at bonfires, the cannon-balls thus heated being jocosely called by the gunners "roasted potatoes." These incandescent missiles proved the salvation of the English; for, in spite of the enemy's efforts to suppress the conflagrations kindled by the fiery deluge, their wooden ships became ignited, one after another, and on these blazing cruisers, helpless in confusion and distress, a well-directed fire from the garrison caused dreadful havoc. The conflict lasted far into the night, and surely never has the sea presented a more awful spectacle than that of these proud war-vessels floating on a mass of water red as blood, and licked by flames which etched their masts and spars in lines of fire upon an ink-black sky. Meantime, upon the hapless ships, as well as on the others coming to their rescue, a shower of glowing shot kept falling like the bolts of doom, while the dark headland, like a rock-ribbed battleship, poured broadside after broadside from its tiers of portholes at the frigates, clearly visible in the light occasioned by their own destruction. Frequently, too, the horror of the scene was made still more intense by an explosion; when, as the fire reached a war-ship's magazine,

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

ONE OF MANY BATTERIES.

its mighty hull rose from the water, cleft the air a moment like a molten geyser, and then with a prodigious roar fell back in splendor to its ocean sepulchre.

During the century which has elapsed since this unparalleled siege, Gibraltar has been practically left in peace. Since the Napoleonic wars, especially, Great Britain's ownership of the rock, whatever may be said about the clearness of her title, has been accepted by the world as an accomplished fact, and none of the European nations has been rash enough to try to take the key of the Mediterranean from the mouth of the lion crouched beside the gate. Yet England has not slept through these decades of undisturbed tranquillity, nor let herself be lulled into a false security. She has gone on still further strengthening what a century ago appeared unconquerable, and has replaced her former ordnance here with cannon of much

A GUARDED CAUSEWAY.

greater caliber, whose shot is lifted to the muzzles by machinery. "Old Eliot," as has been said, had only ninety-six guns; but in 1870 the rock had seven hundred, and since then many new ones have been added. Nor has this caution been uncalled for. The increased range of modern artillery has made it possible to shell the harbor of Gibraltar and the rock itself from a considerable distance within Spanish territory. It is indeed asserted that Spain is at present carrying out a plan for erecting on the mainland north of the promontory, as well as on the Spanish side of Algeciras Bay, no less than seventy heavy guns, whose fire could be concentrated on the British port. Some of these cannon are already in position, and constitute a danger not to be ignored, in view of the fact that, should a war break out between France and England, Spain would be very likely to ally herself with her immediate neighbor, Gibraltar being the anticipated reward for her assistance. So serious is this menace thought to be that British experts are advising that the two great dry-docks, which it was the plan of England to construct here, should be abandoned, and that instead of them a harbor and a floating dock should be made below the natural eastern bastions of the rock, which are assailable only from the sea.

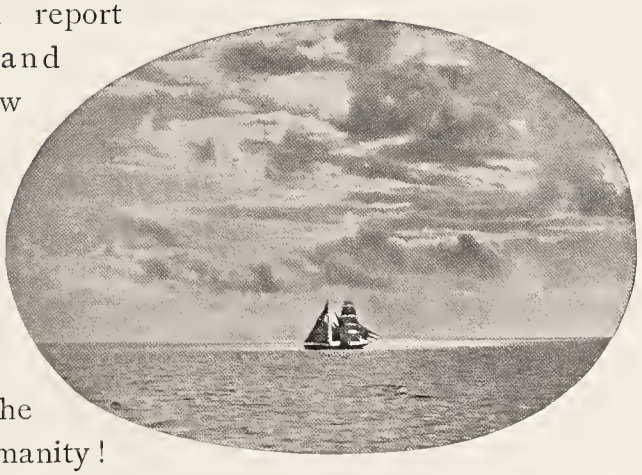
EUROPA POINT.

It was already evening when we left Gibraltar and glided swiftly toward the Orient. As we swept eastward through the Straits the coast of Africa was the first to vanish, suggestive of the disappearance of the Moorish race, which for centuries ruled both shores. Next, the dim outlines of the Spanish mainland faded from our view, and finally the mighty fortress of the Anglo-Saxon dropped behind the darkening curtain of the night. Scarcely a ripple stirred the surface of the classic sea; and our tall masts, compared with the bright stars toward which they pointed, hardly varied from the perpendicular, so slight was the great steamer's oscillation. The deep, ineffable peace of boundless space seemed brooding over the water which we cleft so noiselessly. The Milky Way — the jeweled viaduct of the sidereal firmament — stretched just above us, tremulous with splendor. The solemn beauty of the scene intensified the dominant impression left upon me by Gibraltar, which was undoubtedly a sentiment of sadness that man still finds it needful to protect himself in such a way against his brother man; for the huge rock, swarming with soldiers, bristling with batteries, girdled with scowling galleries, honeycombed with caves of

FRUIT VENDERS IN GIBRALTAR.

EVENING ON THE STRAITS.

ammunition, and secretly encompassed by ingenious mines, contrived to hurl a thousand souls into eternity — what is it all, despite its fine appearance and mechanical perfection, but a sad proof of the comparatively insignificant moral height to which humanity has raised itself above the cave men of the past? Our savage ancestors crushed one another's skulls with stones and clubs. We use for the same purpose metal balls of various dimensions. But in both instances the motive is the same. Yet such is the illusion created by the brilliant uniform, the bugle, and the pageantry of war, that the advancement of the race is often measured principally by the size and strength of instruments expressly made for human slaughter. Alas, how far we are, even at the dawn of the twentieth century, from the time when all such fortified headlands as Gibraltar shall serve as nothing more than signal stations to direct the carriers of commerce and report their progress; and when the gold now lavished on the enginery of war shall be applied to the relief of suffering, not to its creation; to the improvement, not the degradation of humanity!



SUNSET NEAR THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

"O War, War, War!
Thou false-baptized, that in thy vaunted name
Of Glory stealest o'er the heart of man,
To rive his bosom with a hundred darts,
Disrobed of pomp and circumstance, stand forth,
And show thy written league with Sin and Death.
The victor's plume, the conqueror's sword, the wreath
Of blood-dashed laurel, — what will these avail
The spirit parting from material things?
One slender leaflet from the Tree of Peace,
Borne dovelike o'er this waste and warring earth,
Were better passport at the gate of heaven."

THE ROCK.

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